Jan. 30, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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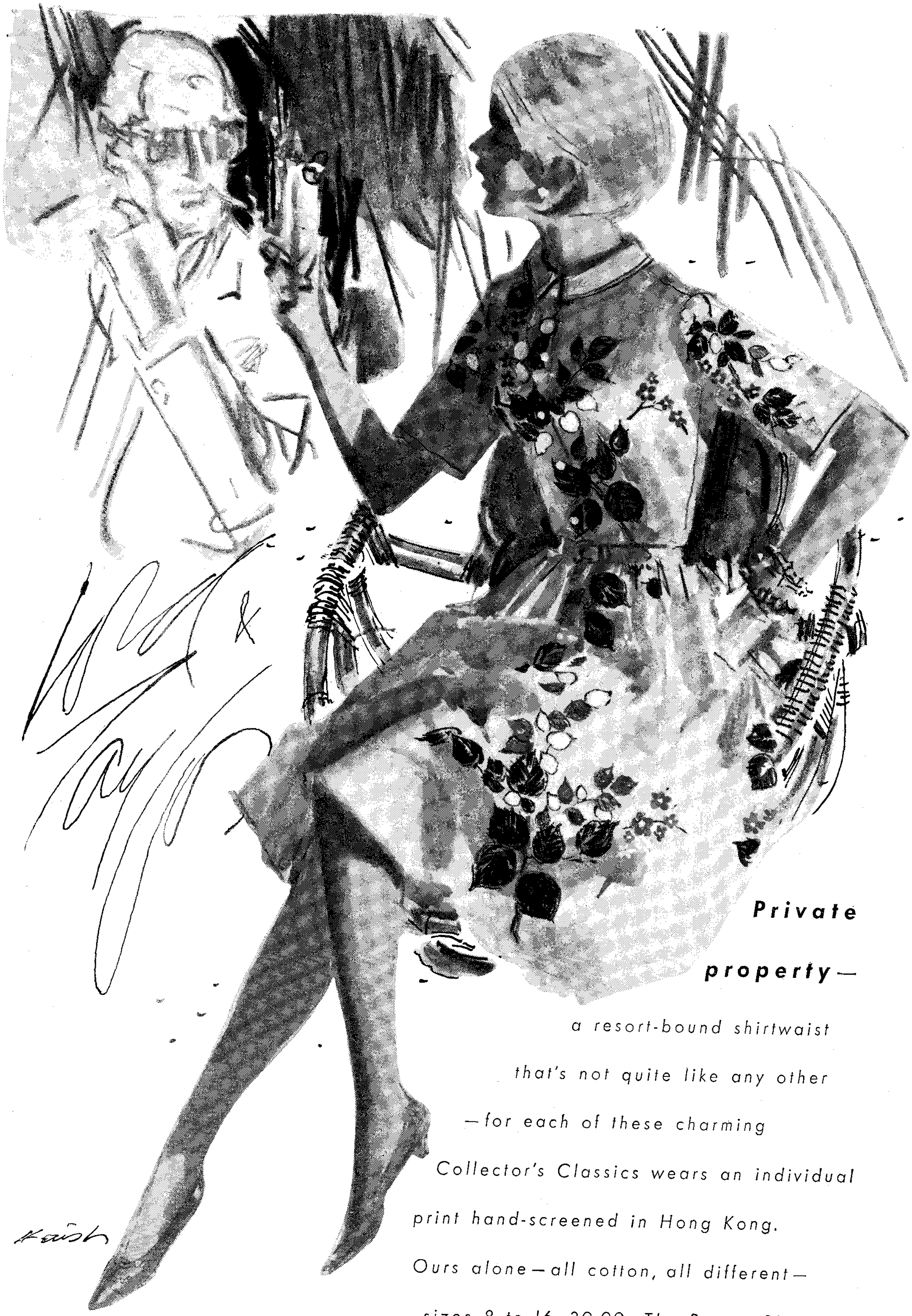

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CORT
THEATRE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Hughie—A short play by Eugene O'Neill—one of the last he completed—in which Jason Robards functions as a philosophical drifter convinced that pipe dreams make life tolerable. Practically a monologue, with a few interruptions by Jack Dodson, the only other member of the cast. José Quintero handled the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 9. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 30.)

Luv—A funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—A drunken English poet pursuing his reluctant views and anything else that happens along in Greenwich Village. This comedy by Jean Kerr has its witty moments, and a commendable cast headed by Alan Bates. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 31.)

Ready When You Are, C.B.!—Julie Harris as a would-be actress, aglow with avarice, who sublets her Manhattan apartment at an unconscionable rental to a Hollywood Adonis and finds herself falling in love with him, as you might expect. Lou Antonio is the man from the West. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—A trio of eccentric neurotics gabbling away in a seedy candy store in darkest Brooklyn. The play was written by William Hanley, directed by Joseph Anthony, and has George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels as its players. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiny Alice—An excursion into metaphysics arranged by Edward Albee. The play often seems incoherent as it explains man's relation to the world above and below, but John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are, for the most part, admirable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera and many other attractive performers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is wonderfully ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—*Behind the scenes with the grifters* at Coney Island, who are no more amusing than the folks they try to swindle. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high spirits:** Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Ronnie Welsh plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Jeff De Benning plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Kelly—A musical with book and lyrics by Eddie Lawrence, a score by Moose Charlap, and a cast that includes Don Francks and Wilfrid Brambell. Staged by Herbert Ross. Previews Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 30. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Boeing-Boeing—Ian Carmichael in a Paris comedy by Marc Camoletti (adapted by Beverley Cross), which is also currently running in London. The director is Jack Minster. Preview Monday, Feb. 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

All in Good Time—Bill Naughton's comedy, imported from London, with Donald Wolfit and Marjorie Rhodes. Directed by Donald McWhinnie. Preview Tuesday, Feb. 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Royale,

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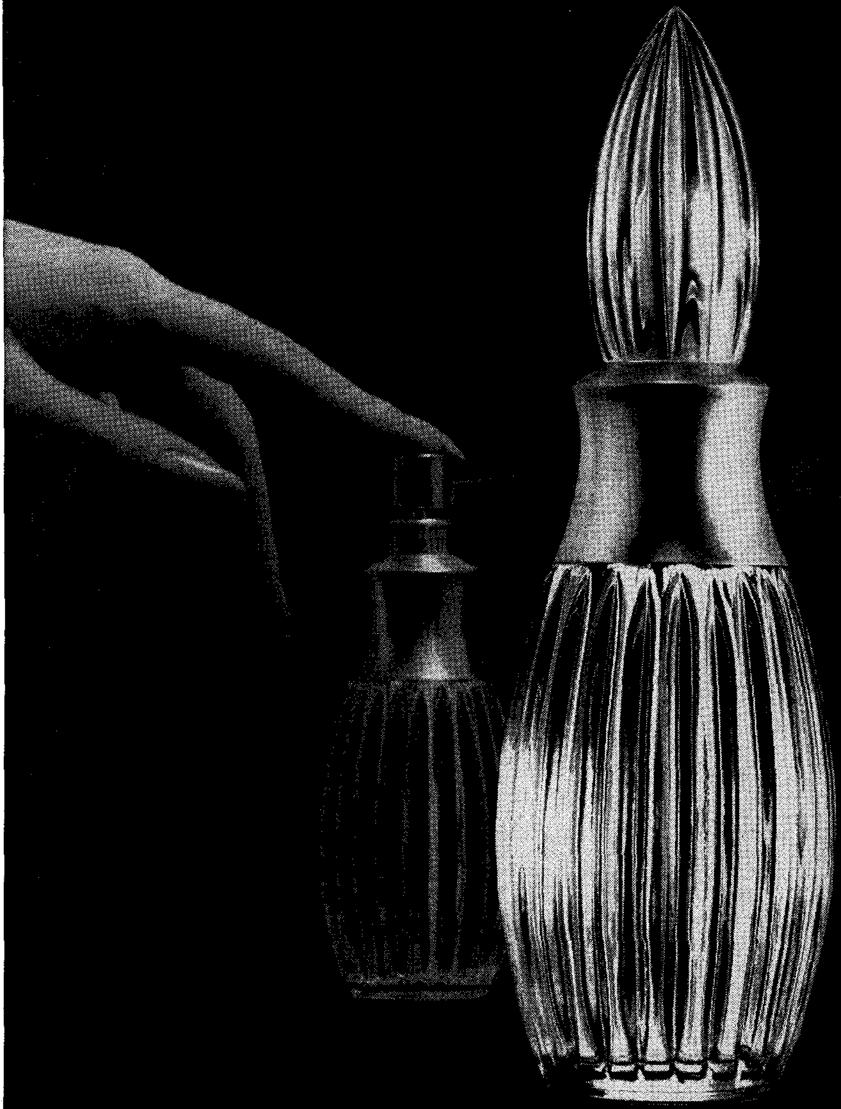

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO: Final performances by a company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **MOSCOW ART THEATRE:** Opening performances of a four-week repertory of four plays in Russian that will run through Sunday, Feb. 28. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. Gogol's "Dead Souls": Thursday, Feb. 4, at 7; Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:15; and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—INCIDENT AT VICHY, an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. A rather static play in which Mr. Miller seems bent on exposition rather than action. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2 and 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 8:30. . . . **TARTUFFE,** Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8. . . . Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 3-5, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Babes in the Wood—A musical comedy, freely adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that simultaneously spoofs and uses an assortment of traditional routines. Rick Besoyan has provided tuneful tunes but only sporadically amusing words. Danny Carroll (Demetrius), Richard Charles Hoh (Oberon), and Joleen Fodor (Hermia) are a credit to the company. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Cat and the Canary—John Willard's spooky old comedy is the first of what the producers hope will be a series of revivals of mystery plays. This production has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Fridays at 4:30 and Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 6.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Pig—A play by Richard W. Harris. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—This dramatization by Robert Lowell of Herman Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is a winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is excellent as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Say Nothing—Nancy Andrews and Rex O'Malley in a play by James Hanley. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A new version of Arthur Miller's play. Opens Thursday, Jan. 28. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Bugaku," "Shadow'd Ground," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Con Amore," "Piège de Lumière," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Fanfare," "Swan Lake," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 31: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 31: "Piège de Lumière," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Apollo," "Ebony Concerto," "The Cage," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Shadow'd Ground," "Ivesiana," "Ballet Imperial," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Four Temperaments," "Harlequinade" (première), and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Piège de Lumière," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Jack Carter, the well-known memory expert (his category is jokes), is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper; so is Paula Stewart, singer of songs. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a group that is coming of age, does most of the dance music, which is around all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old of Newport to the New of London—goes

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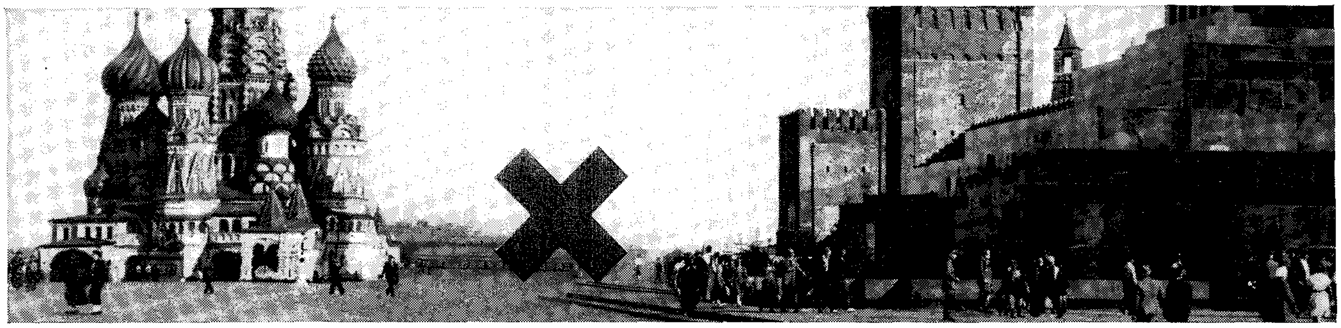

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

steadily on. This work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of the music by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Customers who would rather be wired for sound resort to the Garrison, an alcove rearranged as a *discothèque;* customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where a non-dance trio takes it easy. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A humorous device, well executed, that is designed to persuade the eye that the setting is really a period-piece night boat. Stan Rubin's period-five-piece band and his Riverboat Ramblers do music contemporaneous with both Mark Twain and today. Their timetable: Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve; Fridays from eight-thirty to one: and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of the boys, play from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, is, though, given every Monday off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, to whom the pace that kills is but a petty pace, finds every night a grand night for singing and prancing. She and her four dancing partners sweep all before them at dinnertime and again at suppertime in the Persian Room. The sonorous band of Emil Coleman and the scampering band of Mark Monte, on the other hand, wax eloquent all through the night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's heart-and-soul violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in our firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Downstairs in the Maisonette, which is a grandiose and life-enhancing way of doing over the Nether Regions, swinging and swaying are practiced to the good-humored music of Charles Turecamo's band, and fancywork to the music of Quintero's able-bodied Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, too, goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Nothing is more exhausting than the country dances and city dances (the newest are the Town Dump and the Urban Sprawl) executed (which is the *mot juste*) by the frantic crew of athletes that haunts this Egypt of another day. The music is issued by computers, untouched by human hands, and it rolls on from eight to four every night.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until

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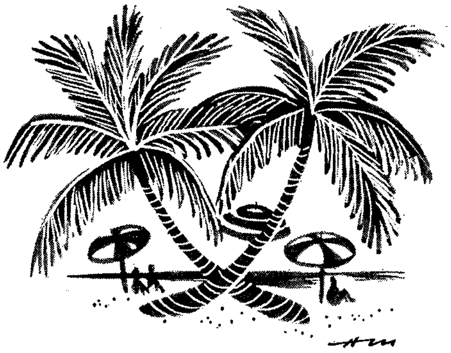
around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Boys and girls together, sidewalks of New York, and bar-and-grill—all of which make for one of the biggest conversation pieces in town. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music, and on this schedule: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper (and dinner, too) without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, they are devoting themselves to Puccini's study of butterfly life in Japan. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **le caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The levees held by Bobby Short, whose songs are for the permanently wide-awake (and not the wide-eyed), begin at the suitably fashionable hour of ten-thirty. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his alert sidemen, and Mr. S.'s own brisk piano conspire with him far into the night. Jules Kuti lifts the cover of the piano in the bar at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, the Bureau of Standards by which drawing-room musicians must be measured. His piano, both succinct and succulent, is presented on a time-card that is generous—six to one, except Sundays. . . . **late edition,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The perfect name for the town house of Hugh Shannon, whose voice and piano have a late-late-show sound that keeps the room—and the adrenalin—jumping. Ten until three is his stint, and the customers are wined and dined all along. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **café ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by half a dozen musicians who are eternally on the prowl. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar that begins at eight in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Mondays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every day of the week. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his arabesques on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **sheraton motor inn,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman quietly plies her golden harp; the rest of the week, Gladys Hubner does the honors. . . . **la fonda del sol,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck in this wholly imaginary South American republic between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer, who noodles through his *point-*



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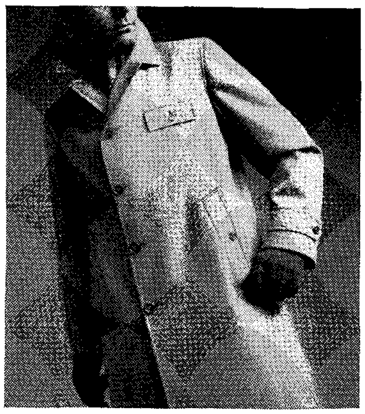

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PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

d'Alençon piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two, will be temporarily succeeded on Monday, Feb. 1, by Karl Inwald, who knows his way around the Vienna woods. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner feeds a concert grand a balanced diet that runs, in leisurely fashion, from Gershwin to Grieg. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully constructed music, which starts off during the dinner hour, flows gently through every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, there is piano every so often from six until one-thirty by Tony Garody, who sheds a lovely *clair de lune* upon everything from Moon River to Vermont. Enzio Lembo, guitarist and tenor, sets to at nine-thirty. Mr. G. is away Mondays, Mr. L. is away Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games sort of piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from six until around three. Closed Sundays.

AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night," a dream of fair women come true, is likewise a prodigious caper choreographed to the hilt. It is replete not only with young ladies but with the customary astounding variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence, the very earnest and British Dagenham Girl Pipers. This year, the standup comedians usually to be heard in these horse-laugh latitudes have been replaced by George Matson, a merry imp whose caricaturings of womankind in her moments of folly are premeditated murder. Dancing. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): James Durante, baggage smasher, piano smasher, and grammar smasher, is doing his version of perpetual motion twice a night at the very least. Eddie Jackson, a Durante foil from way back in the early days of the century, is part of the gambol. Among the attendant throng is an octet of coiffed and cushioned blondes who, stock-still or in their elemental ballet, are good to look upon. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, one set or another of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The commanding presence of Miriam Makeba, a true African queen, helps rather than hinders her folk songs, especially when they verge on set-my-people-free. Also on hand: Mongo Santamaria's Latin band, which is percussion augmented to the level of concussion, and Bill Cosby, whose humor (more and more autobiographical) is now taking a distinct turn for the better. They all depart on Saturday, Jan. 30. The establishment reopens on Thursday, Feb. 4, to house Jack E. Leonard, whose causeries—though frequently abrim with the bitterest of lemon—are jovial indeed. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

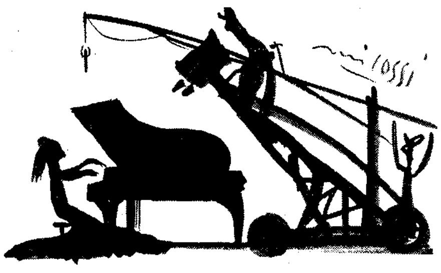
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world and its problems are cut down to size (pretty damn small) by the words and music of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers. The enunciation of his cutting remarks is assigned to Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the newcoming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Maria Alba, a veritable fury, and Ramon de los Reyes, who gives himself a real hotfoot, are the leaders of an Andalusian expedition filled with almost unparalleled ballet, beauty, and bounce; Juan Lejido, part gypsy and part man-about-Madrid, expresses himself in a facile and knowing tenor. Dinner and supper is the schedule for these players, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of lunacy, is the prize of a tiny revue, "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself is sometimes sly, sometimes at a loss for words. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A new edition of the British spoof called "Cambridge Circus," involving a gaggle of young Britishers and one girl compatriot, is taking a number of things into wry consideration. The charivari tees off at eight-thirty during the week and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): State of flux is the prevailing climate. It is possible, though, that Ornette Coleman, whose saxophone performs plastic surgery on modern music (and whose violin plays second fiddle to Jack Benny's), is here with his trio, and that Bill Evans, a pinnacle of abstract piano, is likewise present with a triad. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. No music Mondays, which are dedicated to *conversazioni*, often spirited, by people accustomed to speaking their minds. The topic is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The present plan makes this a weekend resort. Fridays and Saturdays, Dick Gregory, now as much a critic of certain regional states of mind as he is a wit, does the talking; Arthur Prysock, a youth-will-be-served boy, does the singing; Johnny Richards' eighteen-piece band does the music. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca*. Mike Settle, a gentle Ozark zephyr, carries on the tradition that folk music is king here; a new invention, the Womenfolk, follows suit. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is usually a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Conrad Janis heads a group (such as Johnny Windhurst, Panama Francis, and Kenny Laverne) that is traditional without being torrential, and Red Allen's quartet contributes vigorous line-bucking. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): What happens here is frequently a well-kept secret; nevertheless, a rumor has it that a trio run by Bud Powell, that truly mystic pianist, and a foursome run by John Coltrane, who hates to tear himself from his saxophone for more than a minute, are in residence. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Cannonball Adderley's sextet, in which Nat Adderley is embedded, drives fairly hard bargains with the communicants' ears. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, who wants to (and practically does) play every instrument in the band, has a foursome standing by in case he runs out of breath. The threesome of Jackie Byard, a recent graduate of the Charlie Mingus school of think-for-yourself, helps out. The Kirks vanish on Sunday, Jan. 31. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians—Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leeman among them—departs this vale on Saturday, Jan. 30. On Monday, Feb. 1, fatted calf à la South Chicago will be added to the menu for the return of that prodigal of words, Eddie Condon, and his long-silent guitar. A set of fellow-thinkers will back him up. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris is in it) use this period piece to make music that matches it. Closed Mondays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): A fairly Junior League, and a fairly informal one, spends the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night. Sundays, the South (the Dixie part, anyway) rises again from three to nine, after which the music turns to rock 'n' roll.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings by a young Spanish-American artist; through Feb. 13. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

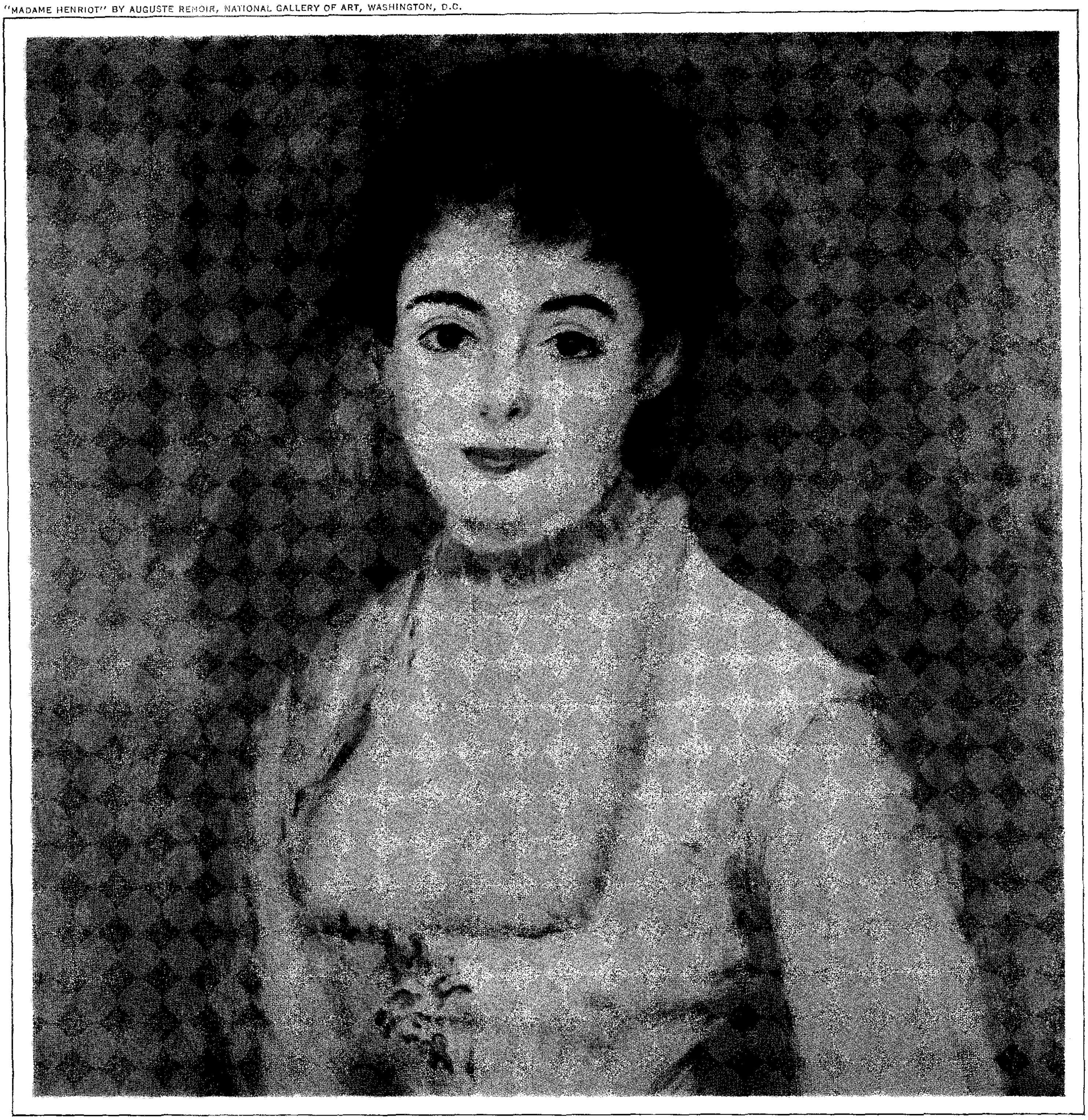
ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

CARLYLE BROWN (1919-63)—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Feb. 13. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICOLAI CIKOVSKY—Landscapes, still-lifes, inte-

"MADAME HENRIOT" BY AUGUSTE RENOIR, NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.



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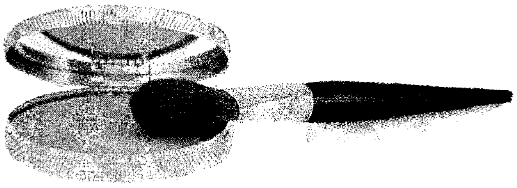

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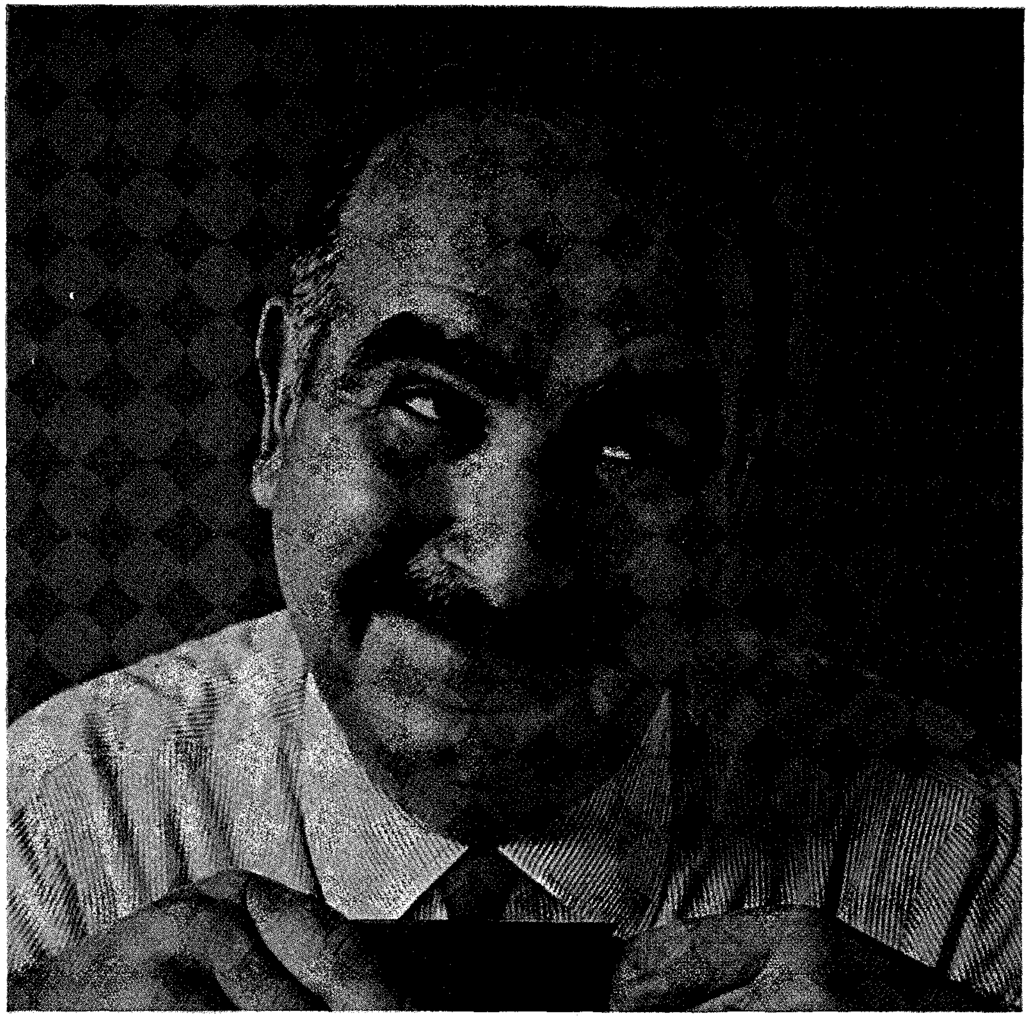
How to make your husband smile in the morning

A. Lean over suddenly and rumple his hair. Tell him what a thrill it is to live with such a tiger.



B. Whisper in his ear that you've cancelled the new outfit you ordered. Tell him you have so much to be grateful for, you don't need anything else.

C. Look deep into his eyes and sigh. Say you're so glad the children have his eyes. They'll be dynamite when they grow up.

D. Tell him he works too hard and you're worried. Insist that he devote more of his weekends to golf and fishing.

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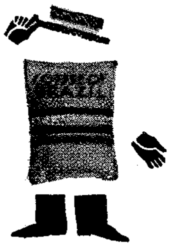
If you haven't tried it yet, make sure you pick up a can next time you shop.

You'll need time to adjust to your husband with that great big smile on his face every morning.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

riors, and figures; through Feb. 13. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Marcel Duchamp—Paintings, readymades, and other items from the celebrated Duchamp bag of tricks; through Feb. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elias Friedensohn—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ilse Getz—"Women in Windows," oils and collage-paintings (1963-64); through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Hahn—Landscapes and cityscapes; through Friday, Feb. 5. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Stanley William Hayter, Peter Sedgley, and Ulfert Wilke—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nankoku Hidai—Abstract calligraphy; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Jamison—Watercolors done in Maine and Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Wood cutouts; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a School-of-Paris artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Paintings done in Nigeria; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Fernand Léger—Figure and still-life paintings (1920-30); through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Landès Lewitin—Drawings and watercolors; through Feb. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kyle Morris—Abstract oils; through Feb. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Natkin—Abstractions; through Feb. 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra-cotta plaques of gods and human beings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sidney Nolan—Paintings (Australian themes, Antarctica, and heads) by this Australian artist; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Still-lifes; through Feb. 13. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Pearson—Optical paintings and lithographs; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through March 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abe Satoru—Abstract sculptures by a Hawaiian-born artist; through Feb. 12. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Everett Shinn—Theatre and street scenes; through Feb. 13. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Takal—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract paintings by the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Three-dimensional paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wilfrid Zogbaum—Abstract metal sculptures by an artist who died very recently; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lawyers Collect—A benefit exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European artists (among them Monet, Klee, Sargent, and Marini), plus ancient art objects, from the private collections of members of the New York Bar; through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their twenty-third annual, containing oils, prints, watercolors, and sculptures; through Feb. 7. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Pre-Columbian Art—Stone, pottery, textiles, jade, and gold (1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D.), from Mexico, Central America, and Peru; through Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Portraits of artists by artists—Raphael Soyer by Laura Ziegler and Jacques Lipchitz by Joseph Floch, for instance; through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Drawings by Stefano Cusumano, Byron Browne, Philip Evergood, and Umberto Romano; through Saturday, Jan. 30. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Optical paintings by Henry Pearson, Julian Stanczak, Ernst Benkert, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are three of the participants in a thirty-third-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures; through Feb. 13. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Feb. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSBORNE**, 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works on paper by seven artists, including Gandy Brodie, Marcia Marcus, and Robert Andrew Parker; through Feb. 13. . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Self-portraits by, among others, Elaine de Kooning, Leonard Baskin, and Andy Warhol; through Feb. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Albers, Herbin, Vasarely, Anuszkiewicz, and Poons make up the roster of a show entitled "Abstract Trompe-L'Oeil: Five Painters Who Lead and Mislead the Eye;" through Feb. 27. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—The eleventh print annual, with works in various graphic mediums by fifty artists from eleven countries; through Thursday, Feb. 4. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Books and incunabula are now on view in the newly completed Thomas J. Watson Library, and sixty European drawings (da Vinci to Picasso) are on the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, the principal entrance to the Library. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Sunday, Jan. 31. Good complements to this exhibition are the Beckmann shows at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., and the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Arts of Islam and the Indian East," a new permanent installation devoted to ceramics, bronzes, miniature paintings, textile fragments, and rugs, mostly from Iran and dating back to the ninth century, together with Indian paintings and sculptures dating back to the third millennium B.C. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient

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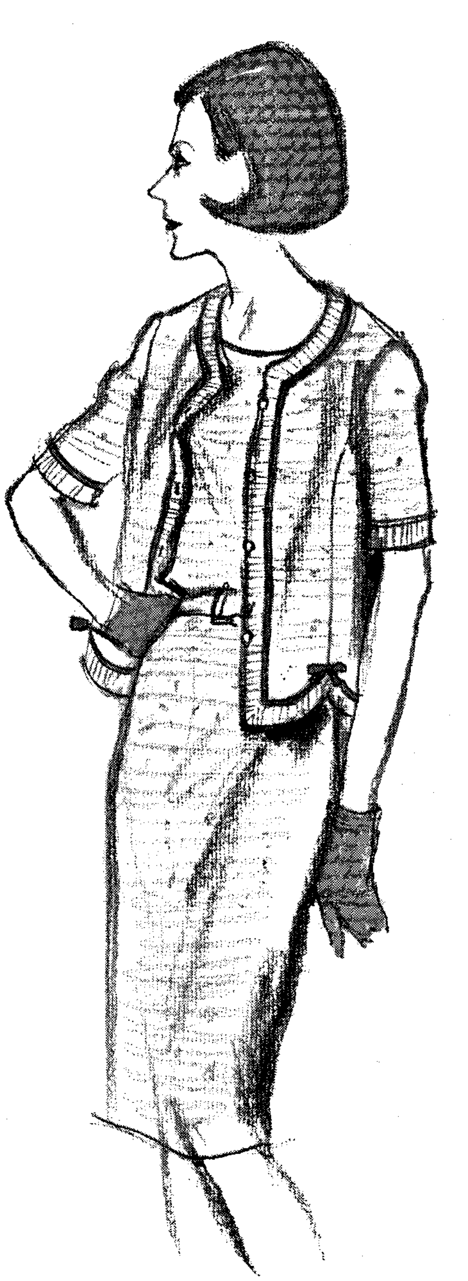

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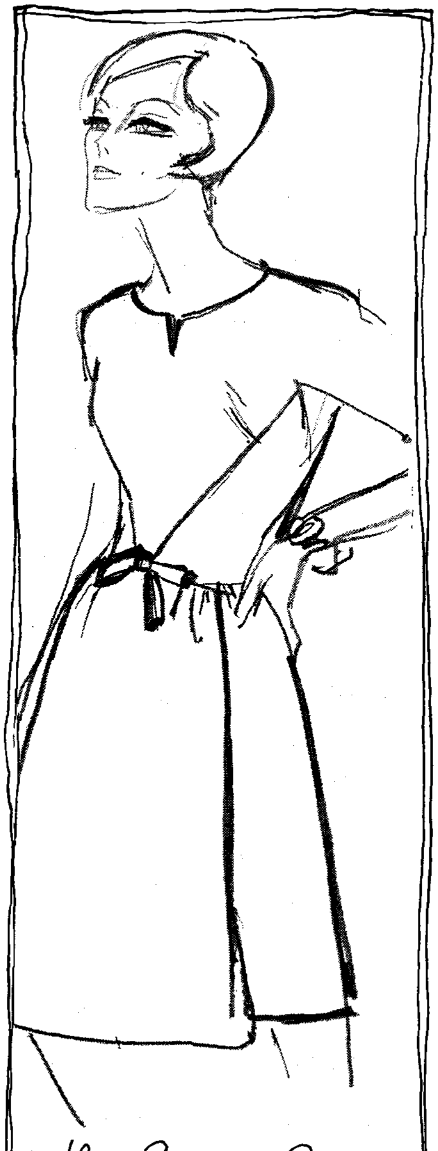

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China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by Magritte, Delvaux, and five other contemporary Belgian artists; through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Two drawing exhibitions: the Drawing Society New York Regional Exhibition, including works by such present-day artists as Larry Rivers, George Biddle, and John von Wicht, and a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century works by Blake, Delacroix, Klimt, Giacometti, and others. Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Calder show; through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors by Richard Diebenkorn; through Feb. 21. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through March 11. . . . ¶ "Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Sunday, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ivan Albright retrospective of paintings; starting Thursday, Feb. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Turandot," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Lucine Amara, Jess Thomas, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 29: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, Ettore Bastianini, Giorgio Tozzi, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Anselmo Colzani, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 1: "Turandot," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: A new production of Strauss's "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, and William Dooley. (A benefit performance; for tickets call OX 5-4100.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, David Ward, Sándor Kónya, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Elfego Esparza, Franco Corelli, Ettore Bastianini, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Aida," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Flaviano Labò, Anselmo Colzani, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard Opera Theater—Benefit performances of Beethoven's "Fidelio," in English. Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by Jean Morel. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 30, both at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28-29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30 (with Sidney Harth, violin); and Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3 (all with Régine Crespin, soprano).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan directing the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of symphonies, with Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Sándor Kónya, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Henry Bloch conducting, with Takako Nishizaki, violin. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8:40.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Concert Band—John Corley conducting, with Felix Viscuglia, clarinet. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 5:15.)

Brattleboro Music Center Chorus—Blanche Honegger Moyse directing a program of Bach cantatas, with the Brattleboro Music Center Chamber Orchestra, the Brattleboro Community Chorus, the Marlboro College Chorus, and soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 5:15.)

Temple University Concert Choir—Robert Page directing. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Leon Fleisher and Tossy Spivakovsky—The last in a series of recitals of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Conducted, in part, by Gunther Schuller, with Louise Budd, soprano, and others. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Music of the English Baroque—A program of music for Restoration theatre performed by John Ferrante, countertenor; the Gotham Baroque Ensemble; the Riverside Singers; and the Ars Nova Orchestra, conducted by Robert Mandell. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

New Lost City Ramblers—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

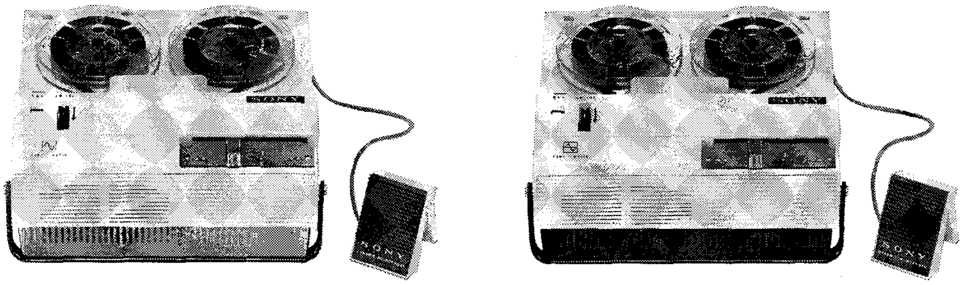
Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt program. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Yakov Zak—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—A group made up of principals of the Boston Symphony, with Claude Frank, piano. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8:40.)

Lenox Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie

TAPEMATES!



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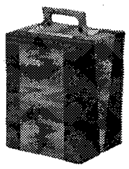

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Ellen Faull—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Alirio Diaz—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—A program of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elaine Weldon—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Gene and Francesca—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Note—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 1, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Third-Stream Concert—Harold Farberman conducting the Orchestra U.S.A. in a jazz-classical program, with Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano, and Sam Levenson, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Feb. 1. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

Trapshooting—The Mike Zilinsky Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Nelle Fisher and her dance troupe. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 11.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets**: "Upside-Down Family." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **jan hus children's theatre**: "The Impossible Princess." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30 and 2.) . . . **rose**

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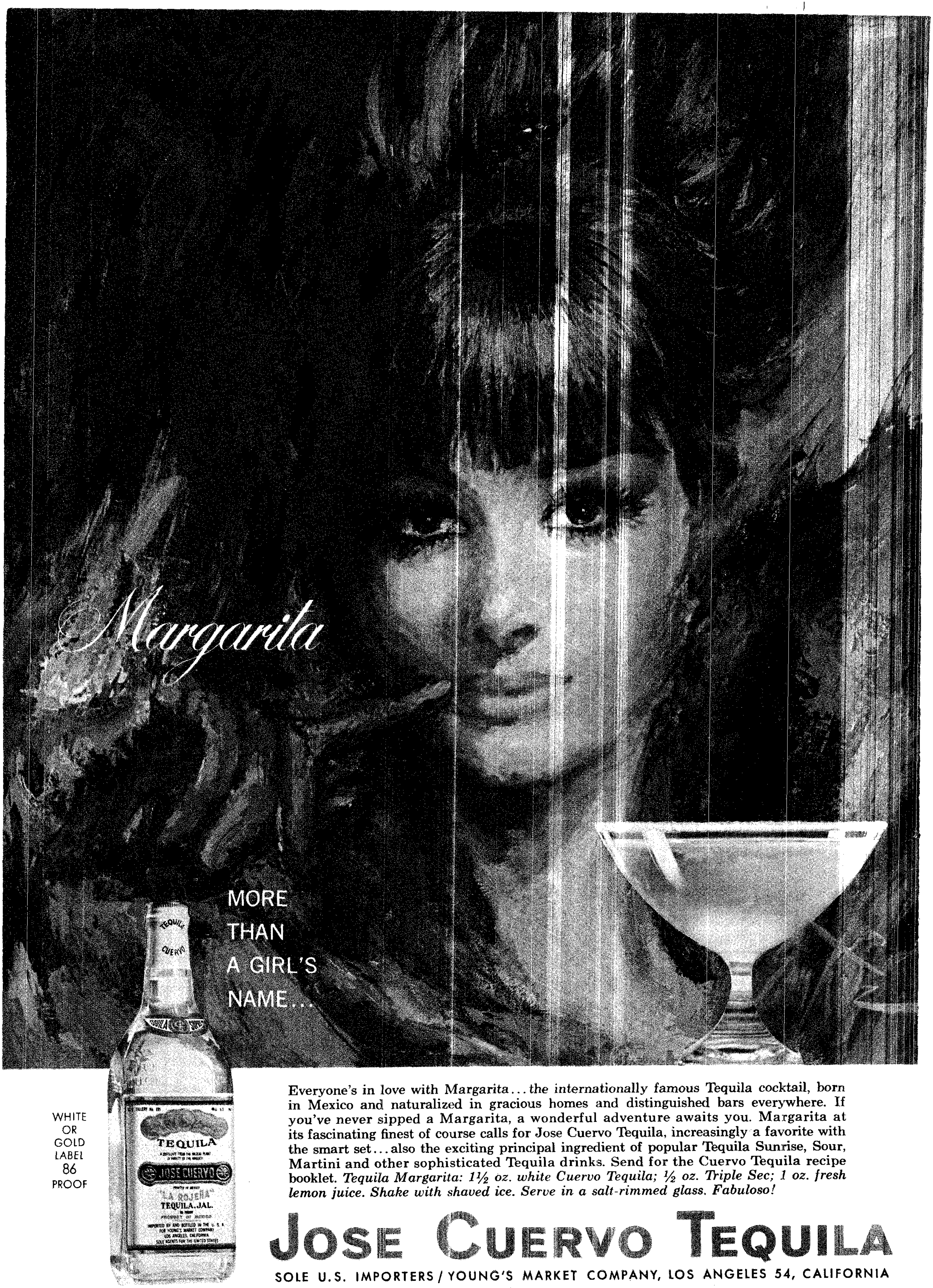
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MAYFAIR THEATRE:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PLAYERS THEATRE:** "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Jack and the Space Beans." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

RECITAL—Marais and Miranda in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 1:30 and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

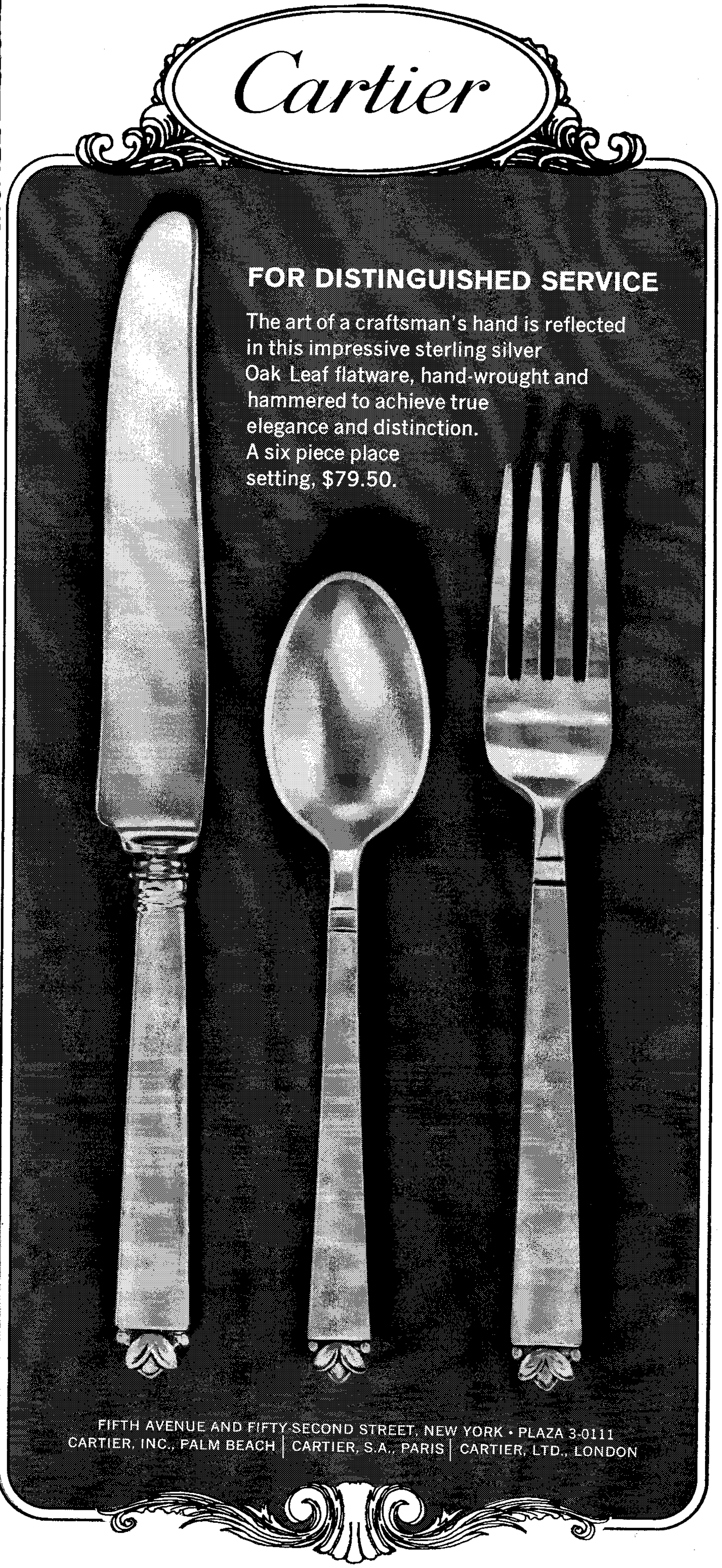
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, displayed by some eighty dealers, plus several complete room settings. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 28, from 1 to 7.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 7, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 1:45: English furniture, silver, glass, porcelains, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of George Frelinghuysen and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 30.



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FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A French melodrama distinguished by the presence, in a merry mood, of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe, all of whom are worth watching for hours and perhaps days on end. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Jan. 28.)

The Finest Hours—A satisfactory documentary about ninety years in the life of Winston Churchill, a man joyous as well as great. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Good Neighbor Sam—Jack Lemmon, as a San Francisco ad man in an odd predicament, goes skylarking through a movie that amounts to an omnibus of gags. Mr. L. is very funny. The movie is sometimes funny, sometimes not. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 3.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Feb. 2.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the charming star, assisted by Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, Eddie Mayehoff, and Claire Trevor. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—An Irish braggart on the make in Montreal. Faultlessly acted by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 3.)

Mafioso—A laughing-on-the-outside, crying-on-the-inside glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. Alberto Sordi, as the funny, eloquent hero, and Alberto Lattuada, the director, deserve equal credit for the film's success. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Feb. 2, tentative.)

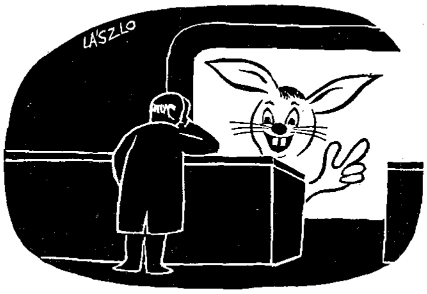
Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; starting Feb. 3.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A strong and affecting study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, flawlessly enacted by Ivan Dixon. The screenplay is by Michael Roemer and Robert Young; the former directed the picture, and the latter photographed it. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 3.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes joyously and heartbreakingly to life. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 30.)



The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 3.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Feb. 2, tentative.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Feb. 2.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 1.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 28.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 2.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Jan. 30.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 2.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 28.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 29-Feb. 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 1-3.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 29-30.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 29-31.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 1.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 28.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 29-31. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 29-Feb. 1.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 28.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Jan. 30: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"36 Hours," James Garner, Eva Marie Saint.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Feb. 2: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.
From Feb. 3: **MARY POPPINS.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Jan. 28: "Could I but Live" (in Japanese).
From Jan. 29: "Blue Beast" (in Japanese), Tatsuya Nakadai.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE FINEST HOURS.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Feb. 2 (tentative): **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and **THE SERVANT.**
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 2: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Feb. 3: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 2: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
From Feb. 3: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 30: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"My Wife's Husband" (in French), Fernandel, Bourvil.

Baronet (EL 5-1663) and **Coronet** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.
GOLDFINGER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Jan. 28: **HUD**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
Jan. 29-31: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
Feb. 1: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
From Feb. 2: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Andy," Norman Alden.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 2: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From Feb. 3: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Jan. 28: **BECKET.**
Jan. 29-Feb. 2 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Feb. 3 (tentative): "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 2: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

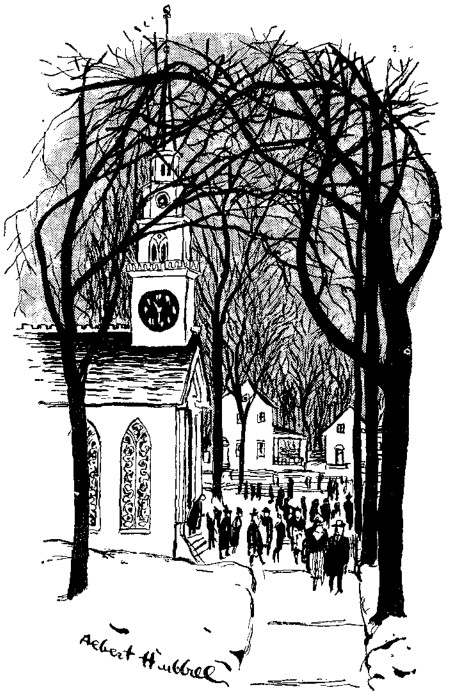
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 28: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Jan. 29-Feb. 1: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Feb. 2: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Jan. 28: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
Jan. 29-30: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "The Cardinal," revival, Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From Feb. 3: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 2: "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries.
From Feb. 3: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 1: **TOPKAPI**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 2: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick; and "East of Sudan," Anthony Quayle, Sylvia Syms.
From Feb. 3: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 2: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.
From Feb. 3: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 2: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, **WINTER LIGHT**, and **THE SILENCE** (all in Swedish and all revivals).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale; and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BANANA PEEL (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 29: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
Jan. 30-31: "The Time Machine," revival, Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams.
Feb. 1-3: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 2: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival.
From Feb. 3: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 28: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
Jan. 29-Feb. 1: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.
From Feb. 2: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 2: **THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.
From Feb. 3: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.

Germaine Monteil

on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"IN one respect a cavalry charge is very like ordinary life. So long as you are all right, firmly in your saddle, your horse in hand, and well armed, lots of enemies will give you a wide berth. But as soon as you have lost a stirrup, have a rein cut, have dropped your weapon, are wounded, or your horse is wounded, then is the moment when from all quarters enemies rush upon you." When Winston Churchill wrote these lines, in "My Early Life," he wrote with authority, because he had taken part in the charge that the 21st Lancers made against the Dervish army at Omdurman, in the Sudan, on September 2, 1898. He wrote with feeling, because in 1930, the year "My Early Life" was published, he was in the political wilderness, without horse or stirrups. And he wrote with the knowledge that the fighting he had managed to wangle himself into in Indian and African campaigns was of a sporting kind that was unrepeatable. "Most of us were fated to see a war where the hazards were reversed, where death was the general expectation and severe wounds were counted as lucky escapes, where whole brigades were shorn away under the steel flail of artillery and machine-guns, where the survivors of one tornado knew that they would certainly be consumed in the next or the next after that." Something else he knew was himself—infuriating, unquenchable, almost always right. "I was a child of the Victorian era, when the structure of our country seemed firmly set, when its position in trade and on the seas was unrivalled, and when the realisation of the greatness of our Empire and of our duty to preserve it was ever growing stronger. In those days the dominant forces in Great Britain were very sure of themselves and of their doctrines. They thought they could teach the world the art of government, and the science of economics. They were sure they were supreme at sea and consequently safe at home. They rested therefore sedately under the convictions of power and security. Very different is the aspect of these anxious and dubious times." Nine years later, in the most dubious time of all, the child of the Victorian era was offered his horse again, though its reins were cut. He met the enemies rushing upon him from all quarters and met them with nineteenth-century conviction, with up-to-date organization and strategy, and with—what was perhaps most important—a fierce enjoyment. For it wasn't simply the sense of hearing again the voice of Chatham, of Shakespeare's Henry V, of immemorial heroes, that warmed the blood of the tired steed of England. It was the instinctive knowledge that this man, from a line of British dukes and American revolutionaries, was a champion who meant to win, and who would, therefore, win. In the worst moments, when the Hitlerian holocaust seemed nearly certain to consume the whole world, Churchill, by his every phrase, gesture, grumble, and smile, made it evident that this was a nightmare in which he, for one, was wide-awake, and that, in the midst of evil, life continued to have good things. He was one of the very best of them. Now the great man is gone. The last, long cavalry charge is over, and we live in a lesser time.

Ship Shopping

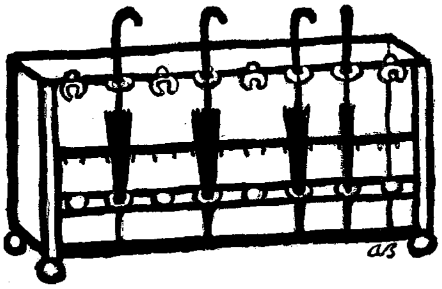
WE went up to the Fifty-fifth National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, last week and found the main floor all but covered with beached shipping and looking pretty much the way Portofino would if somebody pulled the plug. Motorboats and cabin cruisers nuzzled the central corridor as though it were a pier, and the sails on the yachts luffed gaily or flapped gently in the breeze generated by hucksters. There were occasional men in blue blazers and yachting caps, and occasional children in sailor suits. Clambering aboard a forty-two-foot motor cruiser called the BayHead Skiff Canyon Commuter, the costliest boat in the show, we found ourself face to face with Mr. Percy Hall, assistant manager of the BayHead Skiff Division of the New Jersey Yacht Sales Corporation. Mr. Hall was something of a reverse pirate, for he tried to unload the giant skiff on us—or, rather, a ghostly, hypothetical sister skiff, to be made to order, for the one we were on had already been sold. "All our boats are custom-made," Mr. Hall said. "We design to suit the customer." We asked Mr. Hall to demonstrate how BayHead Skiff put this maxim into practice, and he led the way down to the saloon, which was full of sleek leather chairs. "Look at the wood panelling!" he said. "It's koa, from Hawaii, and karina, from Nigeria. The table is rosewood and the floors are holly. The customer has ninety-five thousand dollars in this boat, and we're not through with him yet." We hastened ashore, wandered about to regain our financial bearings, and finally, on the fourth floor, paused before a long, sleek dark-green powerboat called the

Donzi Hornet, which looked rather like a Lincoln Continental convertible. (We found, in general, that boats are becoming more and more like cars.) The Donzi Hornet costs eight thousand dollars and can do better than seventy miles an hour. "We offer instant kingship to the man who buys it," Allan Brown, the Donzi operative, said proudly. "He's automatically the fastest guy at the yacht club."

We descended a series of moving companionways to the ground floor and pulled up at the yards of the Fisher-Pierce Company, makers of Boston Whalers—puffy, snub-nosed little Fiberglas barges. (Wood, we learned, is as outmoded in boats as it is in cars.) "The Boston Whaler is the Volkswagen of the boat business," the yards' operative said. "Boston Whalers never change. They're unsinkable." We moved on to the marina of Kayot, which bills itself as "World Leader in Pontoon Funcraft," and inspected a Kayot Captain—a sort of raft on a pair of steel pontoons, with a canopy overhead. "It's made for fun," said Mr. Richard Eagen, the cheerful skipper of the Funcraft. "You can have cocktail parties on it. We had a couple get married on one of our pontoon boats." Having skirted a number of powerboats with huge automotive tail fins, we decided to try our luck on another floor, where we discussed a flotilla of Fiberglas kayaks with their captain, who represented the Klepper Corporation, the New York subsidiary of a German firm. "We're doing a land-office business up North, selling them to Eskimos," he said. Farther along, we almost stumbled over a Sea Dart—a tiny Fiberglas motorboat, only eighty-two inches long, which, like a small rubber raft, is ridden stomach down, legs dragging in the water. It is powered by a twenty-two-horsepower engine and can do thirty miles an hour. "You feel as though you had a rocket by the tail," Nicholas Mielcarek, salesman for Sea Dart, said. "It has a deadman's switch, so it's as safe as a church."

We moved on to the third floor to look at tackle, gear, and accessories, which turned out to be mostly of plastic. At Teleflex-Ongaro, manufacturers of marine products, we hove to and examined some steering wheels for boats. "Some are made of tenite buterate, just like automobile steering wheels," Roy Bergey, helmsman for Teleflex-Ongaro, said. "We also manufacture power-steering units, throttle and clutch controls, and instrument panels—in short, we have everything for the binnacle, which means dashboard." At the Atlantic-Pacific Manufacturing Corporation's stall, we inspected a variety of life preservers: circular type, jacket type, and the newest type of all—a sort of horse collar made of plastic. "Polyvinylchloride is as buoyant as cork," the salesman said. "For a long soak, give me plastic every time."

We upped anchor and headed for the Industrial Timer Corporation, dispensers of air horns, where the operative invited us to listen to a tape recording of the Cruiser Deluxe horn. What we heard was a plaintive, blaring note—a hundred and seventeen decibels. The horn runs on twenty-two pounds of air pressure and will make someone a mile away jump. Next, we consulted Mr. William H. Gardiner, vender of Z-Spar marine and anti-fouling paints that are guaranteed to discourage barnacles and borers. "The paint sets up a poisoning action in the water and keeps exuding a leaching type of toxin—tributal tin oxide if the paint is red or yellow, or cuprous oxide if the paint is one of our blues or greens," Mr. Gardiner said. "As far as we know, it won't poison fish, but the Department of Agriculture is checking." We turned our attention to rope at the Samson Cordage Works, and learned from the sales manager, Mr. Robert Billings, that hemp is out and Dacron, nylon, and polyethylene are in. "Dacron rope is expensive but low on stretch. Nylon is cheaper but stretches more. Polyethylene is cheapest but poor on abrasion," Mr. Billings said, supplying the raw materials of a future nautical adage or sea chanty. He continued, "Samson braided rope is the Cadillac of ropes. We've outfitted the last three America's Cup defenders. Samson rope slings are used in space-capsule recovery. Our rope helped fish John Glenn out of the drink." He gave us a sample of line, and not far away we found an anchor to put on the end of it. "Our anchors are nine ways better than any others," Jerry E. Jensen, of the Brewer-Tichener Corporation, said. "There's a patented crossarm, so that whichever way you throw the anchor over the side, the flukes are guaranteed to hit the bottom at a fighting, thirty-five-degree angle in a downward, attack position. There's immediate penetration of the bottom. No drag."



When in Rome

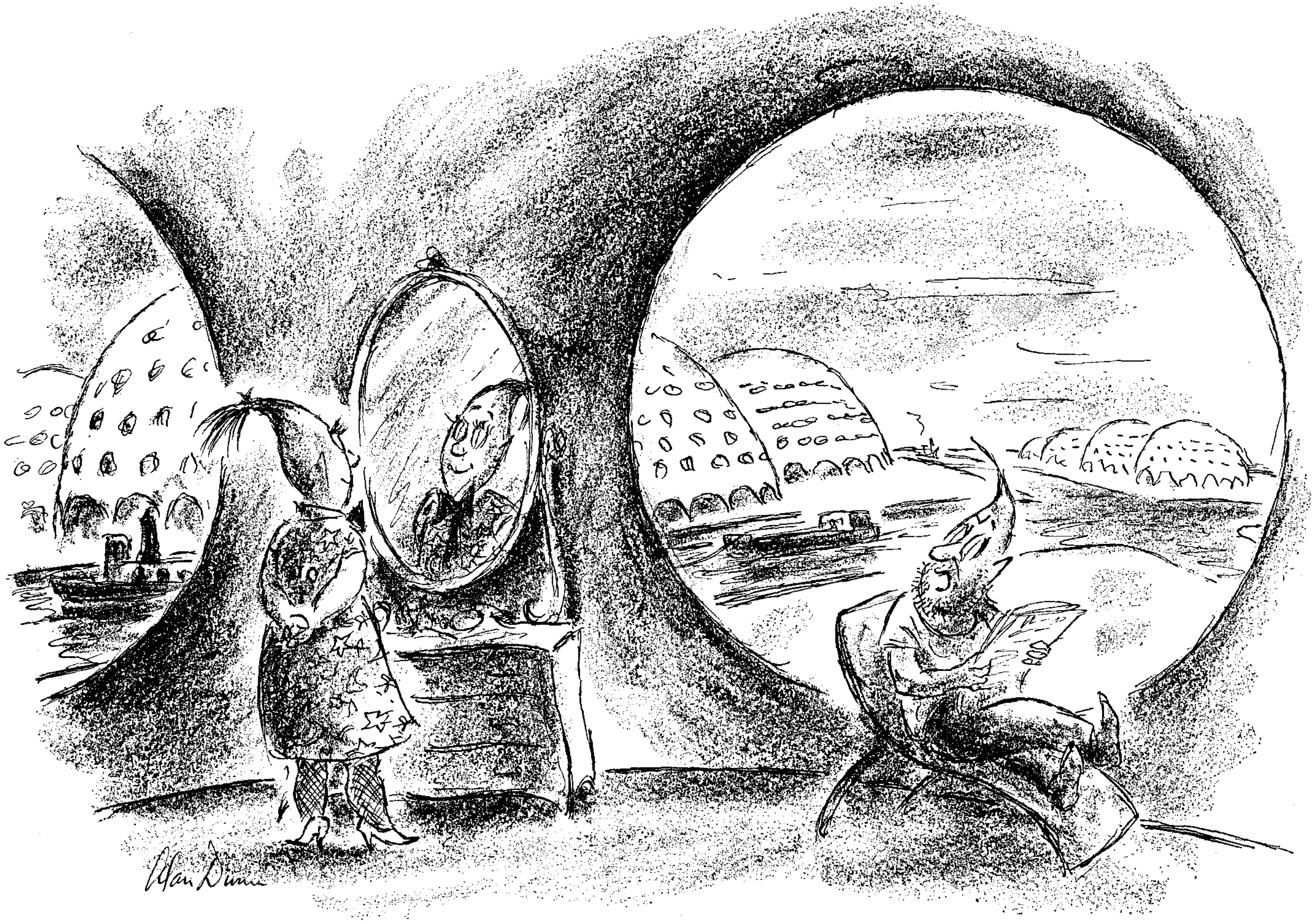
An Orient-minded Manhattan couple recently invited a newly landed Japanese graduate student to what he gratefully informed them was his first dinner party in an American home. The young man proved to be extremely mannerly, and it was clear that he had been boning up on American social usage; in fact, his only lapse, if it can be called that, came when, acting on his host's suggestion that he might like to wash up before eating, he went into the bathroom and took a shower.

Foss

Buffalo, which we have always tended to think of as a nice city to live in but no place to visit, has taken on a whole new cultural aura for us as the result of a half hour's brisk chat we've had with Lukas Foss, the composer. Mr. Foss, who is now in his second season as conductor and musical director of the Buffalo Philharmonic, was in town to deliver a "lecture-concert" at Hunter College, during which two of his latest compositions were to be performed. Catching him one afternoon between rehearsals and other appointments, we picked him up at his hotel and accompanied him around the corner to a coffeehouse on West Fifty-sixth Street, where he asked for a table as far away from the canned music as possible. He was no sooner seated than he began to describe the remarkable flowering of the arts in his adopted city.

"Things are really lively in Buffalo," he told us. "You would hardly believe all that's going on. Of course, there is the Albright-Knox Gallery, which everybody knows about, and which attracts the artists, but now the State University of Buffalo has started to attract the writers and poets, and the Philharmonic is doing all sorts of things—new things—that interest the musicians. On top of which, we have our new Center for Creative and Performing Arts, and in February we are putting on the Buffalo Festival of Arts. Do you know about that? Ionesco is coming over from Paris to put on three of his plays, and there will be a great exhibition of kinetic art, and heaven only knows what else. I've scheduled a week of concerts devoted exclusively to the music of the last ten years. Not even Schoenberg, mind you—just the last ten years. That's *really* revolutionary!"

A waitress came up to take our order,



"There'll be time enough to worry about being photogenic if and when the damn thing gets here."

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and Mr. Foss, who is forty-two and rather slight, with boyish features and chronically dishevelled dark hair, leaned back and gave her a dazzling smile. He ordered a *cappuccino*, we did the same, and the waitress retreated, blushing.

More or less at random, we asked Mr. Foss to tell us about the Center for Creative and Performing Arts.

"That was really my idea, carried out in association with Allen Sapp, who is chairman of the university's Music Department," he said. "You see, we have many composers now who are creating a totally new kind of music, but so few musicians know how to play it. This music is terrifically difficult, too—more difficult than any music has ever been before. We really need to have the performer work with us in creating it. And so, under a two-hundred-thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, plus a third of that added by the university, we have selected twenty musicians from all over the world and brought them to Buffalo, where they are performing this new music."

"How were they selected?" we asked. "Were they students?"

"Absolutely not," Mr. Foss replied. "The whole point was to take people who were mature musically—real virtuosi—and conquer them for our cause. Some are quite well known. There is Don Ellis, the American trumpet player, and Sylvano Bussotti, a much discussed Italian composer, and Jean DuPouilh, who is one of the finest viola players in France. It's a fabulous group, and to get them all together in a city like Buffalo—well, it changes the character of the place. They live in town, not at the university, and the grant is generous enough to make it fairly comfortable living. There are no classes, no rigid schedule. It's a very American setup, and our Europeans find it highly stimulating. They are giving performances first at the Albright-Knox and then at Carnegie Recital Hall, in New York—four 'Evenings of New Music,' as we call them—plus the lecture-concert at Hunter College."

Backtracking a bit, we asked Mr. Foss to tell us about himself.

"I was born in Berlin and raised in Paris, but I came here when I was barely fifteen and I consider myself completely American," he said. "I studied music in Paris, Berlin, Philadelphia—at the Curtis Institute of Music—and at Yale, under Hindemith. All this time, I was composing tonal music—the music I grew up with. And I loved that music, too. Then, about six or seven years ago, at U.C.L.A., where I succeeded Schoenberg as Professor of Composition, I started a series of experiments in improvisation. It all began very modestly, as a means of helping the students, but suddenly a door opened for me, and I saw a vast new territory to explore. Now I'm not even very close to improvisation anymore. I let my students do that. I'm too busy composing."

Recalling that Mr. Foss had won the New York Music Critics Circle Award in 1961 for his "Time Cycle," a work for soprano, chamber ensemble, and orchestra that contained elements of aleatory, or chance, composition, we asked what part chance played in his more recent works. "Well, let's take 'Echoi,' " he said. " 'Echoi' is probably one of the most difficult pieces of chamber music ever written; it is performed by four players, who occupy the whole stage with their various instruments—percussion, cello, piano, and clarinet—and it does contain certain aleatory, or indeterminate, elements, but it is carefully notated throughout—that is, the improvisational tasks are so carefully described that the composition does not surrender to chance. I call it 'precise elasticity.' I'm very reluctant, you see, not to know what's going to happen. Let me put it like this: I feel that the way to advance into the new musical territory is to advance rearfirst, waving to the disappearing past—I mean, to the home I left six years ago, the tonality I loved. But I also want to know where I'm going." He paused, smiled, and continued, "The trouble is they keep me too busy conducting now. In May and June, for instance, I'm going to conduct at three European festivals—Zagreb, Palermo, and Berlin. I've also undertaken to put on the French-American Festival at Lincoln Center this July. That festival is really significant; it's the first time New York has put on something in the summer that isn't just *light*, that is more like the European idea of a festival. And then next season I'm scheduled to be guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic for four weeks. It's too much. I'll have to put a stop to it."

We inquired how Buffalo's regular music public had reacted so far to the new music that the Buffalo Philharmonic had been playing under his direction.

"We get away with it only because the bulk of our programming is classical," he replied, smiling broadly. "It is a very beautiful orchestra, though, and because it is now playing a lot of new music—contemporary music—it is also playing Beethoven better, as though the ink were not yet dry on the score. Of course, the reaction to the new music is not always favorable. We gave the American première of Karlheinz Stockhausen's 'Momente' in Buffalo last year, and the storm over that is still raging. Letters just poured in to the newspapers asking what I thought I was doing. I finally had to go on television to defend myself. The letters were flashed on the screen behind me, an invisible voice read them, and then I had to answer their criticism. I suppose the city is about evenly divided. The fact is I'm in what amounts to an invulnerable position. If they want to get rid of me, that's fine; I'm a composer-conductor, so I don't rely exclusively on conducting."

It was time for Mr. Foss's next appointment. We said goodbye to him on the sidewalk, and he hurried off at a good clip, turning around in a final salutation that had him, for a moment, unmistakably advancing rearfirst and waving.

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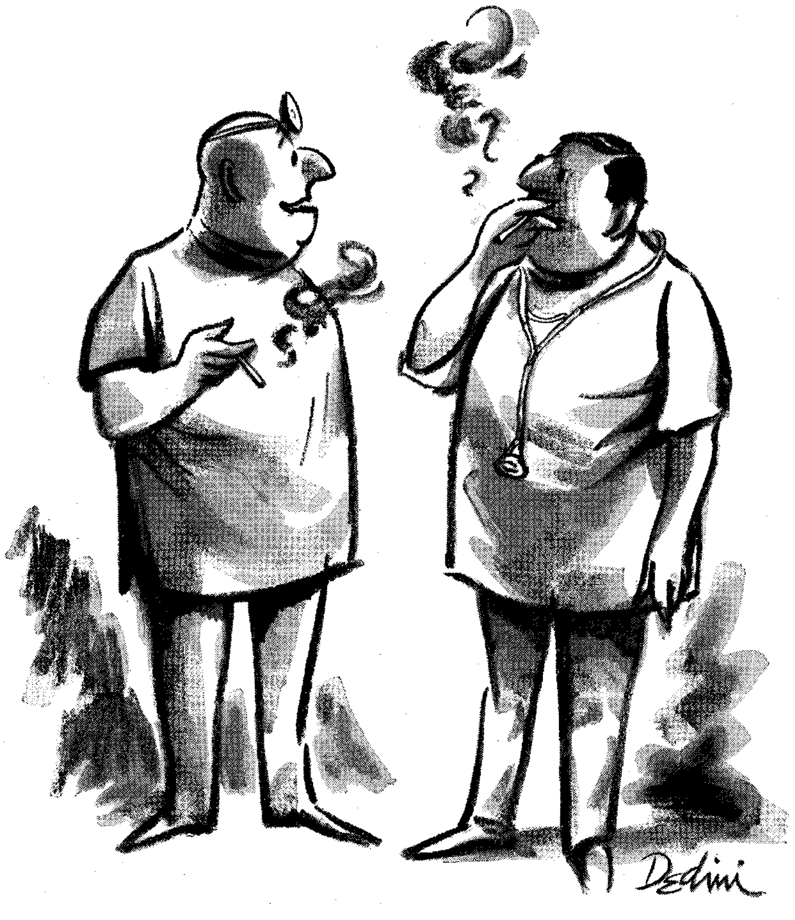
OVERHEARD in the Men's Grill of the Forty-third Street Brass Rail at noon the other day, one fuscous silk suit and matching necktie to another: "It only cost him a buck, but you ought to heard him. He screamed bloody Mary."

Great Day

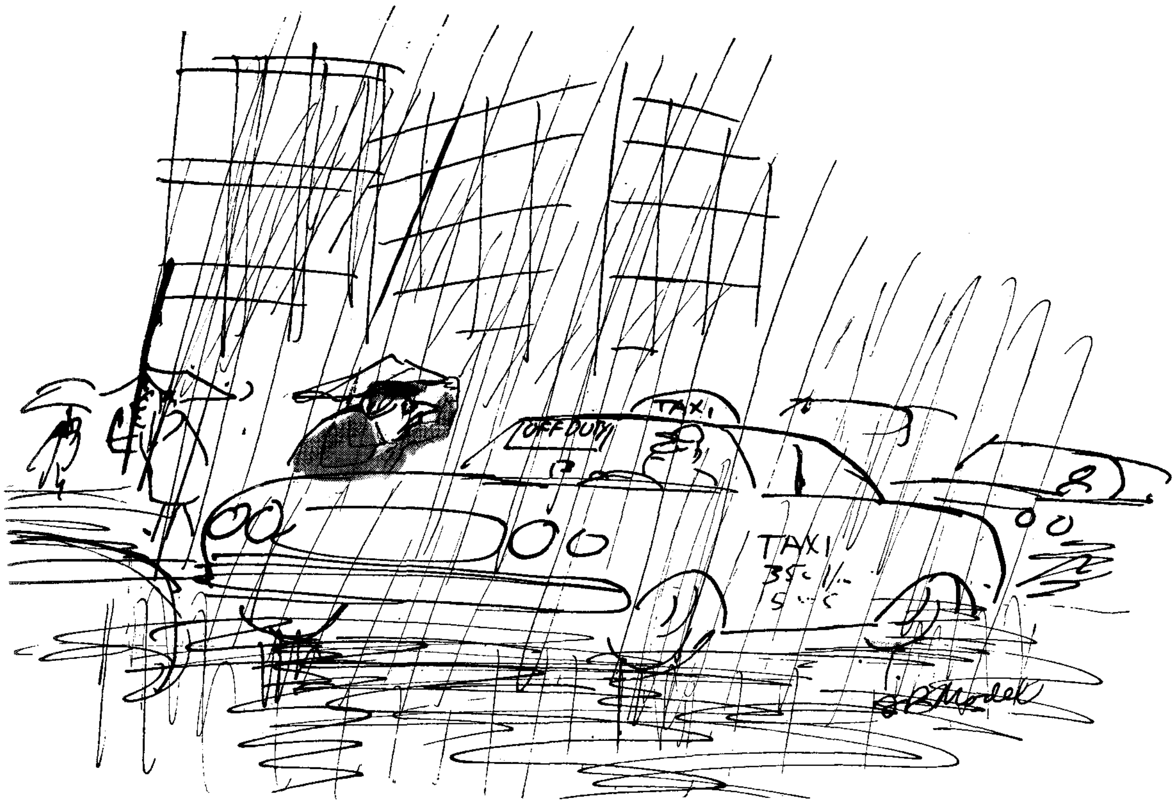
OUR man Stanley dropped by the office a day or so after the Inauguration, remarked, "The nation is in safe hands," and deposited the following dispatch:

"Have been in Washington for Inaugural ceremonies. Arrived on Capitol Hill early on morning of swearing-in, wrapped to ears in red-white-and-blue thermal underwear, protection against predicted frigid weather. Underwear not visible, of course, beneath overcoat, jacket, vest, sweater, scarf, and galoshes. Looked like any other man heavily bundled. Precautions largely unnecessary, since air crisp but not numbing. Sun broke through swift-moving clouds. Flags everywhere, gaily flapping. Capitol itself all dolled up—massive, gleaming. Scales of Justice on pediment looked newly gilded. Giant loudspeakers emitting recorded Mozart Piano Concerto No. 21 in C, filling huge plaza with beautiful music. Marine Band took places directly in front of and below stand where President due to take oath of office; Mormon Tabernacle Choir took places directly in front of Marine Band. Mormon Choir warmed up, sang several hymns. 'The hard part is to look good,' said unidentified Mormon voice through loudspeaker. 'The eyes of the world are upon you!' 'Testing. One, two, three,' said unidentified man in gray fedora into microphone on President's podium. All nearby roofs dotted with dark figures of security guards, many precariously perched on high, dangerous places. Mounting excitement as House and Senate arrived, took places in stands on Capitol steps. Supreme Court arrived, took places on Presidential platform. Mrs. Humphrey arrived. Mrs. Johnson arrived, in coat of American Beauty red. Smiled gently at crowd. Mr. Humphrey arrived. Sounds of 'Hail to the Chief' as President moved slowly down broad steps. Dignity of President threw instant hush over crowd. President tall, tanned, purposeful. Ceremonies under way moment or two behind schedule. President stood up to take oath as bells pealed all over city, followed by deep booming of twenty-one-gun salute. President forgot to raise hand until one-third through oath; repeated oath in low voice. Address followed, delivered in slow, almost conversational tone. Crowd seemed deeply moved—listened largely in silence. Then National Anthem played, and ceremonies over. Crowd stood for several minutes watching tall figure of President walk slowly back up



"If you'll order me to stop at once, I'll order you to stop at once."

steps and into Capitol. Crowd seemed under spell, pondering President's words. After several minutes, crowd suddenly smiled, laughed, talked, moved off Capitol Hill.



"Please, just to the subway—just this once, for your poor, sick mother."

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"In evening, in Temperate Zone underwear and black tie, to Inaugural Ball at Sheraton-Park Hotel. Ballroom festooned with multicolored garlands of artificial flowers. Flowers everywhere—along sides of yellow-draped boxes, hanging in clusters from ceiling. Peter Duchin, with twenty-two-piece band, elegant at piano, alternated with Count Basie, equally elegant but steamier. Inaugural Ball dispensed favors for women (gold bracelets with tiny medallions picturing President and Vice-President) and for men (silver key chains with medallions). Profusion of pink among women; men in black tie. Spotted numerous heavily pleated dress shirts among men. One aristocrat self-conscious in white tie and tails; fellow had been misinformed, and looked it. Huge colored photostat of painting at one end of ballroom—pictorial representation of song 'America the Beautiful.' Picture bursting with homely scenes—farmhand driving cow with stick, two small boys seated on hillock watching steam-driven wooden train chug past, two elk chasing each other through tall pines, neatly husbanded farm with grain neatly stacked beside barn, and rugged, snow-capped mountains. As I stood looking at picture, lady with sequined glasses brushed past, wearing tiara composed of letters 'TEXAS' in red, white, and blue. Letters flashed on and off. 'You're from Texas,' I said. 'How did you know?' she said, her head ablaze. 'I use two batteries for this thing, and I've brought a supply of extras,' she said. 'I'll be all right if I don't blow a fuse.' Lady disappeared into throng, her sign blinking. Floor jammed with tall Texans. Texans subdued, affected by occasion. Floor now too crowded to dance on; crowd almost motionless. Count Basie, undaunted, kept up Basie beat. Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren took places in Presidential box, behind Presidential and Vice-Presidential seals. Secretary of Treasury Dillon arrived, Justice Clark arrived, Secretary of Labor Wirtz arrived, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson arrived, Acting Attorney General Katzenbach arrived, all took places in Presidential box. A. Philip Randolph and Ralph Bunche arrived, took places on folding chairs reserved for Medal of Freedom winners, in front of Presidential box. 'We must clear a path for the President and his party!' cried a commanding military voice, and crowd was gently hustled behind golden cordon.

"Long, suffocating wait. Room so crowded everybody's hands pressed to sides. 'I have come to the conclusion,' said distinguished-looking man beside me, 'that the new Sam Rayburn House Office Building can best be described as "aggressive eclectic."' As good a remark as any, under circumstances. Sudden vast applause from far end of ballroom, near grand staircase. Spotlights played over throng, focussed at far end of room. 'He's coming!' said man beside me. At approximately 11:40 P.M., band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.' Band kept striking up 'Hail to the Chief.' Must have played 'Hail to the Chief' half-dozen times. Chief moved slowly down cleared path, smiling, shaking hands. More relaxed than during morning ceremonies but still quiet, immensely dignified. Both Humphreys appeared in Presidential box, followed by First Lady, in Yellow Rose of Texas gown and accompanied by daughters. Daughters enjoying every minute of it. Escorts of daughters clean-cut, embarrassed. President appeared in Presidential box. With superhuman effort, crowd managed to disengage hands from sides, applaud wildly. President sneaked quick glance at wristwatch. Obviously man with long road and many problems ahead. President walked to microphone in box, seemed to shed cares. Was pretty funny for any man at midnight, let alone a President. Made small, informal jokes about Humphrey doing talking this evening while he would do dancing. Said that after four other balls he and Secret Service were happy. Crowd roared. 'One thing you can say for the Great Society,' said President, 'it sure is crowded.' President looked at occupants of box. President greeted 'our great Chief Justice,' introduced Adlai Stevenson, and said, 'Ambassador Stevenson is in charge of making your world better, and he is doing a fine job of it. And now let us dance!' Entering penny-size area cleared for him by Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, and Pinkerton men, President scooped up Mrs. Johnson and began majestic twirl. President led with firmness, changed partners several times, and, moments after midnight, glanced swiftly at wristwatch again and silently disappeared through rear door, headed for home and the great affairs of state."

THE FERRY TO VERMONT

Bernard Pilote didn't know what had happened, because he caught cold opening the camp on the lake which he rented to hunters, and had to take care of himself upstairs for two days. One afternoon when he felt better, he put on all clean clothes, including a wool shirt someone had given him several Christmases ago, which he had not worn yet, and came downstairs to the bar and opened himself a bottle of beer, feeling very good to be up and about. He was eighty-seven and sat less lightly on the stool than he used to. He sat pretty much as if he didn't ever want to move, but that was because he was quite old, not because he didn't have anything to do. He had a cigarette going and he was looking at the helmets hung above all the liquor bottles in front of him. The helmets had been worn in the 1932 Olympic bobsled races, worn by people he knew. He was thinking that in the past, when his heart was stronger, nobody would have found him there in the bar at that time of day at that time of year. Right now, he'd be hunting deer around the lake. Actually, the heart was all right. The arteries weren't too good anymore; they were cracked, like those leather helmets. He was sure his heart was as sound as a dollar.

From what used to be the harness room but was now a bowling alley came an occasional stout crash of pins. It grew dark outside and it was snowing still. The deer hunters he'd been expecting weren't coming that day, Bernard figured, unless they had already gone into camp while he was laid up getting over his cold. He turned away from the bar mirror to see who was coming in. It was a young trooper, with a little fresh snow on him. The youngster hung his hat and overcoat on a hook and sat in one of the booths by the windows.

"We're gettin' some snow," Bernard said.

The trooper looked out of the window and said that that was the truth.

Bernard hadn't seen him before—they rotated them so often nowadays you never could tell if you'd seen one before or not. "They'll keep the plows out all night in weather like this," he said across the dark room.

Paul, the bartender, came in from the kitchen to see who had come in. He snapped to when he saw the trooper. "Yes, sir!" he chirped. Paul was only about seventeen, but he had already lost a lot of hair.

"Gimme a coffee," the trooper said.

"Yes, sir!" Paul chirped again and went back to the kitchen, turning on the lights as he went. Even then, he didn't notice who had come downstairs. The boy did say hello to Bernard on the way back with the coffee, and Bernard felt honored. Paul was impressed with the uniform was all. Bernard could have told Paul—in fact, he had told him—about the time the troopers rode horseback into camp to ask him questions about some fight he'd been mixed up in in a bar. Back then, *all* they rode up there was horses; that was before he lost six cars bootlegging, which was during the time he'd had his clothes made to order by an Italian who came all the way up from Schenectady. Carefully, Bernard listened to what they were saying.

"You git over to Lake Champlain today?" the trooper was asking Paul.

"No, I had to work," Paul said. He came behind the bar. "You O.K. now, Bernard?" he asked the old man, and began laying bottles of beer on the bed of cracked ice below the bar—beer that would be drunk that night. Paul didn't sound too interested in Bernard's health. That business of the lake—what were they talking about? Bernard realized he would have to come to it casually, in case it wasn't worth too much. He said he felt better, thank you, and asked how Paul was.

"Can't complain," Paul said.

"Jesus, I should hope not. You're only seventeen years old," the old man said.

"I'm eighteen, I guess, Bernard," Paul replied.

"You don't look a day over six. Tell me, what's been goin' on over to Lake Champlain?"

Paul looked at him with a pained expression. "Didn't you hear?"

"No, I'm deaf," Bernard said in a complaining tone.

"Charley Dano drowned over there," Paul said.

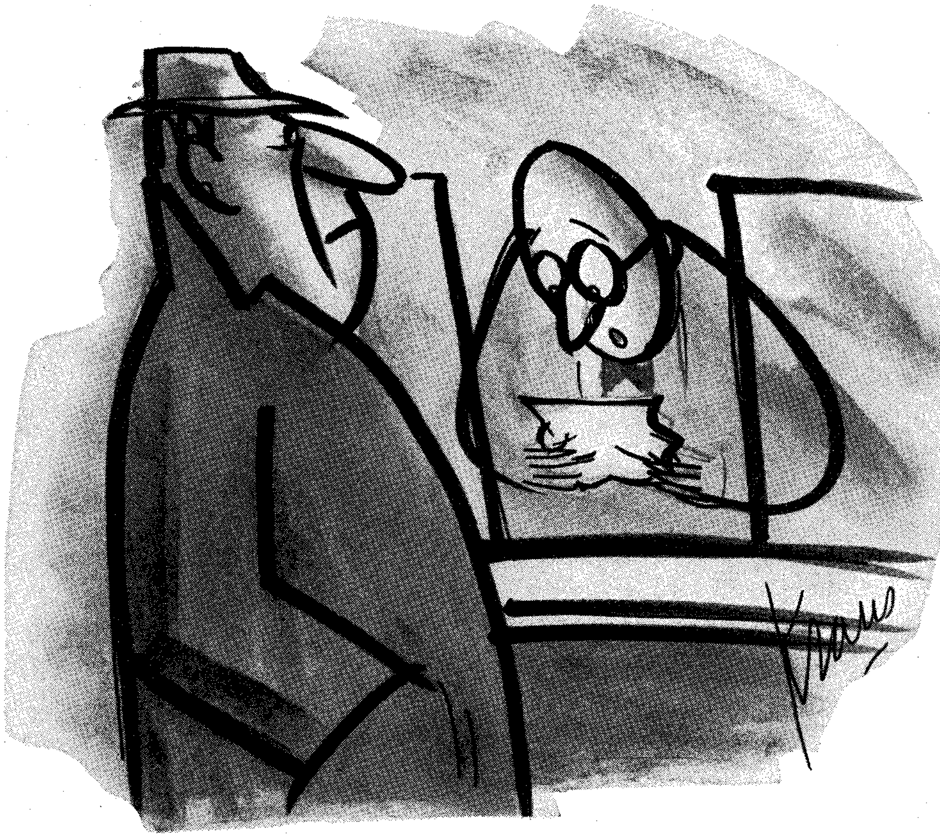
Bernard said, "No."

"Yes, he got drunk and lit out of here last night and got down on some old ferry landin' they used to go to Vermont from. It was snowin' real hard, and I guess he couldn't see where he was and backed off'n the end of the dock."

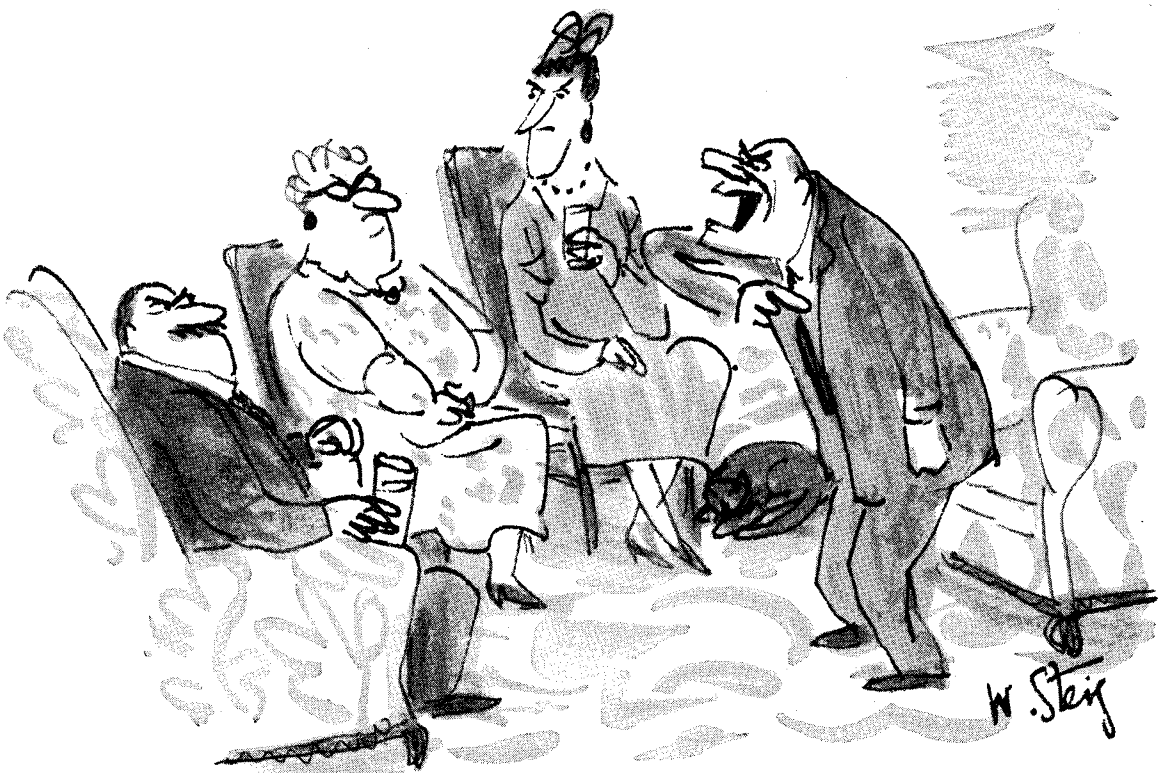
"He should of used his dims," the old man commented.

"I guess he didn't need his headlights *backin' up*, Bernard," Paul said.

"How come he didn't git out of the car?" Bernard asked, turning to ad-



"I'm sorry, but is this 'Hand over one thousand dollars or I'll blow you to kingdom come' or 'Hand over ten thousand dollars or I'll blow you to kingdom come'?"



"And I say there'll never be another war. How do you like that?"

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dress someone perhaps more expert than Paul in such matters. "How deep is it there?" he asked the trooper.

"Thirty foot, them divers said," the trooper replied, sipping his coffee. "He went right through the ice."

"You got to use your dims when it's snowin'," the old man said.

"There's more important things to think about now than that," Paul said reprovingly.

Bernard said, "The only thing you can do is sit tight and let the water fill up the car until it gits up around your neck, and then you can open your door and swim up. It takes a lot of sittin' still. Of course, he could of knocked himself out on the steerin' wheel on the way down."

"I guess that's what happened," the trooper said.

Bernard turned back to the bar and took a drink of beer and lit another cigarette. The trooper got out of the booth and put on his coat and hat, on which the snow had turned to wet. In parting, he said, "Tell Hobart Nye when he comes in he'll run his battry down keepin' his headlights on all night."

"Tell him yourself if you know so much about the subject," Paul said.

"I catch anybody jacklightin' any more deer around here, I'll do more'n tell them somethin'," the trooper said severely, and went outside.

They heard his car start up with an angry rush of the engine, and then it went off quietly on the snow.

PAUL got the coffee cup and saucer and the dime the trooper had left. "People should be more careful drivin' cars—ain't that so, Bernard?" he said.

"I don't drive no more," the old man said, and added cheerfully, "Can't read the signs."

Paul took the cup and saucer into the kitchen and came back. "Charley was goin' to kill himself one of these days, that's for sure," he said.

"I never knew him too well," Bernard replied. "I used to hunt with his grandpa. We used to have some good times together. We'd start out in the mornin' with a bottle of whiskey each, and when we come out the bottles'd be empty and we'd have three deer, too!"

Paul punched the ten-cent key on the register and put in the trooper's dime and closed the drawer. Then he leaned back against the register and took a cigarette out of his shirt pocket without removing the package. He lit it and said, "Well, Charley Dano was one of the best-liked boys in town, Bernard, although he was pretty wild. He was very considerate of other people. It was an awful thing to of happened." Then he had an idea and, pointing the cigarette sideways at the old man, he said, "Don't *you* worry, Bernard."

"Pardon?" the old man asked.

"Don't you worry. You'll live to be a hundred. I believe that."

"I don't care if I live that long," Bernard said, bewildered by Paul.

"But you *will*," Paul assured him.

"Say, when's the funeral?" the old man asked, feeling uncomfortable.

"10 A.M."

"You goin'?"

"Sure am," Paul said. Bernard wished he'd quit looking at him so sadly.

The evening drinkers came in finally, and Bernard was glad to see them. They were all friends of his. But he found them full of what had happened to Charley Dano and he had to hear about it all over again. The door would bang and someone would come in and ask, "You fellows hear about Charley Dano?" "Yeah." "Yeah." "Yeah," the others would say, and it would go on. "How'd you like to of bin one of them divers found him down there in the water?" . . . "God damn it. Down there all night." . . . "His girl friend come from Plattsburgh to stay with Mrs. Dano, y'know." . . . "Oh, yeah?"

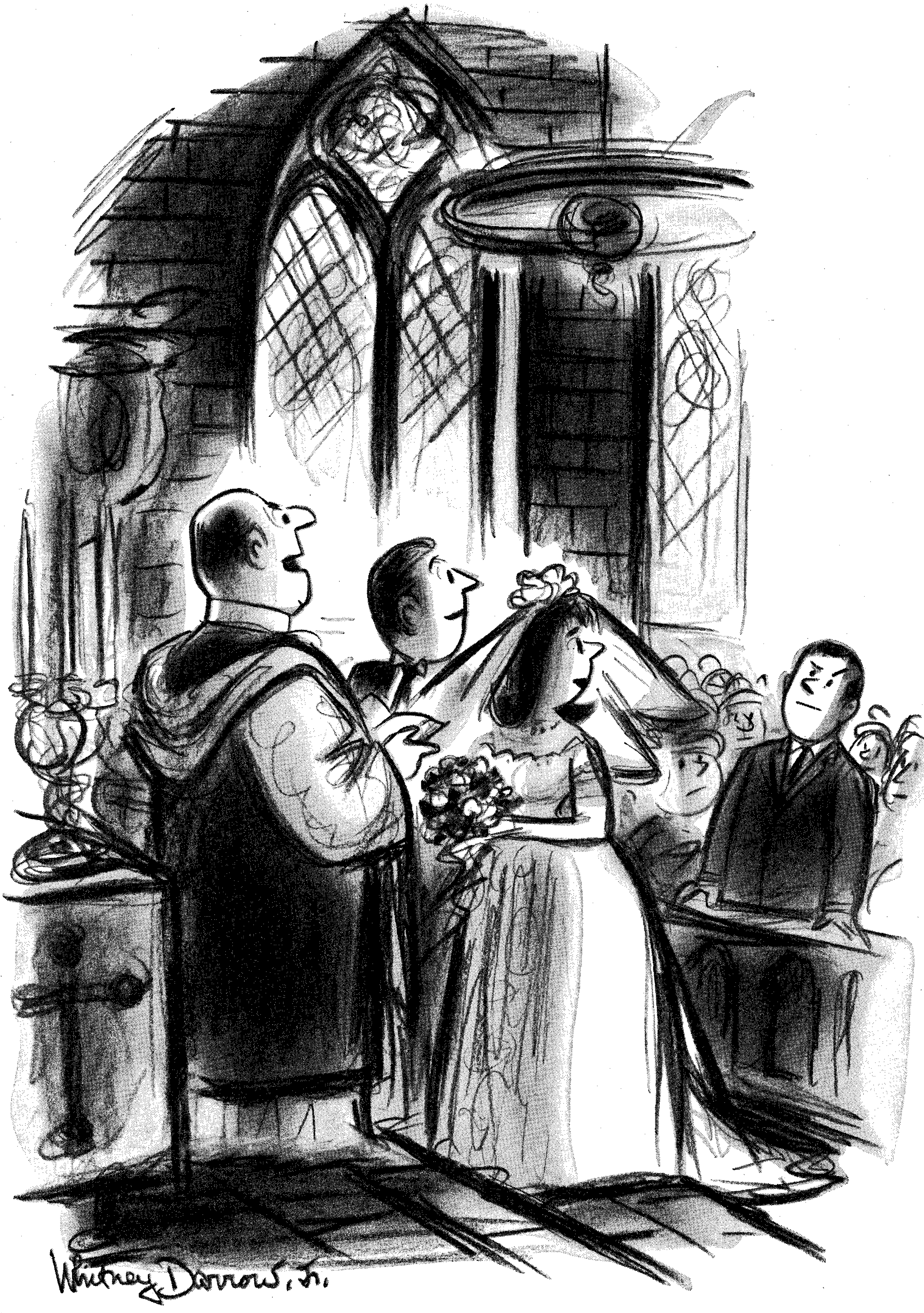
Then someone else came in to say that the divers had found another car down there—a couple from Canada who had been missing all year—and someone else said they remembered the troopers looking for them that summer. Everybody got so depressed that Bernard would have gone back upstairs to bed if he hadn't already been up there two days as it was. Finally, one man asked him how he felt about it, and he said, politely, "Well, it's a damn shame, of course. You'd think people'd learn to take care of themselves." But he didn't feel the way they did one bit; he was just glad to be over his cold.

—DONALD STEWART

•

When the furniture is well distributed throughout the room, the woman in charge of these arrangements is ready to start up the walls.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Give us a hand with this sofa.



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*All right, and* __*now*__ *will you forever hold your peace?*"

VIRUS X

I

A BUNCH of holly hanging upside down at the entrance to her hotel was the first thing Lottie Benz saw in all of Paris that seemed right to her. Even a word like "hotel" was subject to suspicion, since it was attached to a black façade in no way distinguished from the rest of the street. The people walking on the street did not look as if they had sisters or brothers or childhood friends, and their clothes and haircuts in no manner indicated to her a station in life. The New Look had spread from this place, but none of the women appeared to have given it a thought. As for the men, alike in their gray raincoats, only their self-absorbed but inquisitive faces kept them from seeming unemployed. Lottie, whose mother had made the dress she was wearing from a Vogue pattern, could have filled the back seat of her taxi with polka dots, the skirt was so wide. Stepping down, she shook order into the polka dots and her mother's ankle-length Persian-lamb coat, lent for the voyage. That was when she saw the holly. Even as the taxi-driver plucked every bit of change from her outstretched hand, she turned to this one familiar thing. A city that knew about holly would know about Christmas, true winter, everything.

That day, which was Tuesday, December 9, 1952, was laid on with a light brush. The street had been cut out of charcoal-colored paper with extremely fine scissors. Lottie had come here out of a tempest of snow. She drew a breath of air that seemed mild—her first breath of Paris. It swept into her lungs and was immediately converted into iron. She withdrew her hand, relieved of its francs, and pressed it against her chest.

Two boys passed her, walking in step, without a glance at Lottie stranded, the taxi grinding out and away, or the bags the driver had dumped upon the curb. One boy said to the other, in an American accent, "If people depress you, why do you bother seeing them?" The iron weight shifted as she bent to pick up her suitcases. An old man in porter's uniform watched Lottie through the frosted glass door. His eye appeared as part of the pattern of lilies etched on the glass, and then his nose. He consented to hold open the door. Lottie offered him a tip, which he pocketed. She had been advised to tip for consideration, however slight, no matter how discourteously shown. In a place where Americans were said to be hated because of the Korean War, she intended to put up a show for her own country, which was Canada. She smiled. The hotel, or France, personified by the woman at the desk with frizzy red hair, did not care. Lottie conveyed with a second smile that it was of no importance.

For the first time in her life she was compelled to put her name to a police questionnaire. Bending over the form, she wrote "Charlotte Maria," and wanted to put "Lottie" in brackets, but there was no room. Her home address—the Princess Pat Apartments, in Winnipeg—also seemed to want explaining. She could have written reams of explanation about everything, had there been space. She imagined a policeman reading her answers attentively. Next to "Profession" she wrote "none yet." The woman with frizzy hair made her cross this out and write "student" in its place. Lottie gave up the questionnaire, and with it her new blue passport.

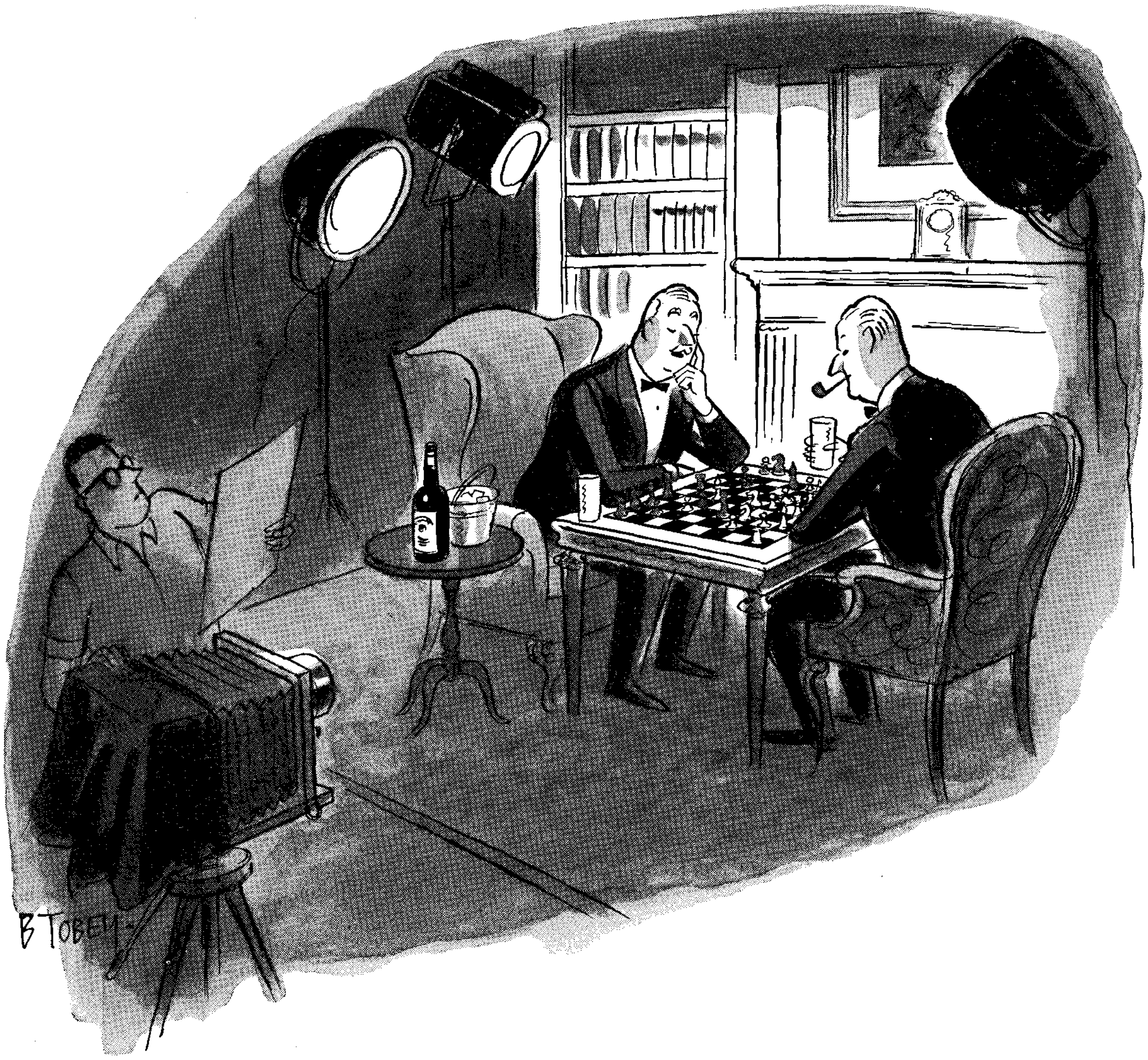
Three messages awaited her. First, a letter from her mother, written four days before Lottie left home. Though sent with loving intention, so that Lottie would have news the instant she arrived, it contained no news. As for Kevin, he had cabled, "MISS YOU ALREADY LOVE," a few hours after her plane took off. Supposing he discovered twenty hours later that he did not miss her at all? She examined the cable gravely. The last message was from a girl named Vera Rodna. It welcomed Lottie to Paris, and gave a telephone number. Upstairs, in her ice-cold, beige-colored hotel room, Lottie tore all three messages across, then found there was no wastebasket.

A sunbeam revealed dust on the window and dust on the floor but, curiously, none in the air. (Perhaps in this place they deliberately allowed dust to settle. Was this better? Better for Lottie—for her asthma, her chronic bronchitis, her fragile lungs?) The bed, the cupboard containing a washbasin, the wardrobe that contained one bent wire hanger were all clean. There were no pillows, window shades, towels, or drinking glass. There were any number of mirrors, however, evenly shaded with dust, and velvet curtains that she accepted as luxurious.

Wondering why she was noticing so much, checking herself lest she become introspective or moody, she remembered that this was the first time she had ever been anywhere alone. The notes she was taking mentally were for future letters—the first to Dr. Keller, her thesis director, the second most likely for Kevin. She unpacked her new cake of Palmolive, her toothbrush, her unworn dressing gown with rose-pink petal neckline. A hot bath, she learned, from a notice posted on the back of the door, would cost three hundred and sixty francs, which was more than a dollar. Lottie was to live on a Royal Society scholarship, supplied out of Canadian funds frozen abroad. Any baths from now on would be considered pampering. She intended to profit from this winter of opportunities, and was grateful to her country for having provided it, but in no sense did she desire to change or begin a new life.

By Sunday the weather in the street was the weather of spring. The iron of the first breath had disintegrated, vaporized. At the bottom of her lungs was a pool of mist. She reminded herself that back home the day had not begun. The city she had left was under snow, ransacked by wind, and on the dark side of the globe. She was not homesick.

Vera Rodna, whose message had so quickly been turned into paper scrap, came to the hotel one day when Lottie was visiting the "Mona Lisa." She left a new letter, this time asking Lottie to come to lunch, and she indicated the restaurant with a great X on a map. "*Une jeune fille très élégante*," the frizzy redhead down at the desk remarked. Lottie had to smile at that. No one here could know that Vera was only a girl from Winnipeg who had flunked out of high school and, on a suspicion of pregnancy, been shipped abroad to an exile without glamour. Some of the men in her family called themselves Rodney, and at least one was in politics. End syllables had been dropped from the name in any case, to make it less specifically Ukrainian. Vera had big hands and feet, a slouching walk, a head of blond steel wool. The nose was large, the eyes green and small. She played rough basketball, but also used to be seen downtown, Sunday-dressed, wearing ankle-strap shoes. Vera had made falsies out of a bra and gym socks—there were boys could vouch for it. In cooking class it turned out that she thought creamed carrots were made with real cream. She didn't know what white sauce



"It must be a fascinating game. I regret I've never learned to play it."

was because they had never eaten it at home. That spoke volumes for the sort of home it must be.

Lottie accepted Vera's invitation, though there was no real reason for them to meet. Having been raised in the same city did not give them a common past. Attempting to impose a past, beginning with a meal in a restaurant, Vera would not establish herself as a friend from home, if that was what she was trying to do. But Vera, being Ukrainian, and probably no moron in spite of her scholastic and morals records, would have enough sense to know this.

The restaurant was an Italian place on the Rue Bonaparte. Wavy, sooty dust masked the wall paintings except for a corner where someone had been at work with a sponge. There Vera waited, backed up by frothing geraniums and blue-as-laundry-bluing seas. Ashes, Sunday papers, spilled cigarettes, and bread crumbs gave her table the look of an unswept floor. Vera's eyes tore over Lottie, head to foot, gardenia hat to plastic overshoes. She said, in a full voice that all at once became familiar and a second later had never been forgotten, "Well, this is great. Sit down."

"This is very nice," said Lottie neutrally.

"It's not bad. I've tried most of them."

Lottie had not meant the restaurant but the occasion of their meeting. Vera began to wave at a waiter and also to talk. She sloshed wine from a bottle that was nearly empty into a glass that seemed none too clean, and pushed this at Lottie. "Some rich bastard's Chambertin," she said. "Might as well lap up the dregs."

Lottie lifted the glass and sipped, and put it down forever, having shown she was game. She said, "How did you know I was in Paris, Vera?"

"My mother, from my sister Frannie. Fran's in your father's math-and-Latin. She's smart—makes up for me."

The name Frannie Rodna conveyed nothing, and Lottie accepted with some pride and some melancholy that she was now part of an older crowd.

"By the way, what are you doing here, exactly?" Vera asked. She was dressed in a black-and-brown checked cape, and a wool hat pulled straight down to her eyebrows. She may have been quite smart by local standards, which undoubtedly she knew about by now, but Lottie could not help thinking how hunkie she looked. Vera's crocheted gloves fell off the table. Her hands looked as if they could easily deal with the oilier parts of a motorbike. "Whadja say?" said Vera, after fishing round for her gloves.

"I *said*, Vera, that my *professor*, Dr. *Keller*, is *from* Alsace, and that's the reason I'm going there. My thesis is about the integration of minority groups without a loss of ethnic characteristics."

"Come again?" Vera's elbows were planted in ashes and crumbs. She turned from Lottie to deal with the waiter, and ordered an unknown something on Lottie's behalf.

"Like at home," Lottie said, when the waiter had left. "Vera, you do know. That's the strength of Canada, that it hasn't been a melting pot. Everybody knows that. The point is, I'm taking it as a good thing. Alsace is an example in an older civilization. With Dr. Keller's contacts in Strasbourg . . . Vera, don't stare just on purpose; I do find it unpleasant. I'll give you a simple example. Take the Poles." Delicacy with regard to Vera's possible feelings prevented her saying Ukrainians. "The Poles paint traditional Easter eggs. Right? They stop doing it in the States after one generation, two at most. In Canada they never stop. Now do you see?"

Vera was listening to this openmouthed. Lottie felt she had sounded stupid, yet the idea, a favorite of Dr. Keller's, was not stupid at all. She knew it was a theory, but she was taking it for granted that it could be applied. If it could not, let Vera prove it. Vera closed her mouth, drew her lips in between her teeth, let go her breath, and when all that was accomplished said, "You crazy or something?"

"Think whatever you like."

"Do you even know what a minority is?"

"I ought to," said Lottie, and she took the bread and began peeling off the crust, after cracking its surface with her nails.

"You don't. It was always right to be what *you* are."

"Oh, was it, now?"

An explanation for Lottie's foolishness suddenly brightened Vera's face. She clasped her hands, her big mechanic's hands, and cried, "Keller's in love with you! He's meeting you in Alsace."

"He's got a wife and everything. Children, I mean. Honestly, Vera!"

"I think everybody's in love," said Vera, and indeed looked as if she thought so. "Who is it, then? Still Kevin?"

"Yes, still."

"You're going to be away, in Alsace or someplace? That's taking a chance." She seemed to be fumbling over something in her mind, perhaps a memory of Kevin. "I guess you needn't worry," she said. "You've kept him on the string since you were sixteen. You'll bring it off."

"What do you mean, Vera, 'bring it off'?"

Vera looked as if Lottie should know what she meant. A platter of something strange was placed between them. Vera dug into a bone full of marrow, extricated the marrow, and spread it over a mound of rice. It might have been dog food.

"Delicious," said Vera with her mouth full. "Know one thing I remember, Lottie? You used to choose the meals at home, and your brothers had to eat whatever you happened to like. That's what they told around, anyway."

Lottie, surprised at Vera's knowing about this, said, "Everybody favors girls."

"Boy, my father didn't," said Vera. "He kind of respects me now, though. Your father used to scare me even more than my own. His voice was just a squeak when he got mad. You could hear every word, but the voice was up around the ceiling. When he told my father I wasn't college material, and not even high-school material, his voice sounded artificial. You take after him a little, but your voice just gets slower and slower. Your father was a fine man, all the same. Old Captain Hook."

Mr. Benz had been called Captain Hook by his pupils, but there was a further matter, which Vera did not mention—Captain von Hook. That was an old wartime joke. You would have thought the mean backwash of war could never have reached them there, in the middle of another country.

Lottie said with slow care, "How is your brother, Vera, the one who went into politics? Wasn't there some kind of row about him? Honest Stan Rodney?"

"Honest slob. Listen, what are you doing over Christmas? I'm going to Rome. I've got this friend there. He's from home, but you don't know him. He's a Pole. Far as I know, he doesn't paint any Easter eggs. I used to think he was a spy, but he turned out to be a teacher. Slav lit. *When* he's working. Boy, the trouble *he* gets into." Vera's admiration for the trouble made her go limp. "Do you want to do something in Paris before I go? See a play or something? You've been up the Eiffel Tower, I suppose. I like going up and looking down. You see this shadow like a kind of basket, when there's any sun. There's Versailles and that. Euh, Fontainebleau . . . boring. Katherine Mansfield's grave, how about that? Remember Miss Pink? She fed us old Mansfield till it ran out of our ears. She's buried around Fontainebleau. Mansfield is, not Miss Pink." Vera laughed with her mouth wide.

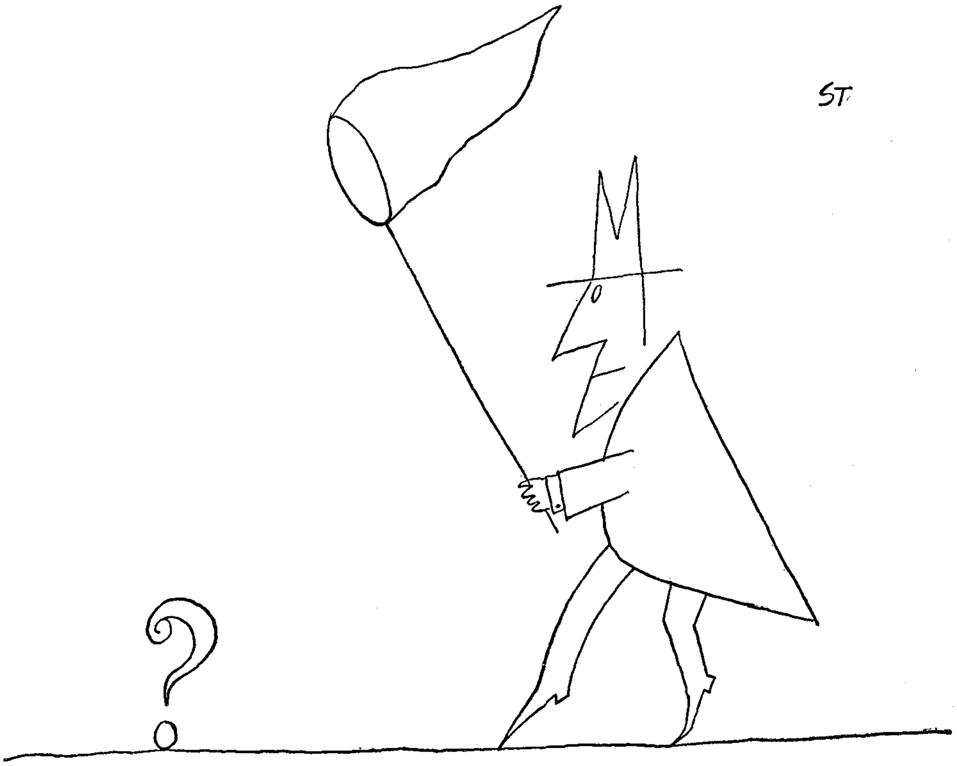
"She was my favorite author until I specialized," said Lottie primly. "Then, I'm sorry to say, I had to restrict my reading."

Vera dug into her rice as if looking for treasure. "Right," she said. "We'll go out to the grave." Lottie consented to nothing of the kind.

VERA must have mistaken Lottie's silent refusal, for the next Saturday, at half past ten, she turned up while Lottie was still in bed.

Lottie had been out with a cousin of Kevin's, who worked at the Embassy. He had made her pay for her own drinks, as if they were still students having cafeteria coffee. Lottie was puzzled by the bar he took her to, full of youngish American men, and even more by the hateful, bitter singer at the piano. Kevin's cousin seemed to feel that she had no right to criticize anything, having only just arrived, though he himself never stopped complaining. His landlord was swindling him; he was sick of dark rooms and gas heaters. He blamed Paris for its size. Until now he had lived in a house, never in a flat. His accent shot from one extreme of broad vowels to the opposite. He did not want to sound American but looked it. In the bar full of crew cuts, he matched any one of them except in assurance. Toward the end of the night, he began bemoaning his own Canadian problems of national identity, which Lottie thought a sign of weakness in a man. Moreover, she learned nothing new. What he was telling her was part of Dr. Keller's course in Winnipeg Culture Patterns. She had wasted the government's money and her own time.

Vera said she was leaving for Rome, which she called Roma, any min-



ute. Slumped over an ashtray on the foot of Lottie's bed, she urged an excursion to Fontainebleau. It was a lovely sunny day—just the weather for visiting graveyards. Sleepy and pale, caught with curlers in her hair, Lottie rose and dressed, turning her back. Vera scarcely allowed her time to brush her teeth. They were doomed to catch, and they caught, the Lyon noon express. The train was filled with *hommes d'affaires*, who had all the seats. Lottie stood crushed against a window, looking at the backs of towns. She was cold, and speechless with hunger. After Melun she began to feel calmer, and less hungry and unwashed. Trees such as she had never seen before, and dense with ivy, met and glided apart in the winter light. Touching the window, she felt a thin cool film of sunlight. The ivy shone and suddenly darkened, as if a shutter had been swung to. Lottie forgot she had asthma, chronic colds, low blood pressure, and that Vera would regret this.

"I always thought I was going to die at the same age as Mansfield," she remarked to Vera. "I may still."

"Not the same way."

"At my age, you already know what you're going to die of." Lottie was thirteen months older than Vera, who would be twenty-one in February. Unspecified illnesses of a bronchial nature had kept Lottie out of school for months on end. A summer grippe only last August had prevented her coming over here in September.

"You used to wear those hand-smocked dresses," Vera suddenly chose to recall.

"A friend of Mother's made them," said Lottie, and closed a door on that with her tone of voice. Though ignominiously clothed then, she had been small for her age, and almost unnoticeable in the classes of children younger than herself. She skipped grades, catching up, passing, but no one praised her. They said Captain Hook had helped.

Vera explained her commitment to Mansfield, which was an old crush on Miss Pink. It had led Vera to read this one writer when she never read anything else, or wanted to. Now that she was away from the Miss Pinks of this world, she read all the time.

Lottie's transparent reflection was ivy green. "Do you think I look weak?" she asked, meaning that she wanted her health kept in mind.

Vera, who was tall, caught Lottie's face at an angle Lottie had never seen. "Weak, in a way," she said, "but not frail." Lottie's reflection went smug. Vera, squinting down and sideways, looked as if she thought weakness could not account for everything.

When they alighted at the station, Vera consulted a taxi-driver, whose head was a turtle's between muffler and cap. Showing off in French, she seemed to think the driver would think she was French and take them to a gem of a restaurant. Lottie felt cold and proud. She would not mention her low blood pressure. Actually, she was supposed to drink tea or coffee almost the minute she wakened; her mother usually brought it to her in bed. She had never fainted, but that was not to say she never would. Their driver rushed them up a dirt road and abandoned them before a billboard upon which was painted in orange "RESTAURANT—BAR—DOLLARS ACCEPTED—PARKING."

"We aren't going to like it," said Vera. "He took you for an American." Nevertheless, she rushed Lottie onward, through a room where an American soldier slept in a leather armchair, past a bar where more soldiers sat as if Saturday drinking were a cheerless command, and into a totally empty dining room that smelled of eggs frying. Not empty: out of the dim corner where he was counting empty bottles came the proprietor of the place, unshaven, clad in an American gabardine. His thick eyelids

THE SHARK'S PARLOR

Memory: I can take my head and strike it on a wall   on Cumberland Island
Where the night tide came crawling under the stairs   came up the first
Two or three steps   and the cottage stood on poles all night
With the sea sprawled under it   as we dreamed of the great fin circling
Under the bedroom floor. In daylight there was my first brassy taste of beer
And Payton Ford and I came back from the Glynn County slaughterhouse
With a bucket of entrails and blood. We tied one end of a hawser
To a spindling porch-pillar and rowed straight out of the house
Three hundred yards into the vast front yard of windless blue water
The rope outslithering its coil   the two-gallon jug stoppered and sealed
With wax   and a ten-foot chain leader   a drop-forged shark-hook nestling.
We cast our blood on the waters   the land blood easily passing
For sea blood   and we sat in it for a moment with the stain spreading
Out from the boat   sat in a new radiance   in the pond of blood in the sea
Waiting for fins   waiting to spill our guts also in the glowing water.
We dumped the bucket, and baited the hook with a run-over collie pup. The jug
Bobbed, trying to shake off the sun as a dog would shake off the sea.
We rowed to the house   feeling the same water lift the boat a new way,
All the time seeing where we lived rise and dip with the oars.
We tied up and sat down in rocking chairs, one eye or the other responding
To the blue-eye wink of the jug. Payton got us a beer and we sat

All morning sat there with blood on our minds   the red mark out
In the harbor slowly failing us   then   the house groaned   the rope
Sprang out of the water   splinters flew   we leapt from our chairs
And grabbed the rope   hauled   did nothing   the house coming subtly
Apart   all around us   underfoot   boards beginning to sparkle like sand
With the glinting of the bright hidden parts of ten-year-old nails
Pulling out   the tarred poles we slept propped-up on   leaning to sea
As in land-wind   crabs scuttling from under the floor   as we took turns about
Two more porch-pillars   and looked out and saw   something   a fish-flash
An almighty fin in trouble   a moiling of secret forces   a false start
Of water   a round wave growing   in the whole of Cumberland Sound the one ripple.
Payton took off without a word   I could not hold him either

But clung to the rope anyway   it was the whole house bending
Its nails that held whatever it was   coming in a little and like a fool
I took up the slack on my wrist. The rope drew gently   jerked   I lifted
Clean off the porch and hit the water   the same water it was in
I felt in blue blazing terror at the bottom of the stairs and scrambled
Back up looking desperately into the human house as deeply as I could
Stopping my gaze before it went out the wire screen of the back door
Stopped it on the thistled rattan   the rugs I lay on and read
On my mother's sewing basket with next winter's socks spilling from it
The flimsy vacation furniture   a bucktoothed picture of myself.

• •

Payton came back with three men from a filling station   and glanced at me
Dripping water   inexplicable   then we all grabbed hold like a tug-of-war.

We were gaining a little   from us a cry went up   from everywhere
People came running. Behind us the house filled with men and boys.
On the third step from the sea I took my place   looking down the rope
Going into the ocean, humming and shaking off drops. A houseful
Of people put their backs into it   going up the steps from me
Into the living room   through the kitchen   down the back stairs
Up and over a hill of sand   across a dust road   and onto a raised field
Of dunes   we were gaining   the rope in my hands began to be wet
With deeper water   all other haulers retreated through the house
But Payton and I on the stairs   drawing hand over hand on our blood
Drawing into existence by the nose   a huge body   becoming
A hammerhead   rolling in beery shallows   and I began to let up
But the rope still strained behind me   the town had gone
Pulling-mad in our house   far away in a field of sand they struggled
They had turned their backs on the sea   bent double   some on their knees
The rope over their shoulders like a bag of gold   they strove for the ideal
Esso station across the scorched meadow   with the distant fish coming up
The front stairs   the sagging boards   still coming in   up   taking
Another step   toward the empty house   where the rope stood straining
By itself through the rooms   in the middle of the air.   "Pass the word,"
Payton said, and I screamed it   "Let up, good God, let up!"   to no one there.
The shark flopped on the porch, grating with salt-sand   driving back in
The nails he had pulled out   coughing chunks of his formless blood.
The screen door banged and tore off   he scrambled on his tail   slid
Curved   did a thing from another world   and was out of his element and in
Our vacation paradise   cutting all four legs from under the dinner table
With one deep-water move   he unwove the rugs in a moment   throwing pints
Of blood over everything we owned   knocked the buckteeth out of my picture
His odd head full of crushed jelly-glass splinters and radio tubes   thrashing
Among the pages of fan magazines   all the movie stars drenched in sea-blood.
Each time we thought he was dead   he struggled back and smashed
One more thing   in all coming back to die   three or four more times after death.
At last we got him out   logrolling him   greasing his sandpaper skin
With lard to slide him   pulling on his chained lips as the tide came,
Tumbled him down the steps as the first night wave went under the floor.
He drifted off   head back   belly white as the moon. What could I do but buy
That house   for the one black mark still there   against death   a forehead-
toucher in the room he circles beneath   and has been invited to wreck?
Blood hard as iron on the wall   black with time   still bloodlike
Can be touched whenever the brow is drunk enough. All changes. Memory:
Something like three-dimensional dancing in the limbs   with age
Feeling more in two worlds than one   in all worlds the growing encounters.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

drooped; he had already seen enough of Vera and Lottie. Vera was tossing her scarf and her cape and saying chummily, "Just an omelette, really—we aren't at all hungry," and then they were in a small room, and the door to the room shut behind them. Here ashes and orange peel spilled out of a cold grate. Three tables pushed against the wall were barricaded behind armchairs, an upright piano, dining chairs, and a cheval glass. The two girls pulled a table and chairs clear and sat down. Lottie had a view of a red clay tennis court strung with Christmas lights. She turned to see what Vera was staring at. Another table was taken, but the noise and confusion coming from it at first seemed part of the chaos in the room. Lottie now saw two American soldiers and two adolescent girls who might be their wives. One of the girls, the prettier of the two, cried out, "But tell me now, am I talking loud? Because I sound to myself like I am talking loud." The laughter from the others was a kettledrum, and Lottie and Vera displayed their first pathetic complicity: "*We* aren't Yanks," said the look they exchanged.

Dissociating herself and perhaps Lottie from the noisy four, Vera gave their waitress a great smile and a skyrocket of French. "*On n'a que ça, les Américains*," said the waitress, shrugging. Vera's flashy French, her flashy good will did not endear her. Lottie watched the waitress's face and understood: she didn't like them, either. When Vera praised the small neat lighter she kept in her apron pocket, the waitress said, "*C'est un briquet, tout simplement.*" She served a tepid omelette on cold plates and disappeared into a more interesting region, whence came the sound of men's voices. Lottie and Vera sat on, forgotten.

Vera said, "There should be a thing on the table you could hit that would go cling, cling."

"A bell," said Lottie, taken in. "The thing is a bell."

"*I* know. I was showing you how Al talks." Smoking, Vera told about walks in Roma and meals when she and her Polish friend from home had nothing to eat but hard-as-a-rock cheese. Once, he gave his share to a dog.

"Are you hard up for money, Vera?" Lottie did not mean by this she had any to lend.

"No, not really. But I sort of am when I'm with him. I pretend not to have any at all and live the way he does." Vera was bored; she was always quickly bored. Blowing smoke all over Lottie, she began defending the four Americans. "You've never seen how abominable Canadians can be."

Americans could be trained to set an example, Lottie insisted. They should be loved. Who was to blame if they were not?

Vera mashed her cigarette out on her plate. "D'you know how Canadian soldiers used to cut the Germans' throats?" she said. "Al showed me. You push the helmet like this," and she reached across quick as a snake and pressed the long helmet Lottie Benz would have been wearing had she been a soldier into the nape of her neck and drew her forefinger under Lottie's chin.

Lottie understood that an attempt had been made against her life and that she was safe. She said, "I love my country, Vera, and even if I didn't I wouldn't run it down."

"I'm not running it down. I'm telling you stories."

The bill was nineteen hundred francs. Vera said it was grossly excessive. "They took you for an American," she said. "It's those damned overshoes."

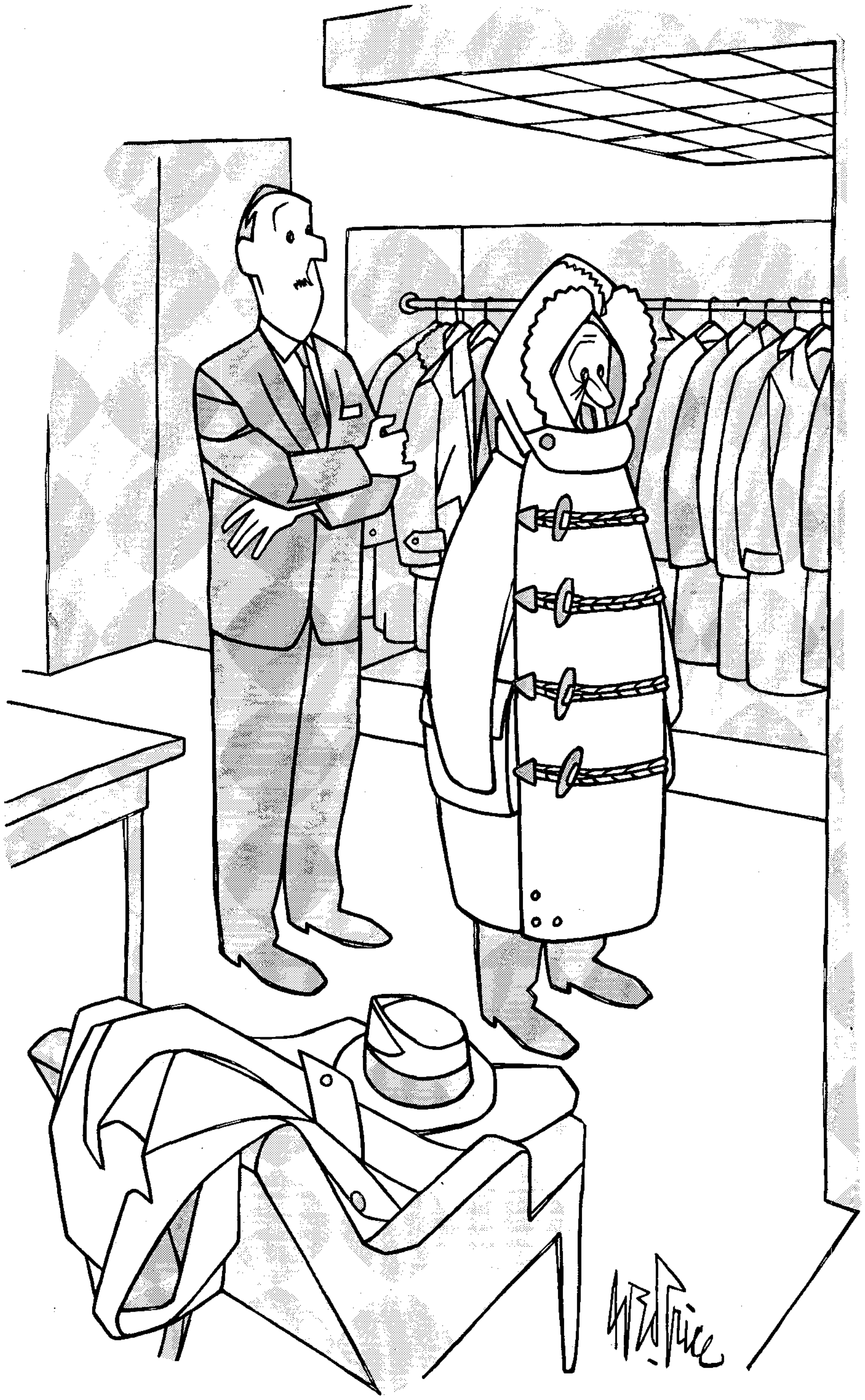
The air outside smelled of earth and eternally wet leaves, as though this place were unmindful of seasons. At the end of a walled lane the walled graveyard was a box. The sky (the sun was covered up now) was the lid. Lottie was still disturbed by Vera's attack. She knew if you show nothing, eventually you feel nothing; presently, feeling nothing, she was just herself, a visitor here—not a guest, because she was paying her way. She walked a pace or two behind Vera, who had taken on a serious and rather reproachful air, sniffing at rusty iron crosses, shaking her head beside a fresh grave covered over with planks. At the only plot of grass in the cemetery, she stopped and announced that this was it. A brownish shrub had been clipped so that it neatly surrounded a stone bench. Someone—now, in December—had planted a border of yellow pansies. Vera, stalking dramatically in her cape, left Lottie to think her thoughts. A restless pilgrim, she slashed at weeds with her handbag and all at once called, "It's not where you are, Lottie. It's over here." Lottie rose slowly from the bench, where she had not been thinking about Katherine Mansfield but simply nursing her several reasons for not feeling well. Where Vera stood, a block of polished granite weighed upon a block still larger. The base was cemented to the ground.

" 'Katherine Mansfield,' " Vera droned. " 'Wife of John Middleton Murry. 1888-1923. But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.' Well, I don't know what *that* means. Another thing I wish you'd tell me—what is that awful china rose doing there instead of real flowers? It's so puritan. You can't just abandon people that way, under all that granite. It's less than love. It's just considering your own taste."

"She is not abandoned, Vera; she is buried."

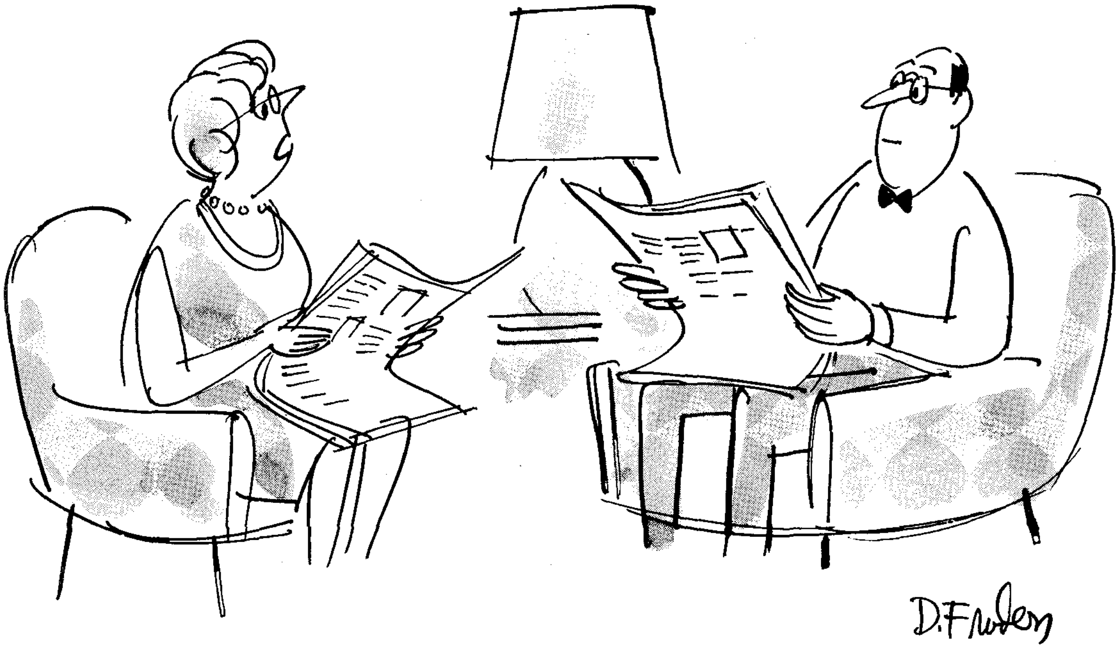
The orator heard only herself. "The stone is even moss-resistant," she said. But no, for the first wash of green crept up the granite step and touched a capital "M."

Lottie, whose ears might have been deaf to everything but Vera until now, heard other sounds—a rooster crowing, a sudden rush of motors somewhere, a metallic clanging that certainly had to do with troops. Vera planted one foot upon the step and with more effort than seemed needed removed the rose. She tossed it aside; it landed in the tall grass of another grave. Then she picked a handful of yellow pansies and strewed them where the rose had been. Like all gestures, it seemed to Lottie suspect.



"But does it ever get that cold?"

LOTTIE need never have seen Vera again after this. Vera departed for Rome, having first turned out her bureau drawers and left at Lottie's hotel a number of things she did not require. Lottie still had not looked up all the people to whom she had been given introductions. She woke up early each day wondering whom she would be seeing that night. Despite Vera's remark about overshoes, she went on wearing hers, and she wore her hats—the gardenia bandeau, the feather toque with veil, the suède beret—even though people turned and smiled and stared. Lottie told her new acquaintances that she had only just arrived and was eager to get to Strasbourg, where the university library contained everything she wanted; but she made no move to go. One mild rainy night, like a night in April displaced, a couple she had talked to on the plane from Canada invited her to the Comédie-Caumartin to see Danièle Delorme in an Ibsen revival. The theatre reminded Lottie of Vera, although she could not think why. It was stuffy and hot, and had been redecorated, and it smelled of paint. "We may get a headache from this," Lottie warned. The new friends, whose name was Morrow, thought she had said something remarkable about the play. The Morrows were dressed as if they had not planned to



“There always seems to be something going on in Geneva, and I never quite know what it is.”

spend the evening together—he in tweeds and flannel, she in a sleeveless black dress with layers of silk fringe overlapping down the skirt. The bracelets on her arm jangled. Her hair was short (it had been long on the plane) and pushed behind the ears. They had both changed since the journey, but nothing about them seemed definite. Lottie thought they were not wearing their clothes from home but new outfits they were trying for effect.

Soon after the lights went down, a quarrel began in the audience. Groans and hisses and shouts of “*Mal élevé!*” covered the actors’ voices, and the curtains had to be drawn. The actors tried again, and got on safely until one of them said how hot it was, upon which the audience began to laugh, a spectator shouted “*Oui, en effet!*” and threats were exchanged, though no one was struck. Baited by the public, the actors seemed to Lottie too intimate, too involved. She lost the thread of the story and became self-conscious, as though *she* were on the stage.

Languidly, the Morrows glanced about as if they knew people, or expected to know them soon. “I can’t imagine why she revived it,” Mrs. Morrow said during the interval.

“The sets are dull,” said the husband. “The rest of the cast is weak.”

Lottie said, “We had better stuff than this in Winnipeg; we had these really good actors from England, and the audience knows how to behave.” Why should that make the Morrows so distant, all at once?

The husband was the first to unbend. Forgiving Lottie for her provincialism, he described the play he was over here to write—a murder, and several people who are really all one person. The several persons are either the victim, or the murderer, or a single witness. It was all the same thing.

“What will you be doing apart from that?” said Lottie.

“Nothing. That is what I *am* doing.”

There was something fishy about him. He was too old to be a student, yet clearly wasn’t working. Did he have money, or what?

“What do you think Ibsen did apart from that?” said the wife, turning her big black-rimmed eyes on Lottie. She held her elbow in one hand and a cigarette holder in the other.

“Nobody knows,” said Lottie. “Anyway, goodness, we’re none of us Ibsen.”

When Lottie called the Morrows at their hotel a day later, Mrs. Morrow said that Lottie was not to take this personally but she and her husband were working hard—she was typing for him—and her husband did not want to spend too much time with Canadians over here. Lottie was not offended. It confirmed her suspicion of fishiness. Nevertheless, she did want to be with someone familiar at Christmas, and so was not displeased when she found a telegram from Vera. The telegram said, “MEET YOU ALSACE SEE LETTER.” The letter came two days later. Pages long, it told where and how they were to meet, although not why.

II

VERA was dressed this time in a purple skirt and sweater she said had come from a five-and-ten in Rome. She stood idly, hand on one hip, in the lobby of their hotel while Lottie filled out a questionnaire for the police of Colmar. If her answers varied by so much as a spelling mistake from the answers she had given in Paris, she was sure she would be summoned for an explanation. Vera’s hair was thick and straight and blonder than it had been. “Didn’t I have a good idea about Christmas?” she said.

“It seemed like a good idea,” said Lottie, in the tone of one only prudently ready for anything.

“You couldn’t of done any work over Christmas anyway.”

“But why Colmar, Vera?”

“You’ll see enough of Strasbourg. You might as well look at something else.” Lottie let Vera link an arm through hers and guide her out of the hotel into a light-blue evening. The shape of what seemed to be a street of very old houses was outlined in colored lights. Near a church someone had propped a ladder and climbed into a spruce tree to hang tinsel balls. The spire of the church had been lighted as well, but halfheartedly, as if the electrician in charge had run out of light bulbs. Lottie thought, I have not sent Kevin a cable for Christmas.

In the restaurant Vera chose for their dinner that night, she was loud and too confident, and Lottie felt undervalued. She had submitted to a wearing journey from Paris, with a change of trains at Strasbourg. From Strasbourg to Colmar she stood, her luggage in everyone’s way, until she saw a city in a plain as flat as home, and understood this to be her destination. This much she let Vera know. What she did not say was how she had without a trace of fatigue left her luggage in the station at Strasbourg and gone out to find the cathedral. It was an important element of her thesis, for both Catholic and Protestant services were held inside; also, Dr. Keller had said something about an astronomical clock he admired. Flocks of bicycles swooped at

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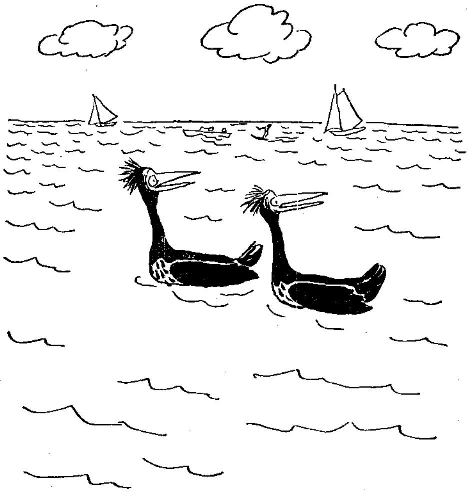

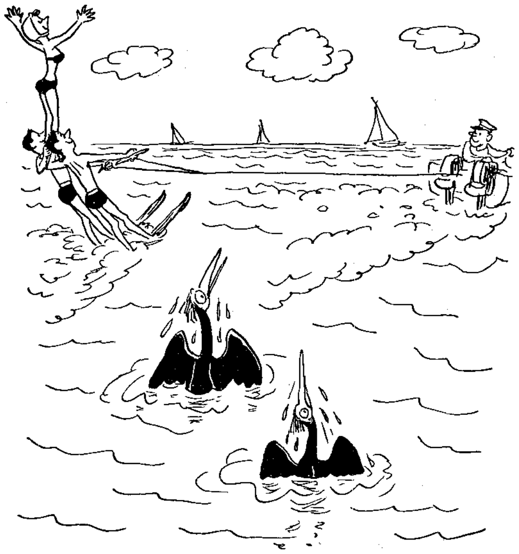

Lottie, more unnerving than the screaming cabs of Paris. She heard German. Once, she was unable to get directions in French. When the first words of German crossed her lips, she thought they would remain, engraven, to condemn her. Speaking the secret language, she spoke in the name of unknown Grandmother Benz, whom she was said to resemble. The cathedral seemed to right itself before her—frosty, chalky, pink and trembling in the snowy air. A brown swift river divided that part of the city from the station. True Christmas was praised in shopwindows, with wine and nuts and candied peel. A gingerbread angel with painted paper face and paper wings cried of home—not of Winnipeg but of a vestigial ceremony, never mentioned as German, never confirmed as Canadian. The Paris promise of Christmas had been nonsense—all but the holly outside the hotel, and one night someone stole even that. The cold air and certain warm memories tinged her cheeks pink. She saw herself without disapproval in a glass. Sometimes strangers smiled. They were not smiling meanly at her overshoes or her hat. None of this was Vera's business.

Vera chewed on a drumstick, and told what had happened in Rome. She had found her friend Al Wiczinski living with a French family in a crummy unheated palazzo. He was adored by the daughter of the family, aged seventeen, and also by her father. Al was just too nice to people. But he was coming to Alsace. ("Coincidence, eh, Lottie?") A college had been opened for refugees in Strasbourg, and Al had been offered a teaching job. Politics, in a way, said Vera, but mostly the culture racket. After all, teaching Slav lit to a bunch of Slavs was what, culture or politics? Radio Free Europe was running the place. Lottie had never heard of it. Vera glanced at her oddly. Al had been told that he could obtain the visa he needed in Colmar more easily than in Strasbourg, and had sent Vera on to see what she could do. In theory, Al was not allowed to live along any frontier, especially this one.

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me. Ask the police."

"I don't see why a Canadian should have any trouble," said Lottie.

"He's only sort of Canadian," said Vera. "If you ask me, I don't think he should have a passport. I mean, he sort of picks on the place."

"You can't be sort of Canadian. If he is, he doesn't have to be in trouble anywhere."

"Oh, come off it, Lottie," said Vera, smiling at her. "Suppose you had to explain what you were doing here this very minute, what would you say?"

Lottie gave up. Sulking and pale, she let Vera glance at her several times but would not say what the matter was. She thought she had been taken in.

After dinner they walked beside a black gelatinous canal in which stood, upside down, a row of crooked houses. Lottie said, "Sometimes I think I've got no brains."

"You've got brains, all right," said Vera.

"No." Out of the protective dark she spoke to upside-down houses. "I've got a good memory. I can remember anything. But I've never worked on my own."

Lottchen. When she stuffed her mouth full of candy, her mother knew it had been taken without permission, but the boys were scolded instead of the little girl. Why? Oh, yes—they had put her up to it. Captain von Hook told them what he thought of it, in a high and frightening voice. He was meant to be principal of his school, but after 1939 his career was blocked.

The promenade along the canal ended Lottie's first evening in Alsace. She and Vera parted in the hotel lobby—Vera was going to stay and converse with total strangers in the bar—and without waiting to see if this was all right with Lottie she kissed her good night.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Vera rose at seven and, after shaking Lottie awake, dragged her—cold, stunned, already weary—into streets where pale lamps flickered and aboard a bus filled with pale people asleep. They rolled into dark hills, which, as the day lightened, became blotter green. Lottie was not yet accustomed to steep hills and valleys; she wanted them to be more beautiful than they were. Desolate, she shut her eyes, believing herself close to a dead faint. She heard a girl cry "*C'est épouvantable,*" but it was only because an elderly Alsatian peasant could not speak French. In the town of Munster, they descended before a shuttered hotel. The dining room was closed, glacial—Lottie had a glimpse of stacked chairs. In the kitchen

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a maid was ironing sheets, while another fed two little boys bread in the shape of men with pointed heads and feet. Vera ordered red wine and cheese for breakfast, and asked the price of rooms. Lottie wondered why. The wine stung and burned, the cheese made her lips swell. One day she would tell Vera about her low blood pressure, and how her temperature was often lower than normal, too, and she would let Vera understand how selfish and thoughtless she had been. On their way out through the courtyard, Vera banged on a door marked *"Pissoir."* Lottie walked on. "You'll have to get over being fussy," Vera remarked. Lottie affected not to hear. She concentrated on the view of Munster, smoke and blue in a hollow. Above the town a blue gap broke open the metal sky. They set off downhill over wet earth and melting snow. Lottie walked easily in her comic overshoes, but Vera was pitched forward by the heels on her Italian shoes. They saw no one except a troop of little boys in sabots and square blue caps who engulfed them, fell silent, giggled after they had gone by. A snowball struck the back of Vera's cape. The boy who had thrown it wore rimless glasses and was absolutely cross-eyed. "Brat," said Lottie, who did not care for children. But Vera laughed back at him and put out her tongue.

They missed the bus they ought to have taken back to Colmar and had a three-hour wait. Vera pretended it had been planned that way. Tugging at Lottie, she made for a café. Here a Christmas tree gave off fragrance in waves, like a hyacinth. Radio Stuttgart offered them carols. Vera ate a mountain of sauerkraut and ham and sausage and drank a bottle of white wine. "Poor old Al, he's got no one but me, and here it is Christmas Eve!" she said gaily.

Elbows on table, head in her hands, Lottie read a newspaper. "Pinay has resigned," she said.

"No skin off my nose," said Vera.

"It'll skin theirs. He was keeping the franc up." Hearing the carols on the radio, Lottie wished she were religious. It might take her mind off such things as high finance, her own health, and scholarship.

"You know about exchange and all

that," said Vera. "I just know when I can't afford to do what I want."

"May I ask, Vera, what you live on?"

"My family, for the moment. But Frannie and my brother Joe will both be in college in about a year and then I'll have to be on my own. The family can't keep all three of us."

"It's good of them to keep you now," said Lottie. "You don't work or anything."

"They get me instead of a holiday in California. I'm their luxury."

"Don't they think you should work?"

"They haven't said," said Vera, grinning. "I'm waiting for the right suggestion. You know where I was this time last year? In Rome. I'd just met Al."

"You've been away a long time," Lottie said. "I could never stay away that long."

"Who wants you to?"

The trouble with Vera was that she was indifferent. She had made Lottie come all the way to Colmar, with a complicated change of trains, and had tramped her up and down the rainy slopes on Christmas Eve, just so that she, Vera, would not feel lonely. Vera whistled with the radio, stopped, and said, "I had a little girl."

"I don't understand you. Oh, I'm sorry. I do."

"She's been adopted."

Lottie said stiffly, "I'm sure she's in a good home."

"I dream she's following me. In the dream I'm not like me. I look like Michèle Morgan. I dream I'm leading her through woods and holding branches so they won't snap back in her face. She could be dead. When it's raining like it was this afternoon, she could be outside, with nobody looking after her."

The only protection Lottie had received until now in her native country was an implicit promise that no one would ever talk this way.

"The family were over here a couple of times. Nothing's changed. They still say, 'Why don't you do something about your hair?' They don't seem to think I'll ever come back, or want to. The doctor who looked after the adoption kept writing to them, '*Il faut lui trouver un bon mari.*' Instead of doing that, they put me in a sort of convent school, and I nearly died. You don't know how it was over here four, five years ago. Now they let me do what I like. I'll find a *mari* if I feel like it. If I don't, too bad for them." Vera at this moment looked despairingly plain.

"It's a sad sort of life for you, Vera. You've been on your own since you were what—seventeen?"

"You feeling sorry for me?"

Feeling sorry had not occurred to Lottie; she was astonished that Vera would think it possible. Feeling sorry would have meant she was not minding her own business. Vera had certainly been away a long time. Otherwise she would never have supposed such a thing.

THE next morning at breakfast, in a coffee shop Vera liked because the *croissants* were stuffed with almond paste, Lottie gave Vera her Christmas present—a leather case that would hold a pack of Gauloises. Vera had nothing for Lottie. She turned the case over in her hand, as if wondering what the occasion was. Lottie, slightly embarrassed, picked up from the leather seat beside her a folded, harsh-looking tract. She spread it on the glass-topped table. It was cheaply printed. In German, it informed its finder that "in the mountains" a Separatist movement that seemed to have died had only been sleeping. Recent injustices had warmed it to life.

"I know all about this," said Vera importantly, snatching it away. Her political eye looked for the printer, and she was triumphant pointing out that the name was absent, which proved that the tract was from a clandestine press.

"Of course," said Lottie, puzzled. "Who else would print it? That's what it's about, a clandestine movement. What I don't understand is, what do they want to separate from?"

"France, you dope," said Vera.

"I know all that," said Lottie, in her slowest voice. "I'm only trying to say that if there are people here who don't want to belong to France, then my proposition doesn't hold water. The idea is, these people are supposed to be loyal but still keep their national characteristics."

"There aren't many. Just a couple of nuts."

"There mustn't even be one."

"It's your own fault for inventing something and then trying to stick people in it." Vera talked, or, rather, rambled on, until the arrival of hot chocolate and *croissants*, when she began to stuff her mouth. Lottie folded the tract with care. A few minutes later she was once more rattling around inside a bus, headed now for Kaysersberg. "Good place for Christmas," Vera decreed, consulting but not sharing a green guidebook she kept in the pocket of her cape.

"You said Colmar was a good place for Christmas!" Lottie said. Vera took no notice of this.

Kaysersberg might have been chewed by rats. The passage of armies seven years ago still littered the streets. They walked away from here and over fields toward another town Vera said would be better. The sun was warm on Lottie's back, and her mother's Persian-lamb coat was a suit of armor. Beside the narrow road, vines tied to sticks seemed to be sliding uphill. It was a trick of the eye. Another illusion was the way the mountains moved: they rose and collapsed, soft-looking, green, purple, charcoal, deserting Lottie when she turned her head. All at once a vineyard fell away, and there for one minute, spread before her, was the plain of the Rhine, strung with glistening villages, and a church steeple here and there poking through the mist. Across the river were dark clouds or dark hills. She could not see where they joined the horizon or where they rose from the plain. So this was the place she loathed and craved, and never mentioned. It was the place where her mother and father had been born, and which they seemed unable to imagine, forgive, or describe.

"Well, that's Germany," said Vera. "I'll have to go over one of these days and get my passport stamped. They didn't stamp it when I came in from Italy, and it has to be done every three months."

Lottie wished she were looking at a pic-

ture and not a real place. She wished she were a child and could *pretend* it was a picture. "I'll never go there!" she said.

They walked on and entered Riquewihr in a soft wash of mud that came over the tops of Vera's shoes. "Three stars in the book," said Vera, not even trying to be jaunty anymore. "God, what a tomb! You expect people here to come crawling out of their huts covered with moss and weeds."

"But you've been here, Vera? You said you had been all over."

"I haven't been exactly here. I thought it would be nice for you for Christmas."

Lottie considered briefly the preposterous thought that Vera had not been trying to wear her out but to entertain her. Suddenly, as if it were Lottie's fault, Vera began to complain about the way streets had been in Winnipeg when Vera's mother was a girl. Where Vera's mother had lived, there hadn't been any sidewalks; there were wooden planks. If Vera's mother stepped off a plank, she was likely to lose her overshoe in the gumbo mud. In the good part of town, on Wellington Crescent, there were no pavements either, but for a different reason. When Ukrainian children were taken across the city on digestive airings, after Sunday lunch, to look at Wellington Crescent houses—when their parents had at last lost the Old Country habit of congregating in public parks and learned the New World custom of admiring the houses of people more fortunate than they were—the children, wondering at the absence of sidewalks, were told that people here had always had carriages and then motorcars and had never needed to walk.

Vera was passionate over a past she knew nothing about. It was just her mother's folklore. Vera's mother, Lottie now learned, had washed in snow water. Vera herself could remember snow carried into the house and melted on the kitchen stove.

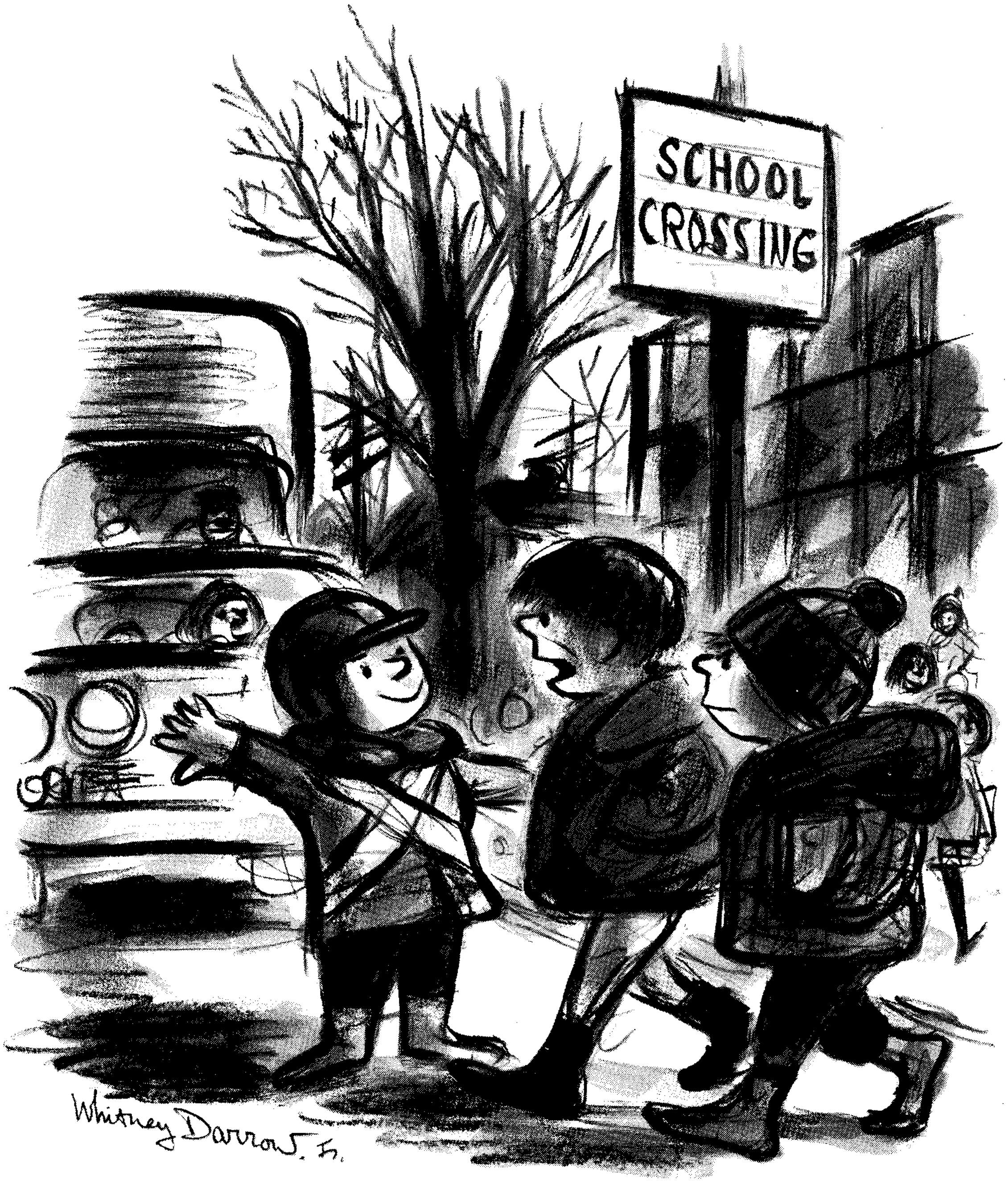
"Well, then, your father moved the whole family, I suppose," said Lottie, remembering Winnipeg Culture Patterns with Dr. Keller.

"That's right," said Vera, without inflection. "To your part of town."

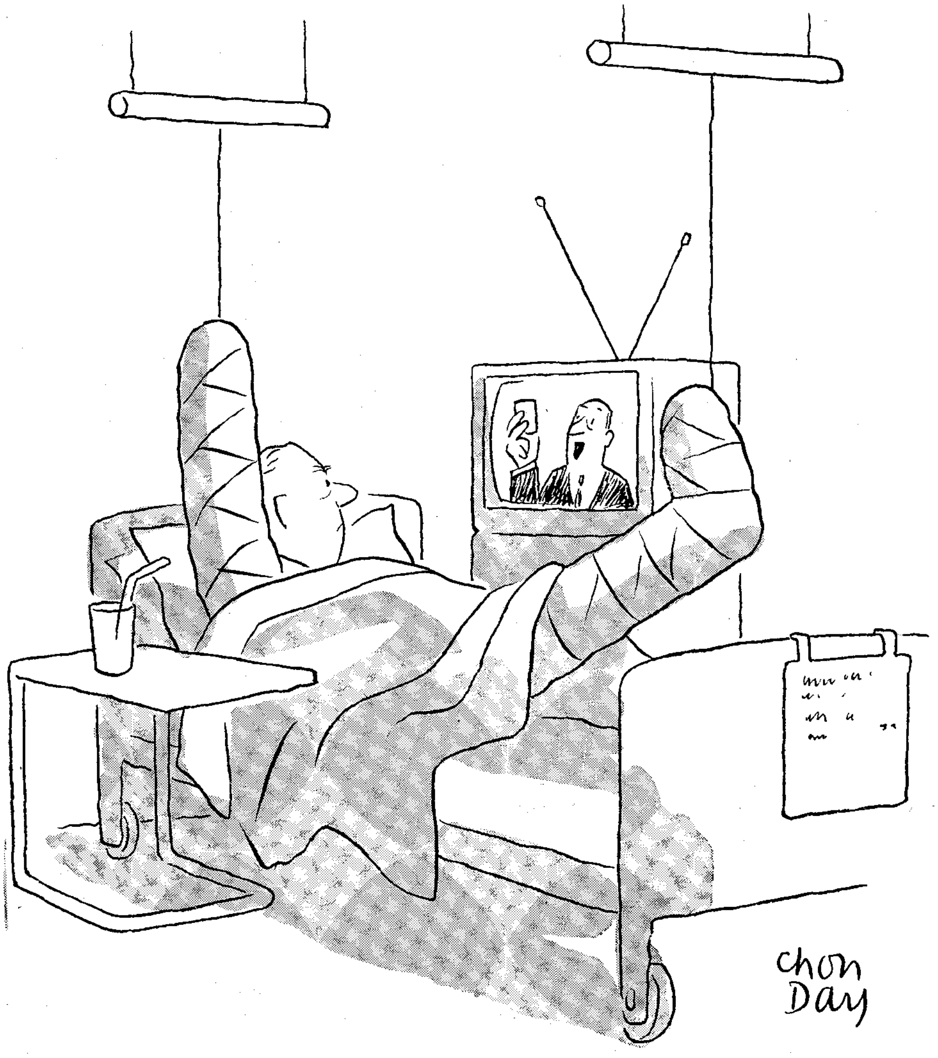
Lottie had still not sent the Christmas cable to Kevin. Could she send it from here? It was early morning in Winnipeg—scarcely dawn.

LOTTIE intended to set off for Strasbourg the instant Christmas was over, but Vera gained another day. In the morning they went to see a movie called "Das Herz Einer Frau," subtitled "Ich Suche Eine Mutti"—an incredibly sad story about a laundress and her little boy. Lottie, exasperated, turned to say something but saw that Vera was wiping tears. Later, she and Vera boldly entered a police station, where Vera asked questions on Al's behalf. Lottie sat staring at a sign: "*C'est* CHIC *de parler Français!*" "*Chic*" was in red.

It was plain that Vera's plans had gone wrong; Al's arrival should have coincided with Lottie's going. Vera did not want to go off to Strasbourg in case he came here, and she did not want Lottie to desert her. She coaxed from Lottie one more excursion, this time not far away. After a mercifully short bus trip, they walked under pines. In these woods, so tame, so gardened, that Lottie did not know what to call them, they stumbled on a ruin covered with



"*Fuzz!*"



"Hi, there! Got a minute?"

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moss and ivy. "It is part of the Maginot Line, I think," said Vera.

Lottie, frantic with being where she did not want to be, turned from her and cried, "Is that what it is? The Maginot Line? No wonder they lost the war."

"Is that what Dr. Keller taught you? Why do you think one piece is all of everything?"

"What else can you do?" said Lottie. The mist carried in her lungs since Paris darkened and filled her chest. "You don't understand, Vera. I'm not strong physically. That's what I meant that day on the train, when you said 'weak, not frail.' I *am* frail, and I have to do this thesis on my own. I have to choose my own books and work with people I've never met before. I've never used a strange library. You've made me walk a lot. I've got this very low blood pressure. One day my heart might just stop."

"Yes, well, it was a mistake," said Vera. She folded her arms under her cape and kicked at the Maginot Line instead of kicking herself, or Al, or Lottie.

III

THE advantage of Strasbourg over any other place was that Lottie here had a warm room. In a hotel on the Quai des Bateliers, discovered by Vera, she unpacked the notes and files. She could see the spire of the cathedral, encased in scaffolding, rosy and buoyed up on plain air. Chimes and bells evenly punctuated her days and nights. Every night, at a dark foggy hour, she heard strange tunes—tunes that seemed to be trying to escape from between two close parallel lines. The sound came from a shack full of Arabs, across from the hotel, on the bank of a canal. In the next room but one, Lottie had a neighbor, a man who typed. The empty room between them was a sounding box. She heard him talking to himself sometimes and walking about. His step was quick. Vera was also on this floor, at the end of a corridor papered with lettuce-sized roses. Her room gave onto nothing of interest, and her window sill was already a repository for bread, butter, dime-store knives, and old newspapers.

On January 9th, a month to the day after her arrival in France, Lottie wrote her first long letter to Kevin. The postcards she had sent from Paris and Colmar said, "I am working hard," which was not so, and "It is terribly cold," and "I'm saving it up to tell you when I get back." Her real letters to him were those she composed in her head and was too shy to write. She could imagine him listening to anything she had to tell him but not reading what she wrote. "I went to the opening of the European Assembly in a new prefab building that already looks like a shack, looks left over from the war," she wrote, hoping that this would be a letter of such historical importance he would keep it in a folder. "A sign said that anyone showing approval *or* disapproval would be thrown out. There were hardly any visitors, and I did not have the feeling that history was being made. It was all dry and dull. I listened to the translators through the headphones, but it was more of a strain than just hearing an unknown language. Sort of English-English and bored French. M. Spaak was not there, because he had rheumatism (at least that's what I understood) and just when this was announced I felt the start of a chill and had to rush out and home in a cab. I was shaking so much in my fur coat that Vera was frightened. It's not serious"—she felt her beginning going off the rails—"but I've got a chill and a fever and a bad cough and a pain in my chest and a sore throat. Vera has bought me some pills full of codeine. Vera believes in sweat. A dog that belongs to this hotel, name of Bonzo, came in to see me. I gave him a piece of stale bread and he took it under the bed, with his legs and tail sticking out flat. It suddenly occurred to me today that there is no such thing as sociology. When you are a sociologist, all you can do is teach more of the same, and every professor has his own idea about what it is. Vera says that if I were studying the integration of Indians, which never happened anyway, it would not be called sociology. Vera will take this out to mail."

Lottie could eat nothing until the next day, when, mostly to pacify Vera, she picked at a helping of macaroni and gravy. Vera sat at Lottie's clean table and proceeded to make a mess of it. She drank beer out of a bottle and, when she had drunk all she wanted, poured

from
the
goddess
of
fragrance....
Ambush
perfume
Ambush
Dana
Dana

the rest in the washbasin. "Do you mind the smell?" she asked, too late, peering down. Vera was already on a first-name basis with the whole hotel, and particularly friendly with the man who typed. He was an elderly madman, who had only a week before been released from the mental ward of a military hospital.

"What do you type?" Vera had asked him.

"Poems," he replied, looking at her with one eye. (The other was glass.)

Vera read aloud from *France-Soir* to Lottie, who disliked being read to. "*Le trentième anniversaire de la mort de Katherine Mansfield est célebrée aujourd'hui à Avon.*"

"They'll see I got rid of that china rose," said Vera, very pleased.

In the night, Lottie spat blood. It looked bright and pure, like a chip of jewel. She had coughed enough to rupture a small blood vessel. Out of childhood came recollections of monumental nosebleeds, and of the whole family worried. As if to confirm the memory, Vera came bustling in, for all the world like Lottie's mother. She found Lottie lying across the bed with her head hanging back. She closed the window, then covered Lottie with the eiderdown. Lottie was irritated. "I need lots and lots of air," she said. Being irritated brought on an attack of coughing and pain. Vera began opening and closing windows again.

Lottie wanted to write to Kevin, "My coldness to Vera frightens me. She came in again now and was sweet and kind, and I thought I would scream. She smelled of the bar downstairs in the hotel where she likes to hang out eating stale chips and talking to men. She sat on the bed and stroked my pillow saying, 'Isn't there anything I can do for you?' She seems lost and lonely because Al hasn't turned up. She offers all the kindness she can in exchange for something I don't want to give because I can't spare it. A grain of love? Maybe the Pole, Al, is hell. It is not my fault. I shrank into myself, cold, cold. We are all like that. So are you, Kevin. Finally I said, 'Vera, would you mind awfully opening the window?' and she aired the room (she likes doing that) and held her cape so as to protect me from the draft. She looked around for something else to do. 'I'll go and complain about that washbasin,' she said. 'Yes, do go,' I said. I wanted to be left alone. She felt it, and went away looking as if she would never understand why."

Asperus rotundus
Lhs.

This composed, but not written, Lottie dragged herself from her bed and down the rose-papered hall to Vera's room, on an impulse, to say something like "You were kind," but Vera's door was locked. She thought she heard Vera whispering to someone—or else she heard the curtains moving, or the rustle of the papers Vera kept on her window sill.

"Even when I am nice to Vera," she finished the letter, "it doesn't mean anything, because I don't honestly like her."

Vera had complained about the washbasin and then proceeded to the post office to collect her mail. She and Lottie were both using poste restante, because they thought the Quai des Bateliers was temporary. Lottie wanted to get into a students' residence where she would meet interesting people, and Vera was waiting for Al. Vera came back from the post office with a picture of Al. He was in Paris now—he seemed to be approaching in stages and halts, like a traveller in an earlier century—and had sent, along with his photograph, a letter full of requests and instructions. Lottie looked at a round face and enormous dark eyes with fixed, staring pupils. He seemed drugged or startled. "His eyes are blue," said Vera. "They look dark with that fancy lighting. I've been out to the refugee college, asking around. He's got it all wrong. It's only a dorm. They go to the university for classes. It sounded funny in the first place, teaching Slav lit to Slavs. Maybe he's found something else to do. Or not to do, more like it. He's got in with some Poles who live outside Paris and do weaving. They may also have prayer and patriotic evenings. Right Wing Bohemia," said Vera, looking down her large nose, "lives in the country and weaves its own skirts. *You* know." Over Lottie's cringing mind crept the fear that Vera might be some sort of radical. Ukrainians were extreme one way or another. You would have to know which of the Uke papers Vera's parents subscribed to, and even that wouldn't help unless you could read the language. "Get this," said Vera, and, adopting a manner Lottie assumed must be Al's, she read aloud, " 'You cannot imagine what a change it is for me—yesterday *le grand luxe* in Roma, today here. But

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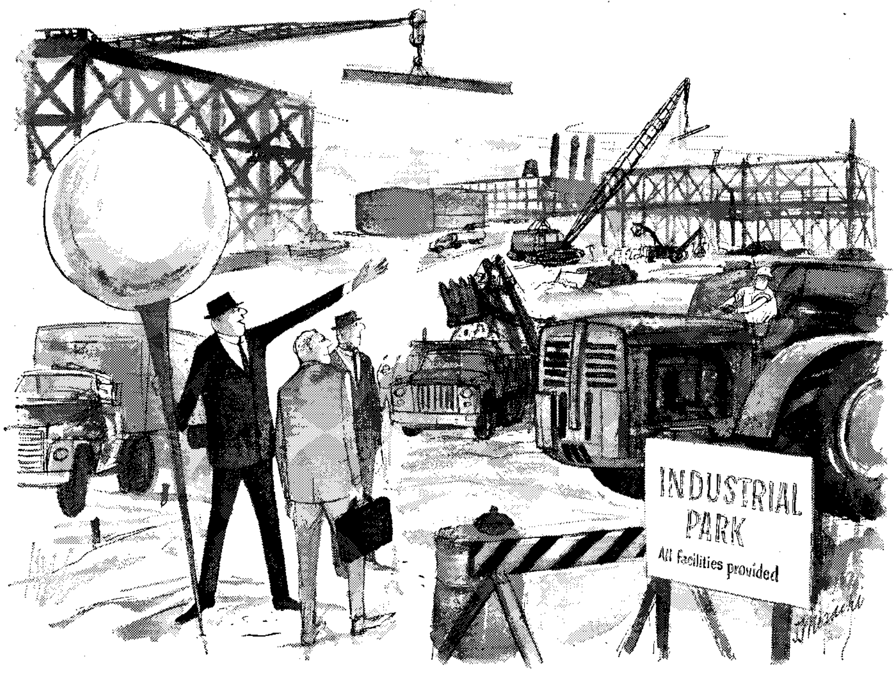

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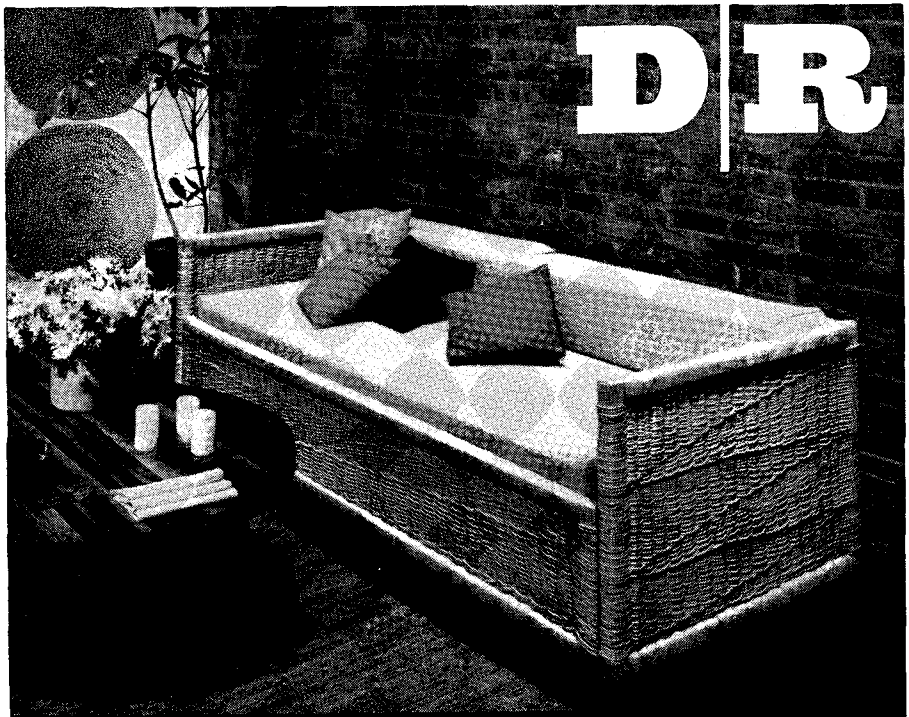

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I must say, even though I have the palate of a gourmet, I find nothing wrong with the cooking.' "

"He just doesn't sound Canadian," Lottie said.

"*In the evening the old man came* to my room," composed Lottie, introducing the old man to Kevin without warning. "He stood in the doorway, with his battered face and his one eye, and said, 'I am going to write a poem about Canada in honor of you and your friend Mademoiselle Vera. In which city is there a street called Saint-Jean-Louis?' "

"In the first place," Lottie had said earnestly, "is there any such saint?"

"Could it be in Winnipeg?" the old man said.

"No, Quebec." She recalled crooked streets, and one street where the houses were frozen and old; over the top of a stone wall had bloomed a cold spring tree. . . . But I was never in Quebec, she remembered next.

There was no transition from day to night. She heard him typing, like someone dropping china beads one by one. She coughed, and put the pillow over her face. If he comes in and talks about the poem again, she thought, it might make me homesick. If something made me homesick I might cry, and that could break the fever. If something could make me be homesick, I would go home and not wait for someone to come and fetch me. But when she wanted to think of home, she thought of a church in Quebec, and a dark recess where the skull of General Montcalm, preserved by Ursuline nuns, and exposed by them, rested in a gold-and-glass cage. But I have never seen it—someone described it to me. It has nothing to do with home. Her eyes filled with tears, but not of homesickness.

A mounting litter of paper handkerchiefs and empty yoghurt jars spilled out of the paper carton Vera had put beside Lottie's bed. "*À quoi bon?*" said the hotel maid when Lottie asked her to empty the box. The maid was not obliged to clean a room unless the tenant went out. It was a rule. Bribed, she said she would see about the washbasin but nothing more.

Lottie wanted to give the old man something better than an imaginary street for his poem, but now the idea of a city she had not seen obscured her memory. "What, do you mean you were never there?" he might ask if she told him she had never been to Quebec. "It was a tremendous excursion," she would have to say. "Nobody over here knows how far it was, or how much it

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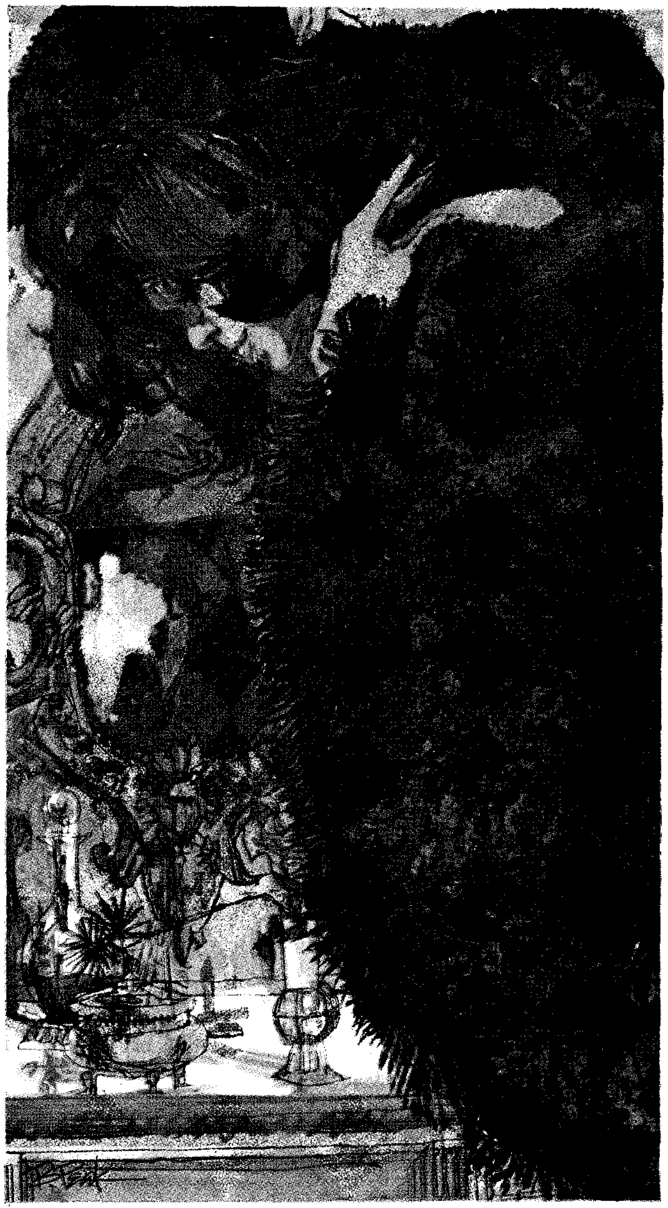

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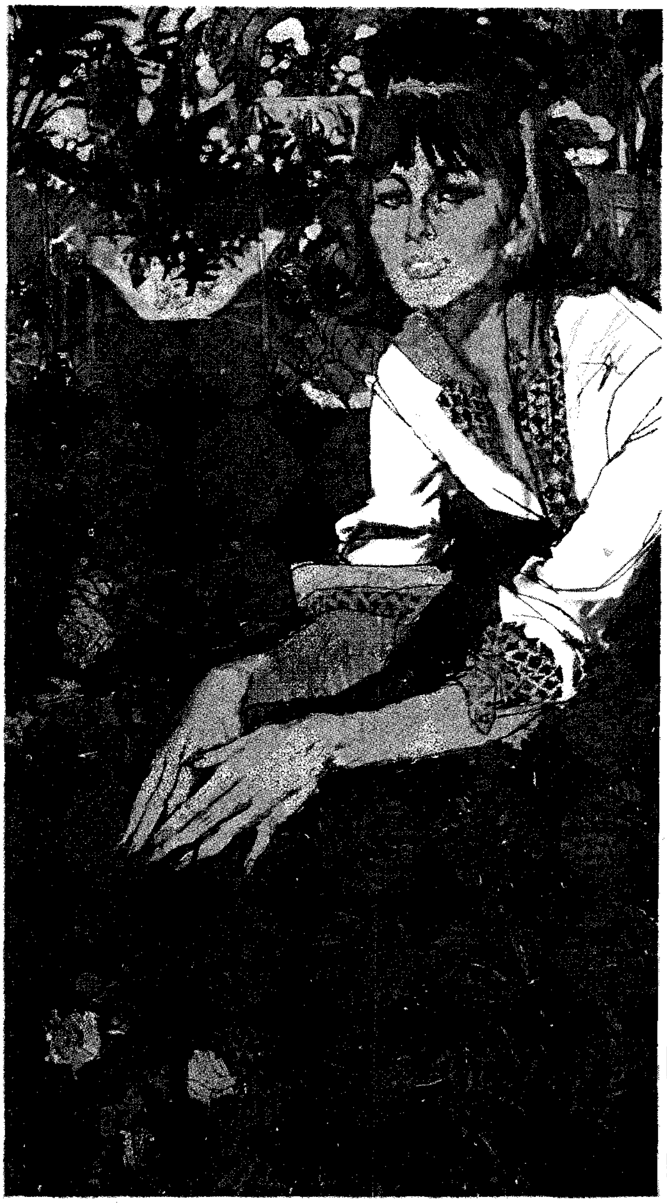

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would have cost," and tears of self-pity followed the others.

Bonzo, the hotel dog, stole under the bed and tore to pieces a box of matches. Lottie had lost her voice. She whispered, "Bad dog!" and "You'll make yourself very sick!" and on her hands and knees retrieved a slimy piece of wood. She had a high fever now. She knew it by the trouble she had getting back into bed—she could not judge its height—and she saw it reflected on the face of the nurse who had been summoned by Vera. The nurse, a peasant girl in a soiled head scarf, twin sister to the maid in appearance, told Lottie what her temperature was, in a disapproving voice. It was in centigrades and meant nothing.

"*Ma voisine!*" cried the old man, standing in the hall. "It is very warm outside, so warm that one can go out without a coat."

"Good," whispered Lottie. She heard him go out into the bitter day, perhaps without a coat.

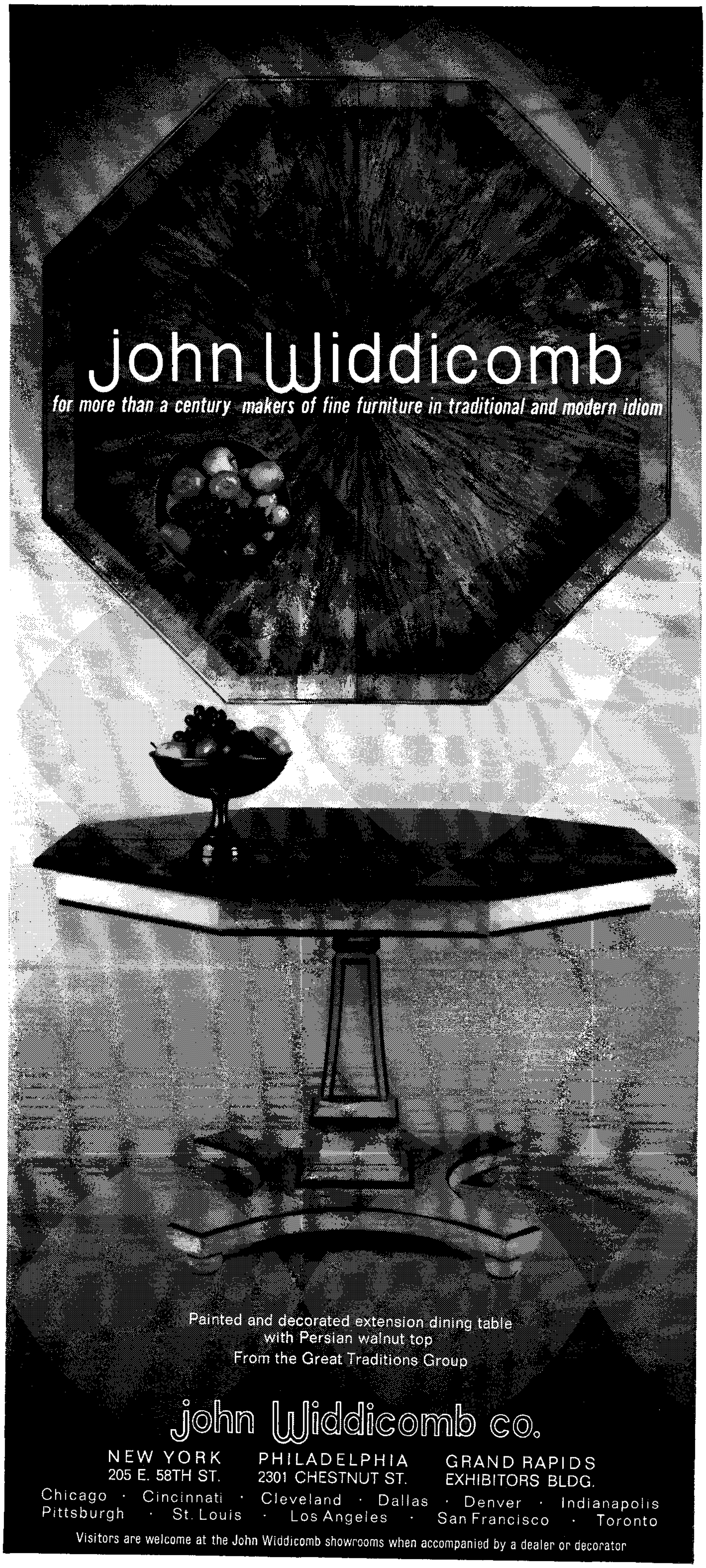
She felt well enough to go on with her letter to Kevin: "My neighbor does exercises in the doorway to show me how spry he is. At the end of each one he hops up and stands at attention, giving just one small disciplined bound in place. He is like someone who has done these things for years in a row with other men—in a jail, or a military hospital, or a prison camp, or the Army, or a mental home. In any one, or two, or three . . ."

Lottie and the old man shared a view. At night they heard the iron chimes of the cathedral. At dawn they could see the pink spire briefly red. Inside the cathedral, Death struck the hours in Dr. Keller's clock, and at noon Our Lord blessed in turn each of the Apostles. Every noon—or, rather, at half past twelve, for the clock was half an hour off—the betrayal was announced by a mechanical cock flapping stiff wings. One night the neighbor typed all night, and, talking loudly to himself, went to bed before six, the hour at which the whole clumsy performance of the clock—chariots, pagan deities, signs of the zodiac, days of the week, Christ and the Apostles, the betrayal—finished its round. Lottie understood that night and day were done for before time from home could overtake them. She was dislocated, perhaps forever, like the clock.

The nurse returned next day with a doctor, who said, "It is a little fever."

"What kind?" Lottie asked. Her teeth were chattering. "What about my nosebleeds?"

"A little simple cough. You take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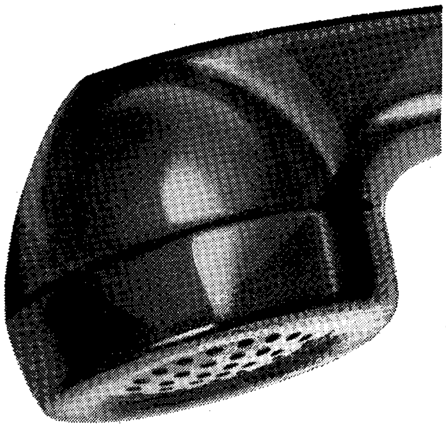

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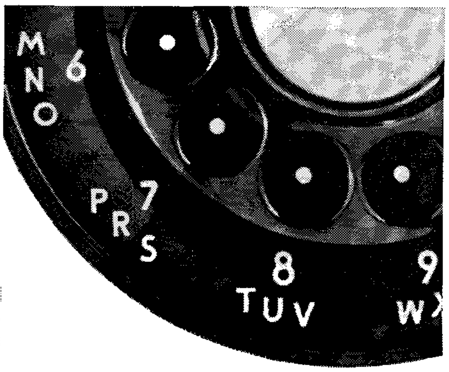
yourself too seriously." He wrote out a prescription for three kinds of remedy, which were all patent medicines. Two of the three Vera had already bought. Lottie composed for Kevin: "I imagined—because with a fever you don't know where imagination begins and a dream leaves off—that my mad neighbor had to repaint the outside of the high school. I said, 'Can't the parishioners afford to hire someone?' Isn't it funny, my thinking it was a church?"

Her health improved; she got dressed and walked along the river, with Vera beside her. At the post office was a letter from Kevin, and for Vera a receipt from American Express in Rome for five hundred lire she had left as a deposit for forwarding her mail. This Vera misread as five hundred dollars she had received from home, and even when Lottie pointed out the error she continued to prattle on about what she was going to do with the money. She would take Lottie south! They would visit Al Wiczinski in Paris! Laughing, she picked up a glove someone had dropped on the pavement and put it in her pocket. Lottie was suddenly wildly angry about the glove, as if all the causes Vera had ever given for anger were pale compared with this particular offense. She walked back to the hotel, trembling with weakness and fury, and plotting some sort of obscure revenge.

The letter she had from Kevin began, "I'm fine. Sorry you aren't feeling well." She put it away with the Separatist tract found in the coffee shop. They were documents to be analyzed.

Vera said, "Listen, Lottie, I'm hard up for the moment. No, don't look scared. I'll just pawn something. If you've got anything you could lend me to pawn, that would be great."

"Kevin," Lottie thought she would write, "this morning I bundled all my trinkets into a scarf of Vera's—Granny's pearl and sapphire earrings I can't wear because my ears aren't pierced, and my cameo, which turned out to be worth nothing—and I went with Vera, who was whistling and singing and not worried at all. I had to leave my passport, because they said they were giving me a lot of money—fifteen thousand francs, which I handed to Vera, who took it as if it were a gift. She paid her hotel bill. In the afternoon, she forgot where the money came from and what it was for, and she invited me with a grand air to the Kléber, a big café like a railway station. We drank three thousand and fifty francs' worth of kümmel. Vera also invited the mad



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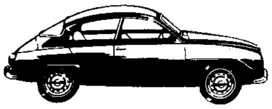

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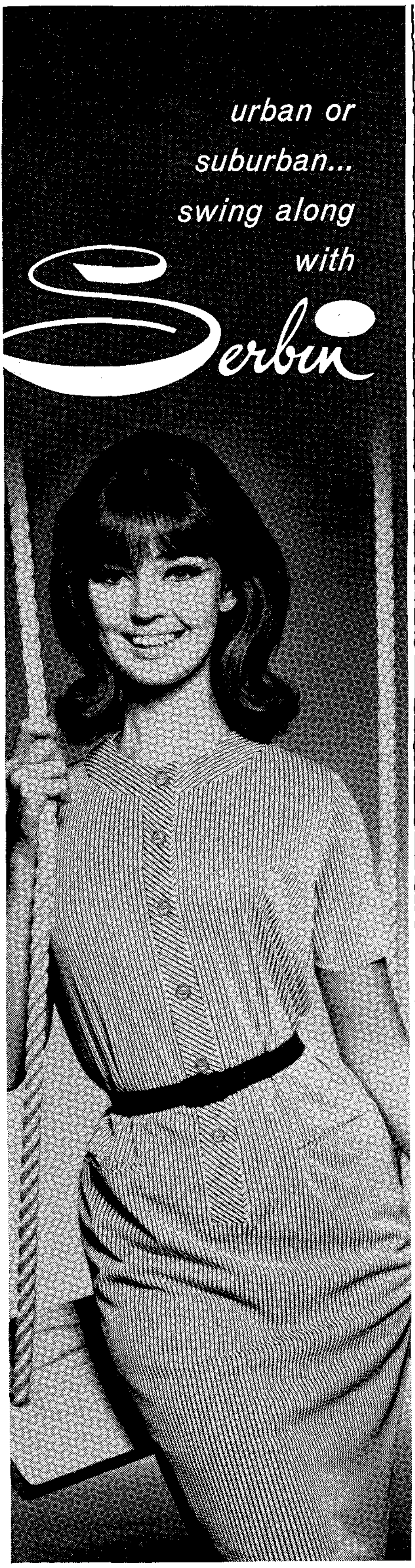

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party from down the hall. He said he could read English and had been reading the love letters of Mark Twain. The band wore red coats and played ‘L’Amour Est un Bouquet de Violettes.’ Everywhere you go, you hear that played. The waiters were reading newspapers; there were high ceilings and trays of beer and enormous pretzels. Vera sang with the band. I wonder if I shall ever get my passport back.”

Whatever Lottie’s fever had been, it had worn itself down to bouts of coughing. Her head was stuffed with felt. When she looked at her old notes or tried to read anything, her eyes shut of their own accord. Without her passport she could not collect her mail. Why had Vera not given up her own? Because, said Vera, astonished at the question, then she would not have been able to get *her* mail, and, as she was expecting money from home, she needed it.

Lottie began to be worried about money. She had spent more than ever planned for on medicines, on the doctor and nurse, on the Christmas holiday in Colmar, which now seemed wild, wine-drenched.

On a cold, foggy winter Saturday, when she could hope for nothing in the post, and could not shake off her cough or rid herself of her pallor, the newspapers finally mentioned an epidemic of grippe that was sweeping through Europe. The symptoms resembled those of pneumonia. The popular name for it was Virus X. There had been two new deaths in Clermont-Ferrand. “Why do they always tell about what happens in Clermont-Ferrand?” said Vera.

She had received three hundred dollars from home. Without making a particular point of it, or showing any gratitude, she returned the fifteen thousand francs. “What I never did understand,” she said, as if discussing ancient history, “was why you didn’t just take your own money and unpawn your stuff and get your passport back.”

Lottie could not make sense of that. The passport had been tied up by Vera, and only Vera could undo the knot.

Vera had also received a birthday box from her sister-in-law, the wife of Honest Stan. It contained aspirin, Life Savers, two cards of snap fasteners, colored ribbon, needles, thread, a bottle of vitamin pills, Band-Aids, and Ivory soap. One aspirin was missing in each tin. “She sends me old clothes sometimes,” said Vera, groping at the bottom of the box. “She’s from a good old United Empire Loyalist family, true-blue Tory, one-hundred-per-cent Anglo-Saxon taste in clothes.” Lottie felt obscurely offended, as if her own taste had been impugned. Kevin was probably Irish, but, being Protestant, he counted as English. Remembering that Vera was a nut who collected lost gloves, Lottie ranged herself and Kevin on the side of Honest Stan’s wife. “There,” said Vera, with satisfaction, and pulled out a summer frock of blue voile sprigged with roses. It had puffed sleeves and reached midway between Vera’s hip and knee. Vera opened the window, shook out the dress, and sent it off. The dress, picked up by the wind, rose and then floated down. The Arab music had begun—it accompanied a certain dark hour of the day—and Vera said the dress was dancing to it.

On Sunday, when the sky was full of bells, and the snow along the canals a blue that was nearly white, Lottie walked with Vera, believing that this was spring. Upon the water was the swift circle of a flight of birds. When the girls looked up from the reflection, the birds were white dots in the sky. Bridges, bare trees, and cobbles passed them, and Lottie, walking on a treadmill, was all at once drenched in sweat, and trembling, and had to lean on Vera’s arm. Put to bed, she lay limp, mute, her mouth dry, her hands burning. There was a new electric pain in her lungs. In her mind she wrote to Kevin, “My thesis is a mess. I haven’t done any work, and here it is past the middle of January. Most of the things Keller let me think weren’t true. . . .”

The firemen’s band marching beneath the window played a fat, German-sounding military air. She was like a wooden toy apart at the joints, scattered to the four corners of the room. Each of the pieces was marred. Yet by evening she was suddenly better. She got up again and walked with Vera in the cold, snowy night, dragging Bonzo on the end of a rope. She thought, but did not say, that it was the most beautiful night she had ever seen. She admired, in silence, the lamps in the brown canals and in the icy branches above. Suddenly Vera snatched Bonzo’s rope and, cape flying, ran like a streak. Vera could be perfectly happy with or without Al, probably with or without Lottie. The important thing was feeling free, and never being alone.

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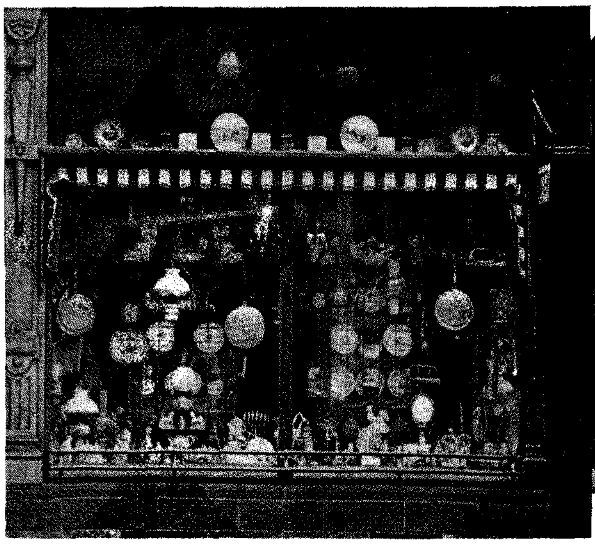

First stop—a cluttered antique shop. Dicker over the prices. The dealer will probably speak English—three out of four Dutchmen do—and even if he *won't* bargain, *you'll* come away with one. Say a bit of copper or Delft for about $4 that would cost at least twice as much in the States.

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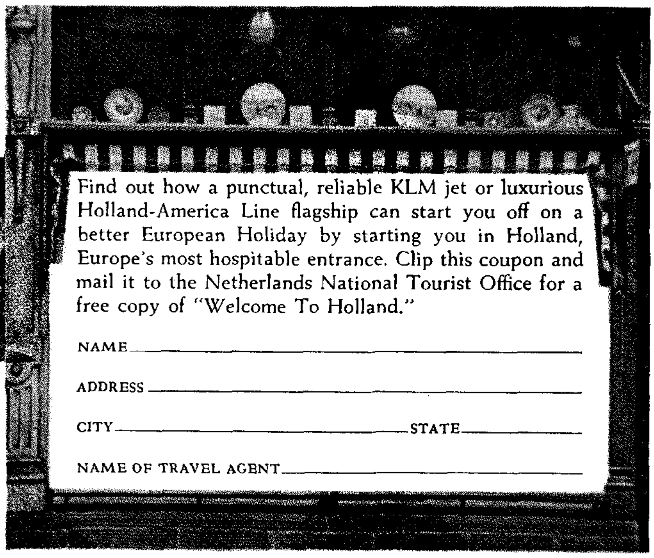

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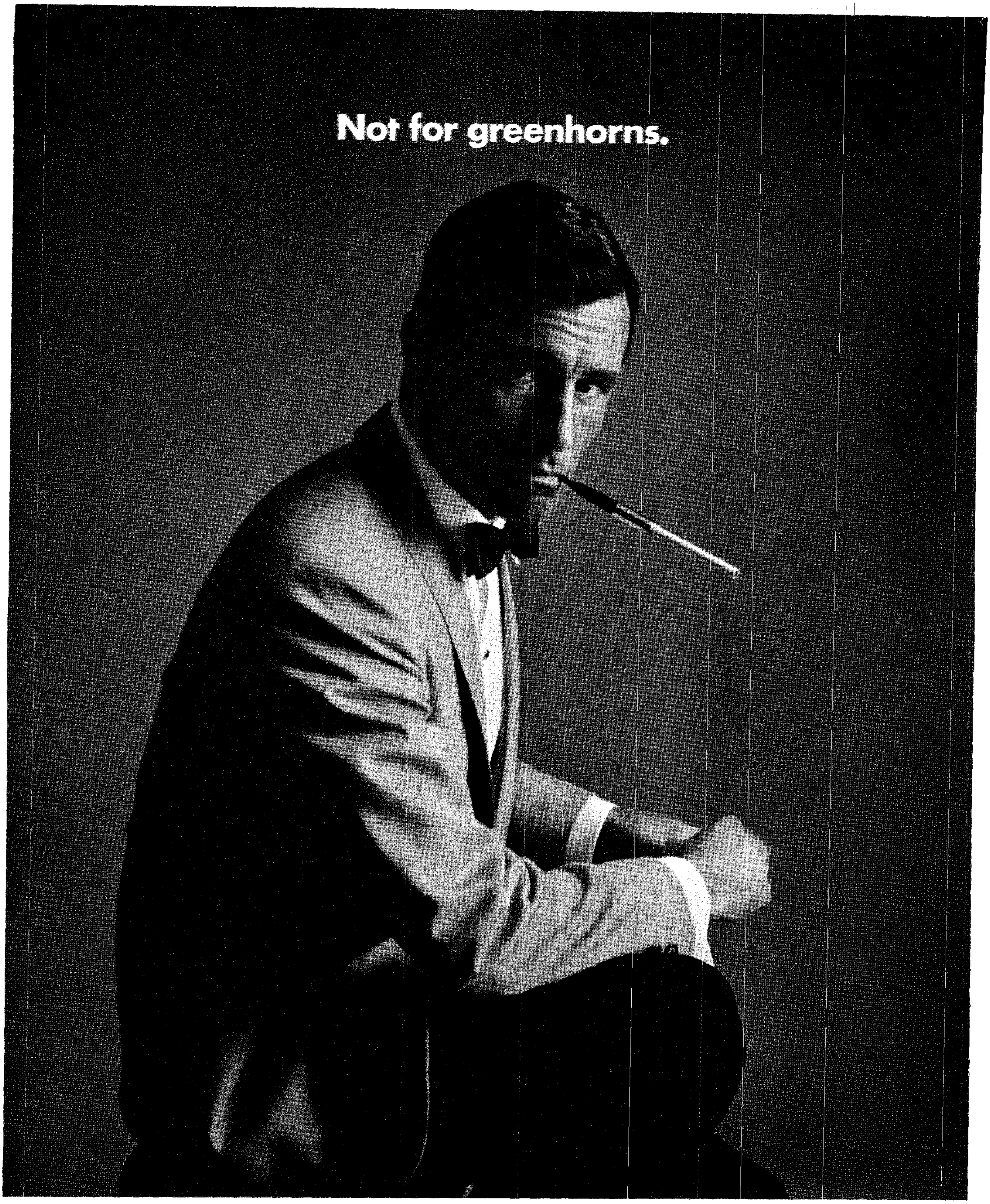
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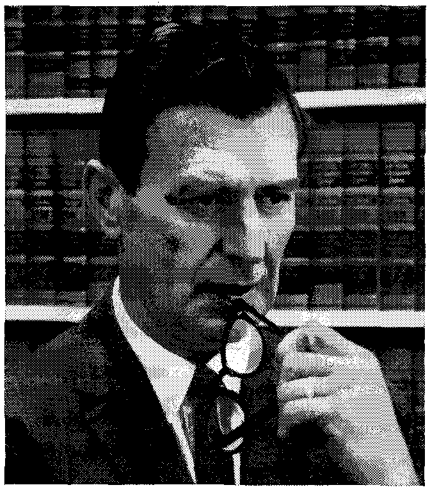
post office when Lottie turned up, passport in hand. Kevin wrote, "A funny-looking girl called Rose Perry has been around this winter. Some friend of yours introduces us saying we have a lot in common because she is a sociologist, like you, and also High Anglican, though I don't know why that gives us something in common. She's around thirty, red hair, funny-looking—I already said that. She's from England, either taking some other degree or just picking up material on the white-collar class in the prairie provinces for her own fun. Now, why couldn't you have done just that and never left home? Rose says the integration idea isn't new. She's been having a hungry winter. Her scholarship isn't a hell of a lot, and it's in pounds, not dollars. We've had her over to the house."

He likes her, and I know why, Lottie thought. Because she is English. His family will look after her, feed her, find her a place to stay. If I were having a hungry winter, I would be the immigrants' child who hadn't made it. I wouldn't dare have a hungry winter.

The sun shone—a pale sunlight, the first of 1953. Vera climbed up the spire of the cathedral while Lottie waited below—two hundred-odd steps of winding stone to a snowy platform where pigeons hopped on the ledge, and where eighteenth-century tourists had carved the record of their climb. Up there, Vera heard the piercing screams of a schoolyard full of children. She went up a smaller and older-seeming spiral to the very top, above the cathedral bells, which she could see through windows carved in stone. Ice formed on the soles of her shoes. She was mystically moved, she declared, by the appearance of the bells, which seemed to hang over infinite space.

Walking in Vera's shadow, Lottie thought, I should never have seen her after that trip to Fontainebleau.

THE days were lighter and longer. The rivers and canals became bottle green, and the delicate trees beside them were detached from fog. Vera and Lottie went often to the Grande Taverne de Kléber. When Lottie had enough kümmel to drink, Vera made sense. On one brilliantly sunny day, two girls came into the Kléber laughing the indomitable laughter of girls proving they can be friends, and Lottie said, "Look, Vera, that is like you and me." Presently they got up and changed cafés, moving by this means four streets nearer the hotel. The table here was covered with someone's



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cigarette ash—someone who had been here for a long time. There was in the air, with the smell of beer and fresh coffee, a substance made up of old conversations. The windows were black and streaked with melted snow. Each rivulet reflected the neon inside.

"Let's go over to Germany," Vera said for the second time. "It's nothing—just another bus ride. Maybe a train this time. All I have to do is get my passport stamped and come right back. It's just like crossing a road."

"Not for me it isn't."

Falling asleep that night, Lottie heard, pounding outside her window, a steam-driven machine the Arab workers had somehow got their hands on but could not operate. They sounded as if they were cursing each other. The sounds of Strasbourg were hard and ugly sometimes: trams and traffic, and in the night drunken people shouting the thick dialect.

"LOTTIE, wake up," Vera said. Lottie thought she was in a café and that the waitress had said, "If you fall asleep here, I shall call the police." The room was full of white snow light, and Lottie was still clothed, under the eiderdown. Someone had taken off her shoes. She saw a bunch of anemones, red and blue, in a glass on the edge of the hopelessly plugged washbasin. "The nut next door brought us each a bunch of them," said Vera. She was bright and dressed, wearing tangerine lipstick that made her mouth twice as big as it should have been. "You know what time it is? One o'clock. Boy, do you look terrible! Al's just called from Paris. I wonder who paid for *that*? I thought he was calling because it's my twenty-first birthday, but he's just lonely. He wants me to come. I said, 'Why are we always doing something for *your* good? You've already left me stranded in Alsace.' I don't think he ever intended to come. He said, 'You know I need you, but I leave it up to you.' It's this moral-pressure business. Would it work with you?"

"Yes," said Lottie. She lay with her eyes open, imagining Strasbourg empty. How would she go alone to the post office?

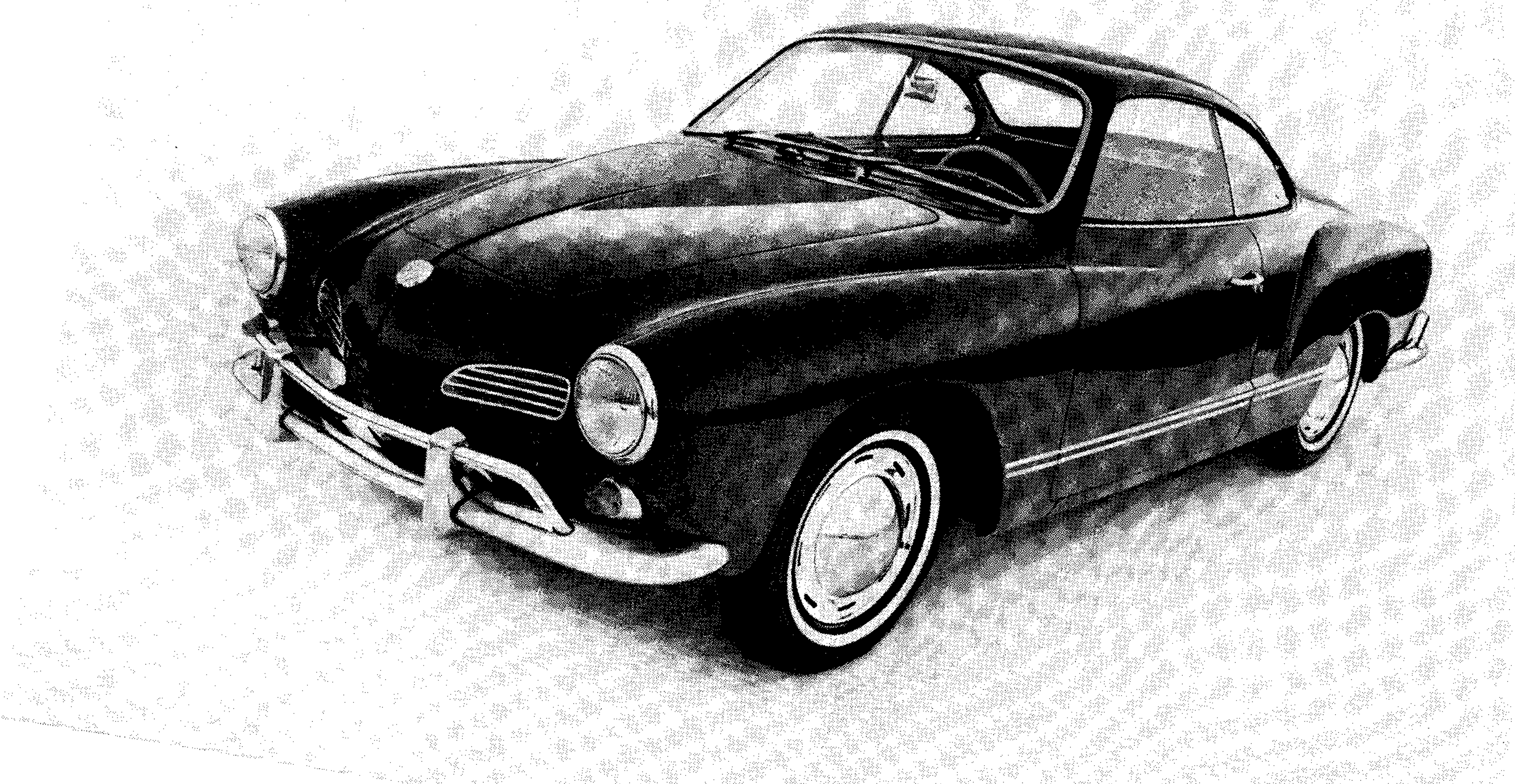
"I hate letting him down. He's been through a lot."

"Then go."

"I don't think I should leave you. You look worse than when you had Virus X."

"We'll go out and drink to your birthday," Lottie said. "I'll look better then."

Walking again, crossing rivers and



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canals, they saw a man in a canoe. The water was green and thick and still. Along the banks the trees seemed bedded out, like the pansies in the graveyard. How rough and shaggy woods at home seemed now! Nothing there was ever dry underfoot until high summer, and then in a short time the ground was boggy again.

"I always felt I had less right to be Canadian than you, even though we've been there longer," Vera said. "I've never understood that coldness. I know you aren't English, but it's all the same. You can be a piece of ice when you want to. When you walked into the restaurant that day in Paris, I felt cold to the bone."

The canoe moved without a sound.

In a *brasserie* opposite the cathedral, where they celebrated Vera's coming of age, smoke lay midway between floor and ceiling, a motionless layer of blue. "I only want one thing for my birthday and there it is," said Vera, pointing to a player piano. Rolls were fed to the piano ("Poet and Peasant," the overture to "William Tell," "Vienna Blood") and not only did the piano keys rise and fall but the circle of violins, upside down, as if reflected, revolved and ground out spirited melodies. Two little lamps with spangled shades decorated the instrument, which the waitress said was German and very old. That reminded Lottie, and she said, "I'll go with you tomorrow, if you want to, to get your passport stamped."

"It's not Moscow, for God's sake," said Vera. "It's only over there."

They stayed after everyone else had gone, and the smoke and the smell of pork and cabbage grew cold. They drank kümmel and made perfect sense.

"But Vera"—Lottie tried to be serious—"what are you going to *do* now that you are twenty-one?"

"I don't know. Find out why one aspirin was missing from each tin."

When they reached the hotel, drunk on friendship and with nothing to worry about but what to do with the rest of the day, Kevin was there. He sat with his habitual patience, in the hotel lobby, wearing his overcoat, reading a stained, plastic-covered, and over-confident bar list—the hotel served only coffee and chips and beer. He was examining the German and French columns of the menu with equal forbearance; he understood neither, and probably had no desires.

One day, she would become accustomed to Kevin, Lottie said to herself; stop seeing him, as she had nearly grown used to mountains. She thought, crazily, that if it had been Dr. Keller or any other man here to take her away, she would have clung to his hands and wept all over them. He looked so reassuring. She thought, A conservative Canadian type, and the words made her want to marry him. The confidence he assumed for them both let her know that if she had not worked on her thesis it was Dr. Keller's fault; he had prepared her badly. If she had been taken ill, it was because of a virus no one had ever heard of at home. When she saw the shapeless overcoat and the rubbers over his shoes that would make people laugh in Paris, she did not care, and she was happy because he could not read anything but English. That was the way he had to be.

"We can't talk here," she said. "Come upstairs."

"Is it all right?"

"Oh, *they* don't care."

He followed her up the stairs. He was ill at ease. He was worried about the hotel detectives.

"It's a lovely room, Kevin. Wait till you see the view, like a Flemish painting. And so warm. They leave the heat on all night. In Paris . . ."

From the doorway, looking around, he took in the half-drained basin with its greasy rim, the carton she used as a wastebasket, her underthings drying on a wire hanger, the table covered with a wine-stained cloth, the unmade bed. Lottie thought he was admiring her anemones. "My crazy neighbor gave them to me," she said. "The old boy from the military hospital. The one who's been writing the poem for Vera and me."

"No," said Kevin. "You never mentioned him. You mentioned this Vera just once. Then you stopped writing."

"I wrote all the time."

"I never got the letters. One of mine was returned. I guess the mail system here isn't exactly up to date."

"It must have been returned when I was too sick to go to the post office. You have to show your passport."

"I know, but I got just this one letter. If Vera hadn't been writing and telling your mother not to worry, I'd have been over before. It was a long time of nothing—not even a card for Christmas. Vera said how hard you were working, how busy." He left the door ajar but consented to sit on the unmade bed. "So, when I got the

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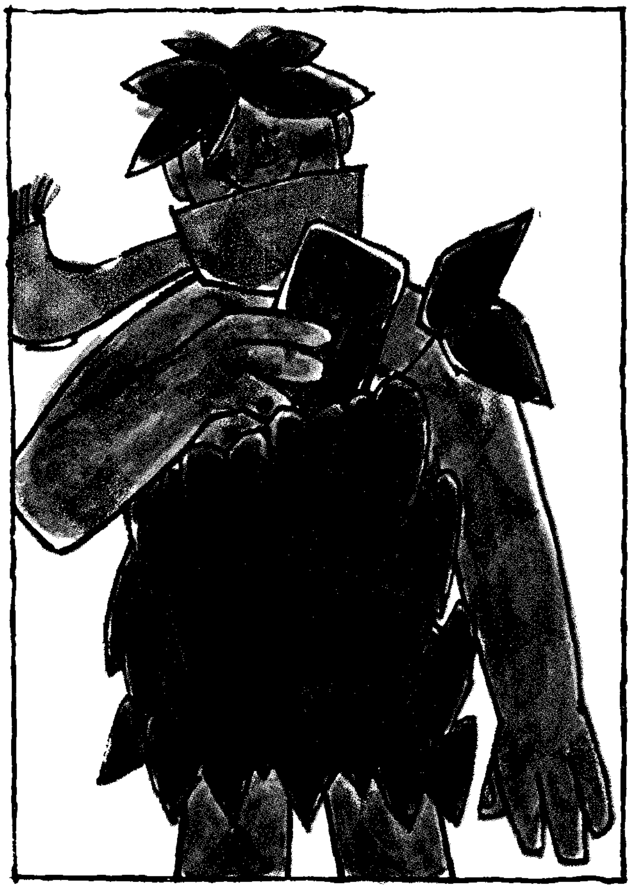

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chance of a free hop to Zurich, a press flight . . ." He looked as if he would never grow old. The lines in his face might deepen, that was all. "I knew you'd had this flu. That can take a lot out of you."

"Yes. It was good of you to come and see how I was. How long can you stay?"

"One, two days. I don't want to interfere with your work."

Vera had said, "You've kept him on the string since you were sixteen. You'll bring it off." Ah, but it was one thing to be sixteen, pretty but modest, brilliant but unassuming. Her frail health had been slightly in her favor then. She had made the mistake of going away, and she had let Kevin discover he could get on without her. She held his hands and pretended to be as conscious as he was of the half-open door. They had never been as alone as at this moment and might never be again. They were almost dangerously on the side of friendship. If she began explaining everything that had taken place, from the moment she saw the holly in Paris and filled out her first police questionnaire, then they might become very good friends indeed, but would probably never marry.

"What I would like, Kevin—I don't know if you'll think it's a good idea—would be to go back with you. If I stay here, I'll get pneumonia. It's a good thing you came. Vera was killing me."

"Her letters didn't sound like it. Who is she, anyway?"

"A girl from home. A Ukrainian. She got in trouble, and they sent her away. Forget Vera."

"They could have just sent her to Minneapolis," said Kevin.

"Too close," said Lottie. "She might have slipped back."

"I guess you'll be glad to get out of here," said Kevin, as the bells struck the hour. He left her and returned to the hotel near the station, where he had taken a room. He could not rid himself of the fear that there might be detectives.

As she had promised, Lottie accompanied Vera to Germany. Kevin was with them. Once her passport was stamped, Vera thought she would go to Paris and help Al out of whatever predicament he was in, perhaps for the last time. "I liked it in Rome, where it was sort of crazy, but Paris is cold and dirty, and now he's twenty-six," said Vera.

"You mean, he should settle down," said Kevin, not making of it a question,

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and without asking what Vera imagined her help to Al could consist of.

Vera was hypocritically meek with Kevin, though she smiled when he said "Ukarainian," in five syllables. Lottie saw that if Vera had for one moment wavered, if she had considered going home because Lottie was leaving, the voice from home saying "Ukarainian" had reminded her of what the return would be. That was Vera's labyrinth. Lottie was on her way out. Kevin held Lottie's hand when Vera wasn't looking. He was friendly toward Vera, but protective of Lottie, which was the right imbalance. Lottie guessed he had made up his mind.

They walked on a coating of slush and ice—they had left the sun and the rivers on the other side.

In a totally gray village nothing stirred. Beyond it, on the dirty, icy highway by some railway tracks, they came upon a knot of orphans and a clergyman. The two groups passed each other without a glance. In a moment the children were out of sight. Answering a remark of Kevin's, Vera said they were ten or eleven years old, and unlikely to remember the air raids eight years ago. The sky was low and looked unwashed. On the horizon the dark blue mountains were so near now that Lottie saw where they rose from the plain. "Appenweier"—that was the name of the place. It was like those mysterious childhood railway journeys that begin and end in darkness.

"Are you girls by any chance going anyplace in particular?" said Kevin.

They turned and looked at him. No, they were just walking. Vera was not even leading the way.

"Well, I'm sorry then," said Kevin, "but as the saying goes, I've had it," and he marched them to the bombed station, and onto a train, and so back to France.

If that was Germany, there was nothing to wait for, expect, or return to. She had not crossed a frontier but come up to another limit.

Vera packed some things and left some, and departed for Paris. She and Lottie did not kiss, and Vera left the hotel without looking back. Her room—because it was cheaper—was instantly taken over by the mad neighbor. Kevin spent the evening, supperless, and part of the night with Lottie. Vera also must have been an inhibiting factor for him, Lottie decided—not just the phantom detectives. He might have taken Lottie to his hotel, which was more comfortable, but he thought it would look funny. They had given Vera a day's start. Kevin and Lottie

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were leaving for Zurich in the morning, and from Zurich flying home. Lottie did not think this night would give her a claim on Kevin, but when she woke, at an hour she could not place—woke because the Arabs were quarrelling outside the window, got up to shut the window and, in the dark, comb her hair—she thought that a memory of it could. Vera had left a parcel of food. If she had not been afraid of disturbing Kevin, she would have spread it on the table and eaten a meal—salami, pickles, butter, and bread, half a bottle of Sylvaner.

Kevin now rose, obsessed by what the people who owned the hotel might be supposing. He smoked a cigarette, refused the wine, and put on his clothes. He and Lottie were to meet next morning at the station; there was some confusion about the time. Kevin remarked, with a certain pride, that as far as he was concerned it was now around seven at night. He had brought a travelling clock to lend to Lottie so that she could wake up in plenty of time to pack. He set it for six, and placed the clock where she could reach it.

Lottie made a list not of what she was taking but of what she was leaving behind: food, wilted anemones, medicine, all Vera's residue as well as her own. The hotel maid would have a full day of it, and could not get away with saying "*À quoi bon?*" Lottie could not make herself believe that someone else would be sleeping in this room and that there would be no trace of Lottie and Vera anywhere. She rose before the alarm rang, and stood at the window with the curtain in her hand. She composed, "Last night, just at the end of the night, the sky and the air were white as milk. Snow had fallen and a thick low fog lay in the streets and on the water, filling every crack between the houses. The cathedral bells were iron and muffled in snow. I heard drunks up and down the sidewalk most of the night."

This could not be a letter to Kevin; he was there, across the city, and had never received any of the others. It was not a letter to anyone. There was no sense to what she was doing. She would never do it again. That was the first of many changes. —MAVIS GALLANT

•

When Daukas, who had been on probation, denied the charge, Judge Spauling said, "You are going to get away with this. I lying to the court."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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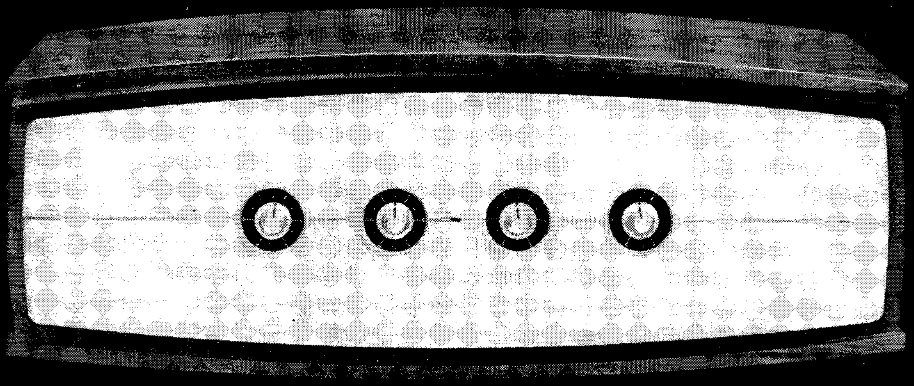

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beethoven at Bay

Enthusiasts about the conducting of Herbert von Karajan, including myself, were somewhat disappointed at the opening of his Beethoven cycle with the Berlin Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night of last week. I remember many performances by Mr. von Karajan that I would place among the most brilliant and sensitive by any living conductor, but his readings of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and Fourth Symphony the other night could hardly qualify for this category. To be sure, any performance by the Berlin Philharmonic is bound to be up to a certain standard of excellence, and Mr. von Karajan, even at his least successful, is still a conductor of consequence. Nevertheless, too much was lacking of what, ironically, I have always regarded as the typical von Karajan touch. The combination of delicacy and nervous energy characteristic of this touch was largely absent. Instead, one had moments of hard brilliance, moments in which the reinforced winds of the orchestra sounded thick and heavy, and moments in which the orchestra's superb kettledrummer seemed bent on drowning out everything else that was going on. The smashing chords in the introduction of the "Coriolanus" overture were unnecessarily harsh, and, to mention another detail, the playing of the strings in the rushing finale of the Fourth Symphony was less than stunning, even though the tempo at which Mr. von Karajan conducted this movement by no means established a record for speed. Possibly it was an off night both for the orchestra and for Mr. von Karajan. This week's continuation of the cycle will provide the answer. I hope that we are not witnessing a shift in the direction of brittle and heartless force on the part of a maestro so universally admired.

As it was, I left the concert at the intermission and made my way to the Metropolitan Opera House, where I managed to hear nearly all but the first act of "Der Fliegende Holländer." Lately, I have been criticizing one or another feature of the Metropolitan's productions, but I must say that this one was memorable in every respect. Karl Böhm had come to the orchestra pit for the first time this season, and he led a stirring performance. The cast was entirely familiar, and topnotch. Leonie Rysanek threw herself into the role of Senta with a degree of passion I had not heard from her before, and all the subtleties of this role—the moody pianissimo asides, the thrillingly sustained high notes, the impulsive inflections, among others—were magnificently set forth. George London was, as always, a menacing and imposing Dutchman; Sándor Kónya sang beautifully as Erik; and Giorgio Tozzi conveyed just the right touch of slightly awkward good nature as Daland. Because of the lateness of my arrival, I did not hear Gladys Kriese's moments as Mary at the beginning of the second act, or the most important phrases sung in the first act by George Shirley as the Steersman. But I daresay that these items were first-class, too. The Met had a galvanic excitement about it that night, and I suspect that Mr. Böhm's conducting had a great deal to do with it.

On Thursday evening, I dropped in at the Metropolitan again, to hear a number of singers rather new to that institution in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." This was the sixth, and last, "Figaro" of the season. Gérard Souzay, a distinguished French baritone, not unfamiliar hereabouts, was making his Metropolitan début as Count Almaviva; Ingrid Bjoner, a Norwegian soprano, active recently in Germany, was having her second time around as the Countess; and Geraint Evans, whom I had not long ago heard in the role of Figaro in San Francisco, was doing *his* role for the second time also. The others were old reliables: Judith Raskin, who is now so identified with the part of Susanna that it is difficult to imagine a "Figaro" without her; Teresa Stratas, who has brought a whole new conception (and a very fine one) to the role of Cherubino; and an excellent cast of lesser characters, which mercifully toned down some of the slapstick of earlier performances. Mr. Evans provided an interesting study. He is not a natural Figaro, like Cesare Siepi, and his voice is a little heavy for the role. But everything an accomplished actor could do to minimize these points and produce a lively

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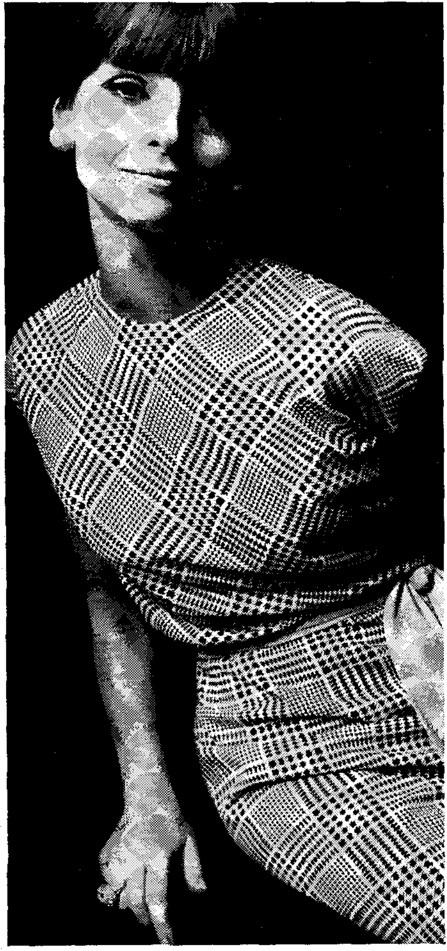

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and convincing performance Mr. Evans did, and the result was striking both in characterization and in singing. Miss Bjoner started out with a "Porgi amor" that was a trifle shaky, but she improved thereafter and sang pleasantly in "Dove sono" and the letter duet, showing herself to be an acceptable, though not a great, Countess. Mr. Souzay had recently recovered from a bout with the flu. He is a singer of cultivated style, and his big aria at the beginning of Act III drew an ovation from the audience. To me, his performance was slightly colorless, but it is hardly fair to judge a singer who has just emerged from a sickroom, and I shall defer making up my mind about him. Joseph Rosenstock conducted an agreeably crisp performance in which accents were right, ensembles clean, and solos well supported.

ON Saturday afternoon, I stopped by briefly at Town Hall and heard most of a program put on by the Manhattan School of Music. The event was an unusual one for a conservatory of music, and one that I would probably have overlooked had I not been conscious of two things: that the orchestra of the school, fifty members of which took part on this occasion, is a quasi-professional group, and that its conductor, Jonel Perlea, is one of the finest maestros of our era. Mr. Perlea, owing to a stroke, has lost the use of his right arm, but this is no handicap whatever to his conducting, which always produces results that are profound, tasteful, precise, and clear. I heard a sturdy and inspiring reading of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach's Concerto for Orchestra, in the Maximilian Steinberg transcription, and a superb performance of Stravinsky's "Orpheus." Both were performed with great sensitivity, and with no choreographic heroics on the podium at all. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Echoes

THE publication of a two-record album entitled "Through the Years with Vincent Youmans," under the nicely chosen label of Evergreen, is a cause for rejoicing among—oh, let us say Rodgers and Hart nuts and their like (I include myself among them), who are thereby enabled to play hooky from their devotional rites. It is a carefully prepared and generally admirable survey, by a small ensemble, of the work of a highly distinctive Broadway and Hollywood composer, whose professional career spanned a mere twelve

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½ oz. Cream
½ oz. Orange Juice
Shake with ice. Strain into champagne glass.

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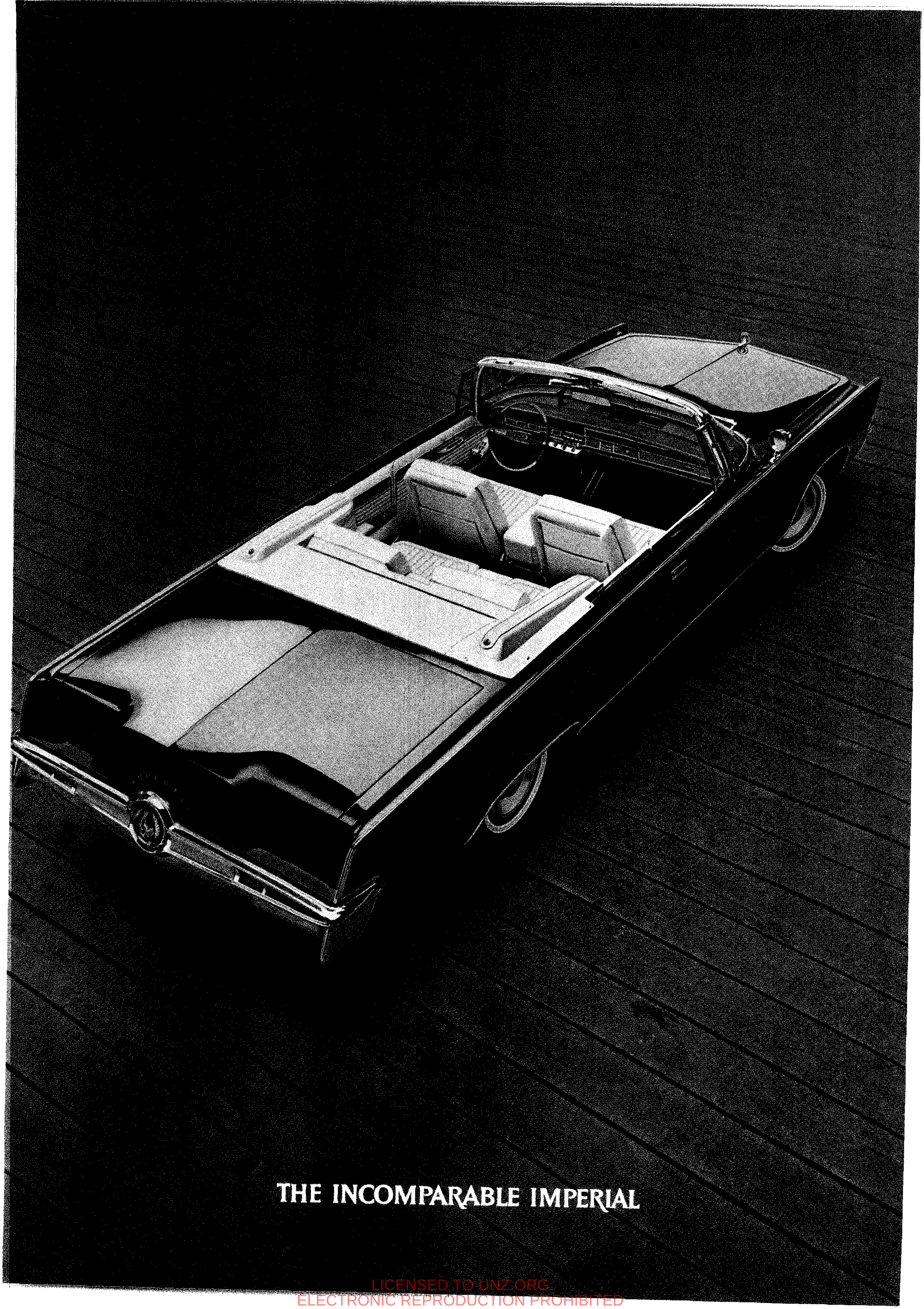
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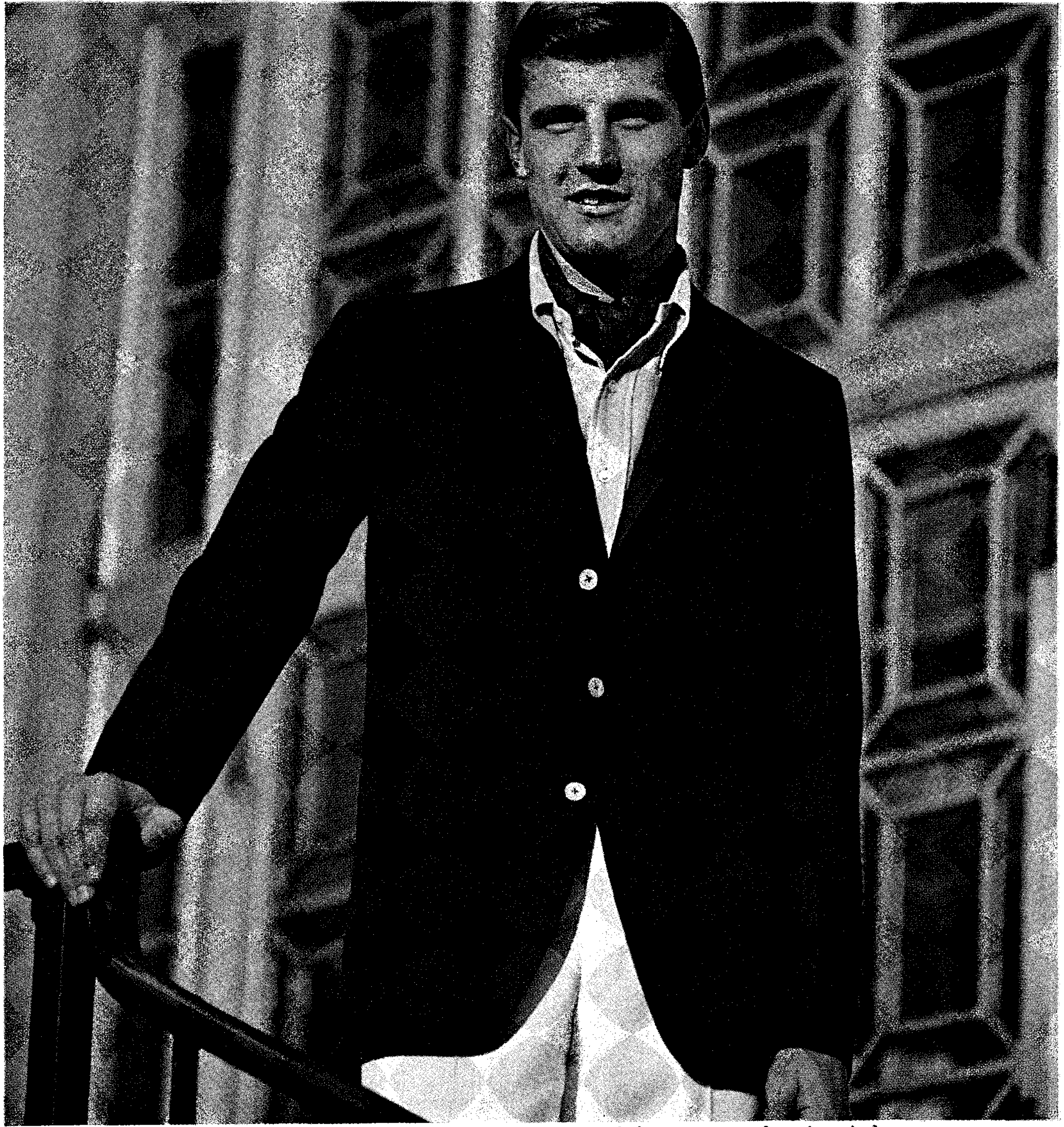

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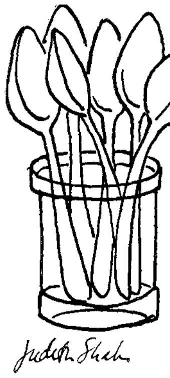
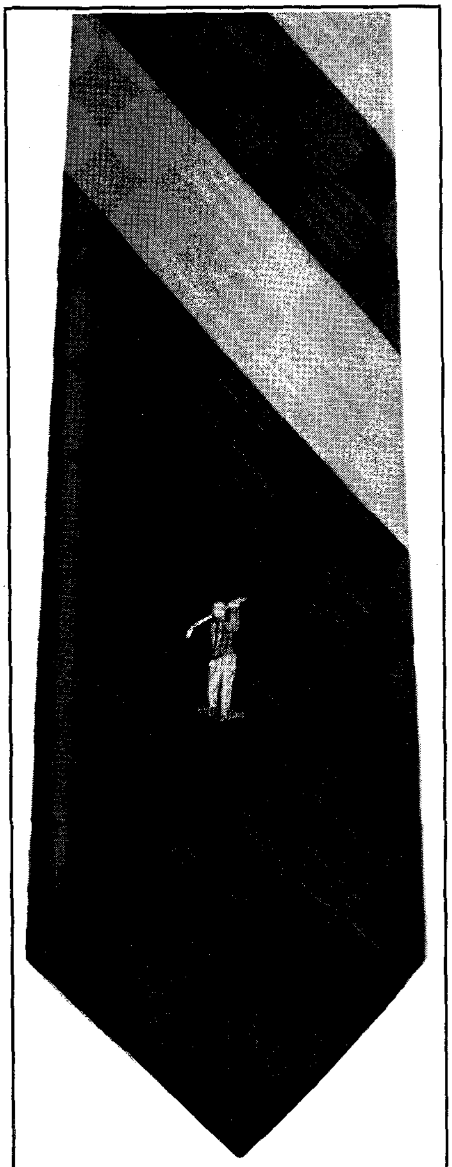
years, beginning with the 1921 musical comedy "Two Little Girls in Blue" and ending abruptly with the 1933 movie "Flying Down to Rio." Youmans published fewer than a hundred tunes in that period, of which thirty-six are included here, in performances by four singers and a piano duo, with an occasional assist from bass or percussion for special effects. Half the pieces are familiar to most of us, the rest having been largely overlooked, and two of them, "Wildflower" and "Bambalina," are musical hybrids, the joint work of Youmans and Herbert Stothart—to lyrics, incidentally, that were the joint work of Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II.

What is one to make of this guileless, jaunty, yearning music, as evocative in its way of the Jazz Age as Fitzgerald? (For that matter, Abe North, in "Tender Is the Night," is supposed to have been patterned after Youmans.) The late Cole Porter has been quoted as saying, in answer to a question about his own music that he found unanswerable, that the word for Rodgers was probably "holy," for Kern "sentimental," and for Berlin "simple." He evidently didn't get around to Youmans, but the word for him is surely "lyrical." In these tunes—now hovering, now darting, but always coming to rest after thirty-two bars or so—there is scarcely an earthbound or reminiscent phrase, the only exceptions being, in my view, a misguided torch song called "My Lover" and the artfully developed "Through the Years," with its borrowed theme. (Borrowing, though, was a practice shared at one time or another by almost all, if not all, of Youmans' peers.) He was fond of playing with tight, rhythmically insistent little musical figures, under which he shifted the harmonies until he was ready to let the captive melodies leap away from him, only to recover them again—probably the best examples are "I Know That You Know" and "Great Day!," although the same practice can be found in such ballads as "Time on My Hands" and the lesser-known, mesmeric "Who Am I (That You Should Care for Me?)"—yet he was equally capable of a broad, flowing melodic line, such as can be found in "Without a Song," the aforementioned "Through the Years," and such irresistible but rarely heard things as "Oh, How I Long to Belong to You" and "I've Confessed to the Breeze." Then, there are the lovely "I Want to Be with You," with its vaulting release, and the surprising "You're Everywhere," which starts with a commonplace subject and then slides off into misty regions of musical adventure.

Why the neglect of so much superior writing? Well, you never think in terms of Youmans and Caldwell, Youmans and Caesar, or even Youmans and Gershwin or Youmans and Hammerstein, to recall a few of his many collaborators. For some reason, Youmans was never content to settle down with any one of them, and he managed to pick up quite a few along the way whose talents didn't measure up to his. Ira Gershwin, then shyly writing under the pseudonym of Arthur Francis, and Oscar Hammerstein II were burgeoning writers when they crossed Youmans' path, and some of the others, though respected word men with long A.S.C.A.P. listings, were not quite up to matching Youmans' style, and therefore frequently contributed lame, and even foolish, lyrics that were far below their own best. Occasionally, there was an ideal wedding of words and music in an opening phrase, as in "Sometimes I'm Happy (Sometimes I'm Blu-ue)" and "Tea for Two (And Two for Tea)," but the rest of the time even fairly amusing lyrics, of the sort encountered in "Why, Oh Why?" and "Happy Because I'm in Love," just missed effecting that perfect union, while others ("Tie a String Around Your Finger" and "I've Confessed to the Breeze," to name two) proved simply inane.



Included in the present collection are, besides the standards I've already mentioned, "Hallelujah!," "More Than You Know," and the slightly less familiar "Keepin' Myself for You" and "Rise 'n Shine." Like most of the others, they are sung, as solos, in a straightforward, impersonal fashion by the tenor Bob Quint, the soprano Ellie Quint, and the baritone Nolan Van Way, and in a kind of cliché-ridden, throaty manner by the mezzo-soprano Millie Slavin. The busy pianists—Paul Trueblood, who is also responsible for the arrangements and the musical direction, and Rita Segree—together hammer out purely instrumental treatments of several numbers, and I, for one, wish that we might have been permitted to hear Edward Heyman's well-constructed lyric for "Drums in My Heart" and



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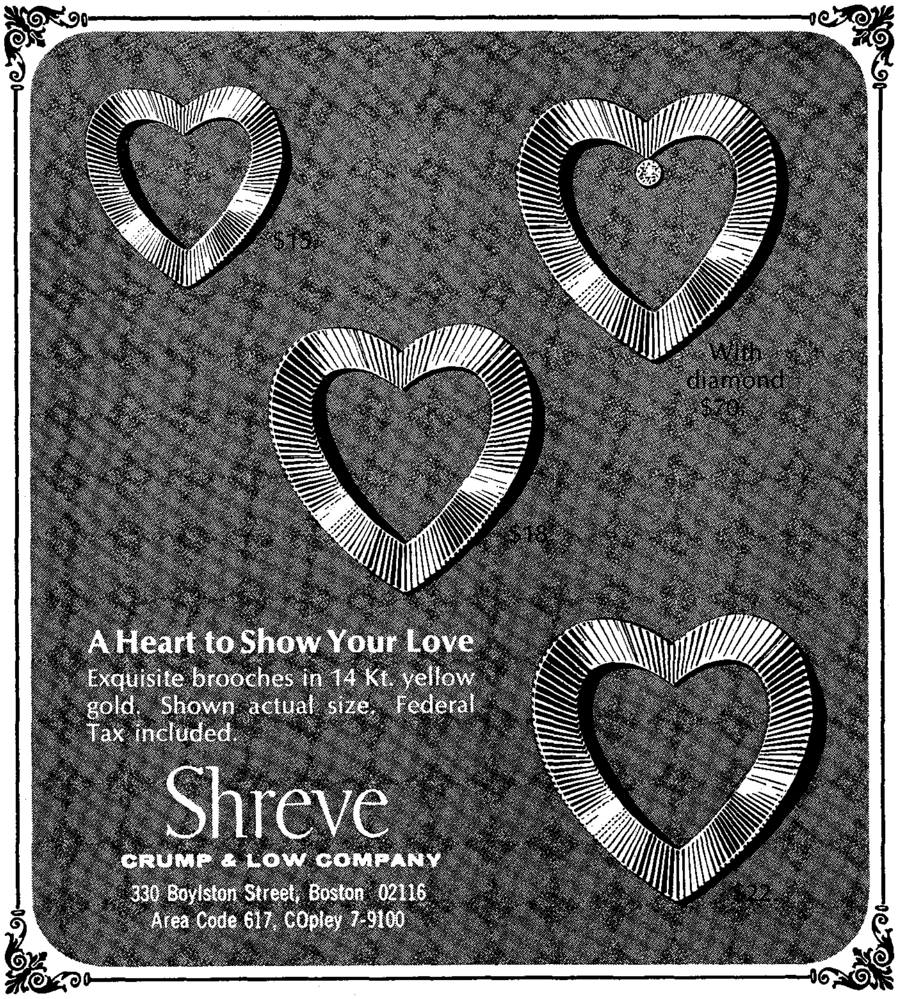

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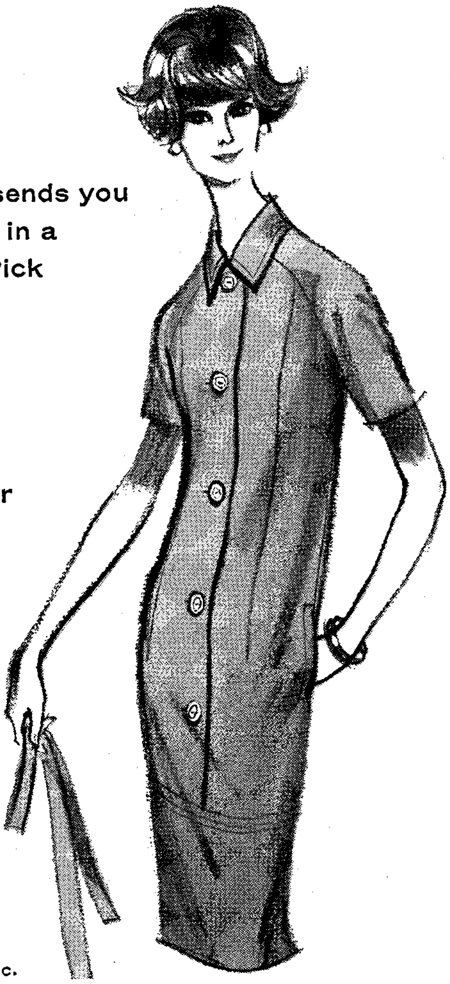

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Hammerstein's artfully quaint one for "The One Girl."

Youmans' last score consisted of four pieces, three of them knockouts and the fourth merely engaging. The first of the Astaire-Rogers films contained—in addition to the title song, "Flying Down to Rio"—"Carioca," which started Irving Berlin and other writers for movie musicals of the time scrambling all over again for dance crazes; "Orchids in the Moonlight;" and the lightly enjoyable "Music Makes Me," built on ascending and descending musical tenths. Then silence. Youmans had earlier turned to producing his own shows, out of dissatisfaction with the way other people handled them, and now he sponsored two or three Broadway attractions but contributed none of his own music to them. There was never a published Youmans song after the "Flying Down to Rio" set. A victim of tuberculosis, the composer moved to Colorado in 1934, and continued to live there most of the time until his death, in 1946, and also continued to write there. Mary Chase, the playwright, who is a native of Denver, is said to have admired Youmans' post-professional work intensely, and there are countless stories of rich evenings that a selected few spent listening to the composer play and hum, in a tiny voice, his newest creations. There are even tales of Denver cabdrivers' whistling catchy phrases. Not many years ago, the pianist Joe Bushkin was empowered to dig into the unpublished material that Youmans left, and organize some of its more promising components—I remember hearing him play one especially graceful melody, as lovely and tender as anything out of the lionized past, one evening at the late Embers—but the project collapsed. I was told that the Youmans estate was so tied up in litigation that the undertaking was wholly impractical. Whether or not this is true, those songs, or melodies for songs, are still lying around. —DOUGLAS WATT

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a magazine called Quick Frozen Foods*]

C. L. Van Schaick and E. T. Klassen were named executive vice president, division operations, and William F. May was named executive vice president, corporate planning and development, for American Can Co., New York. These appointments, part of a series of organizational changes designed to promote the continued growth, diversification and stature of Continental Can Co., were announced by William C. Stolk, chairman of the board.

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1965—The Year of the Alps

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

COMSAT

BACK in 1956, when the Ford Motor Company became publicly owned through the sale of more than ten million shares of common stock for a sum in the neighborhood of six hundred and fifty million dollars, I was attracted by all the excitement emanating from what still stands as the biggest stock offering on record, and bought two shares—the most that my broker, who, like all brokers, was swamped with orders, would allow me. As a great many investors will have no trouble remembering, within a year the stock dropped ten dollars from the offering price of sixty-four dollars and fifty cents a share, and later skidded to well below forty dollars a share; eventually it recovered, but some three years elapsed before it had returned to where it had started and I could get back the hundred and twenty-nine dollars I had invested. As a result of this experience, I had a skeptical attitude last spring when announcement was made of another large, highly appealing, and sure-to-be-oversubscribed issue of stock, which Wall Street, with a single voice, pronounced the hottest issue since the Ford offering. Nevertheless, with a reflexive motion, I sent to the same broker for the formal prospectus describing the new issue, which was to consist of ten million shares, priced at twenty dollars each, in a firm called Communications Satellite Corporation.

The prospectus, a fifty-four-page booklet issued by the syndicate of investment firms that was conducting the sale, quickly confirmed for me several things that had previously appeared in the press, making it clear that the Communications Satellite Corporation—or Comsat, as almost everyone but the prospectus writers was calling it even then—was a most unusual enterprise. For one thing, it had been established by an Act of Congress—the Communications Satellite Act of 1962. (I have since learned that it is the only corporation to have been so established since 1863, when the Union Pacific Railroad, another pioneering venture, was set up in accordance with the Union Pacific Railroad Act of 1862.) For another, three of its fifteen directors were not to be elected by the stockholders, as are all the directors of any other corporation, but were to be appointed by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the Senate. For still another, its sole business was to be the establishment and operation, in coöperation with governments and corporations abroad, of a commercial communications system using satellites in orbit around the earth as relay stations for radio signals. In the prospectus, I came across various items that seemed to argue for and against investment in the new enterprise. On the plus side, certainly, was the fact that the government, having ordered the establishment of Comsat, stood behind it more frankly and unequivocally than it had ever in modern times stood behind any other private company, even in the wildest dreams of the most avid advocate of protective tariffs. True, the prospectus stated in two places—once in boldface type—that "the Corporation is not an agency or establishment of the United States Government," and also pointed out in italics that "*the United States Government has not guaranteed funds invested in the stock of the Corporation, the payment of dividends on shares of such stock, or the profitability of the venture*." But all that emphasis seemed mere overprotestation. In addition, the two chief prerequisites to business success—demand for the product and a favorable competitive situation—seemed to be unmistakably present in the case of Comsat. "The demand for international telecommunications services (particularly telephone service) has increased continuously since the end of World War II," declared the prospectus, adding that during peak hours on the North Atlantic and certain other overseas routes such demand exceeded the capacity of available facilities—underwater cables, for the most part. As for competition, the prospectus pointed out that Comsat's principal competitors would be the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and other United States communications companies that operate underwater cables or earthbound radio hookups; it also pointed out that, under the terms of the Communications Satellite Act, those very companies, headed by A.T.&T. itself, were to be allowed to purchase five million shares, or just half, of Comsat's stock, and were to have six seats on its fifteen-man board of directors. In other words, Comsat's chief competitors were to be among its important stockholders and were to

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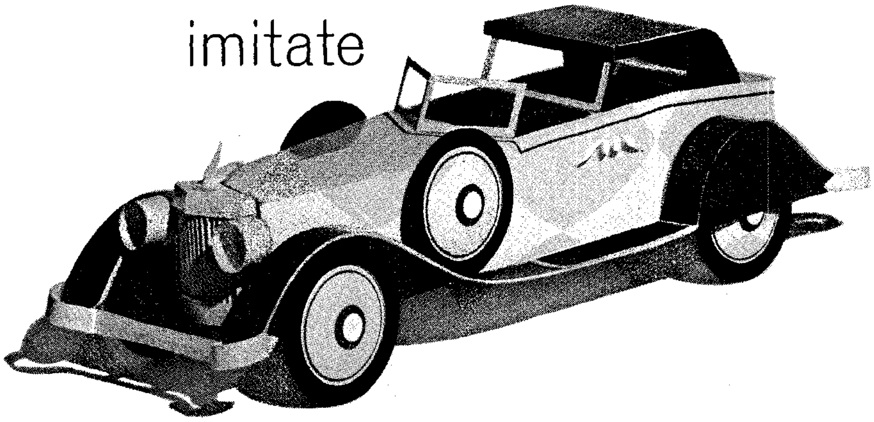

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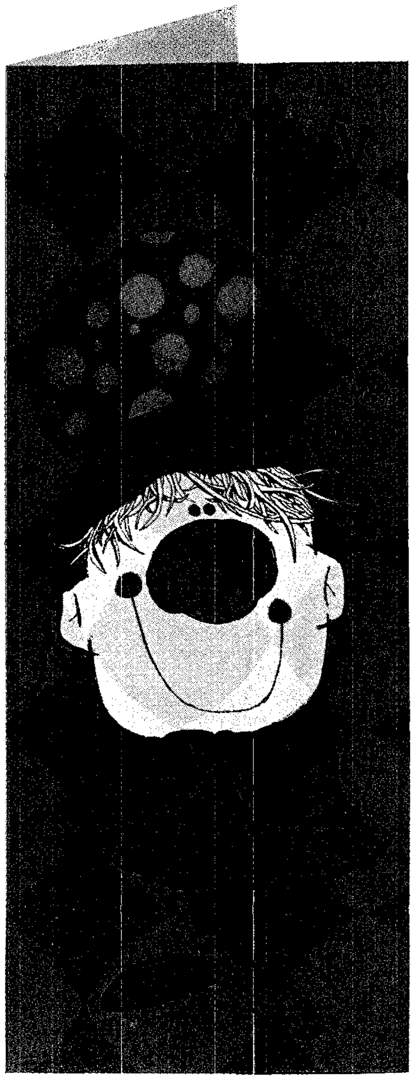

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have a voice in its management—a lovely situation for any company, and the very one, it seemed to me, that the Sherman Antitrust Act forbids as being a combination in restraint of trade. However, knowing that the Comsat prospectus had been scrutinized line by line by a variety of government agencies, I could only assume that the usual rules did not apply, because of the uniqueness of the venture and the fact that it had been set up as an instrument of national policy. (I have since learned that Comsat shows no initial signs of operating in restraint of trade, for its various stockholder-competitors are so far acting more like competitors than like stockholders, squabbling vigorously with Comsat and with each other over contracts. I have also learned that the chances of the Justice Department's instituting antitrust action against Comsat are remote indeed, inasmuch as officials of that department were the principal architects of the Communications Satellite Act.)

On the other hand, there seemed to be some negative items to be weighed in the balance—and pretty persuasive ones, too. According to the prospectus, Comsat would not expect to have a communications system in full operation before the latter part of 1967, and since its income would be derived from such a system, it could have no appreciable income until then; furthermore, the prospectus went on, it might even show an annual loss for several years after that, and did not expect to pay any dividends on its stock for "an indeterminate period." Comsat, the prospectus warned, would have no capital except the two hundred million dollars, less commissions, that it hoped to get from the stock sale, and it planned to spend practically all of that in the course of setting up a system; it had no patent rights, and only seventy-nine employees, who were housed in what were described as "leased premises in Washington, D.C." (By way of contrast, Ford in 1956 could boast of a hundred and seventy-eight thousand employees, drawerfuls of patent rights, fully owned premises, sales of five and a half billion dollars and a net profit of nearly half a billion for the previous year, and total assets of two and a half billion—the fifth largest in the nation.) A discouraging number of Comsat's activities were to be subject to stringent government regulation, among them the procurement of equipment and services, the technical characteristics of its satellite system, its accounting methods, the issuance of its securities, and its relations with foreign governments; in-

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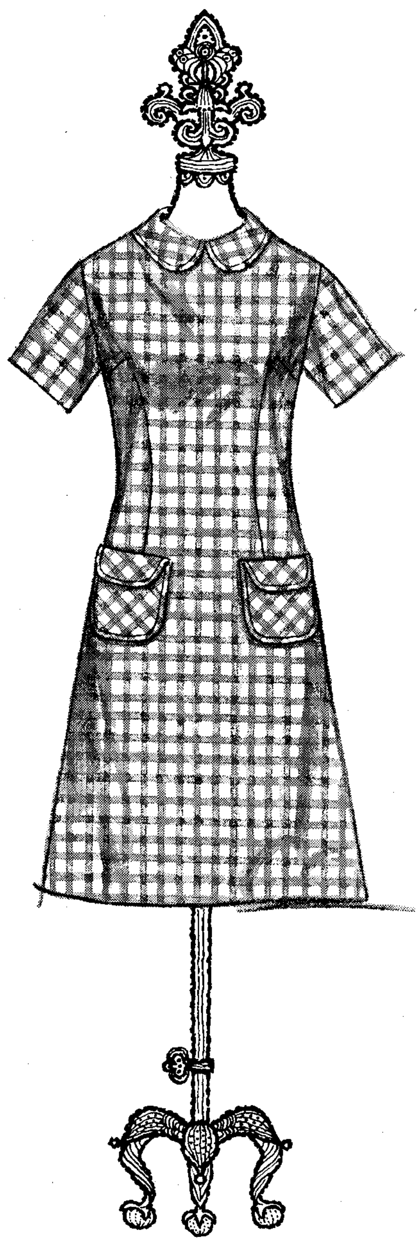

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deed, it was to be so restricted that if some method of transoceanic communication were to be found that would make even satellites obsolete, Comsat might not be able to take advantage of the discovery without the passage of a new law. As for satellites themselves, the prospectus pointed out that they are expensive, that they often either fail to achieve orbit or stop working properly after they are in orbit, and that any such failures may result in a substantial loss of revenue. (As the *Times* had noted more than a year earlier, "There is no way to send up a mechanic with spare parts.") Not even the quality of communication was put beyond cavil by the prospectus; the method of transmission that appeared most promising would produce a delay of approximately six-tenths of a second—caused by the time required for a message to get to the satellite and back to earth—and this delay "tends to interfere with normal rhythms of conversation." The prospectus's own normal rhythm of conversation was one of apprehension, if not downright gloom. Comsat, it seemed to be saying, had little money, few people, and a chancy and rigidly restricted field of action—in sum, prospects that were very uncertain indeed.

IN the end, I decided not to invest in Comsat, thereby preserving a perfect record of being wrong about hot issues in the stock market. (As a practical matter, I probably wouldn't have succeeded in buying any shares anyway, because demand so far exceeded supply that most brokers had to parcel out their meagre allotments among regular customers, leaving everybody else out in the cold.) The Ford and Comsat sales seemed to present a striking study in contrast between the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties, the first outfit being a simple maker of modernized Tin Lizzies belatedly emerging from the Early American industrial system of family ownership, and the second a weird, futuristic venture operating in a twilight zone between free enterprise and government control, between the earth and the stars. On Comsat's first day on the market—June 2nd—its performance argued social stability rather than change, since it closely paralleled Ford's first day. It also argued that Comsat was not merely the hottest issue since Ford but actually a hotter one than Ford. When the books were opened on the Ford issue, on the morning of January 18, 1956, every share had long since been spoken for, and anyone who wanted to buy the stock had to pay whatever price the lucky original subscribers might care to charge—which turned out to be about six dollars more than the offering price. Comsat, similarly oversubscribed, was first traded publicly at about *seven* dollars more than its offering price. (The initial distribution of Ford consisted of an average of about thirty shares to each individual purchaser; Comsat, even more in demand, went out in batches averaging about twelve shares each.) In both cases, the new toy quickly lost some of its appeal. Within a day, Ford went down to a couple of dollars over the offering price, and within a week it went down to the offering price itself; Comsat sank from 27 to 23 in a matter of minutes on that first morning, and five days later it, too, was down to its offering price and apparently hell-bent for lower ground. So far, all the evidence supported the judgment of the many professional investment men who had predicted a repetition of the Ford experience, and of the Detroit broker who had been quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* to the effect that anyone who bought Comsat at the offering was deranged, and of the *Journal* itself, which had said, "It would not be surprising to see the Comsat issue leave behind it a trail of disappointments."

But now came the change. Far from continuing a long, disheartening slide, as Ford had done, Comsat began an erratic but spirited rise. By mid-August, it was selling at around forty—double its offering price. Furthermore, about this time brokers noticed that people were buying A.T.&T. at an unusually fast pace, and, upon asking these customers what they had in mind, learned that they wanted some shares in the world's largest company chiefly to get a stake in *its* stake in Comsat. Later in August, Comsat briefly touched 48, and on September 8th, when it was admitted to listing on the New York Stock Exchange—it had previously been traded over the counter—it inaugurated its career there at the resounding price of 46. (The Stock Exchange had waived its usual listing requirements as to earnings in recognition of Comsat's government sponsorship. People seemed to be waiving everything for Comsat.) Then, during the next couple of weeks, the bottom unaccountably dropped out of the stock—it fell three and a quarter points on one day, and two and three-eighths on another, and by September 25th it was down to about 32—and history

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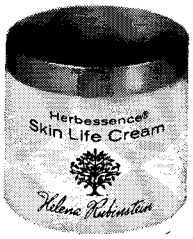

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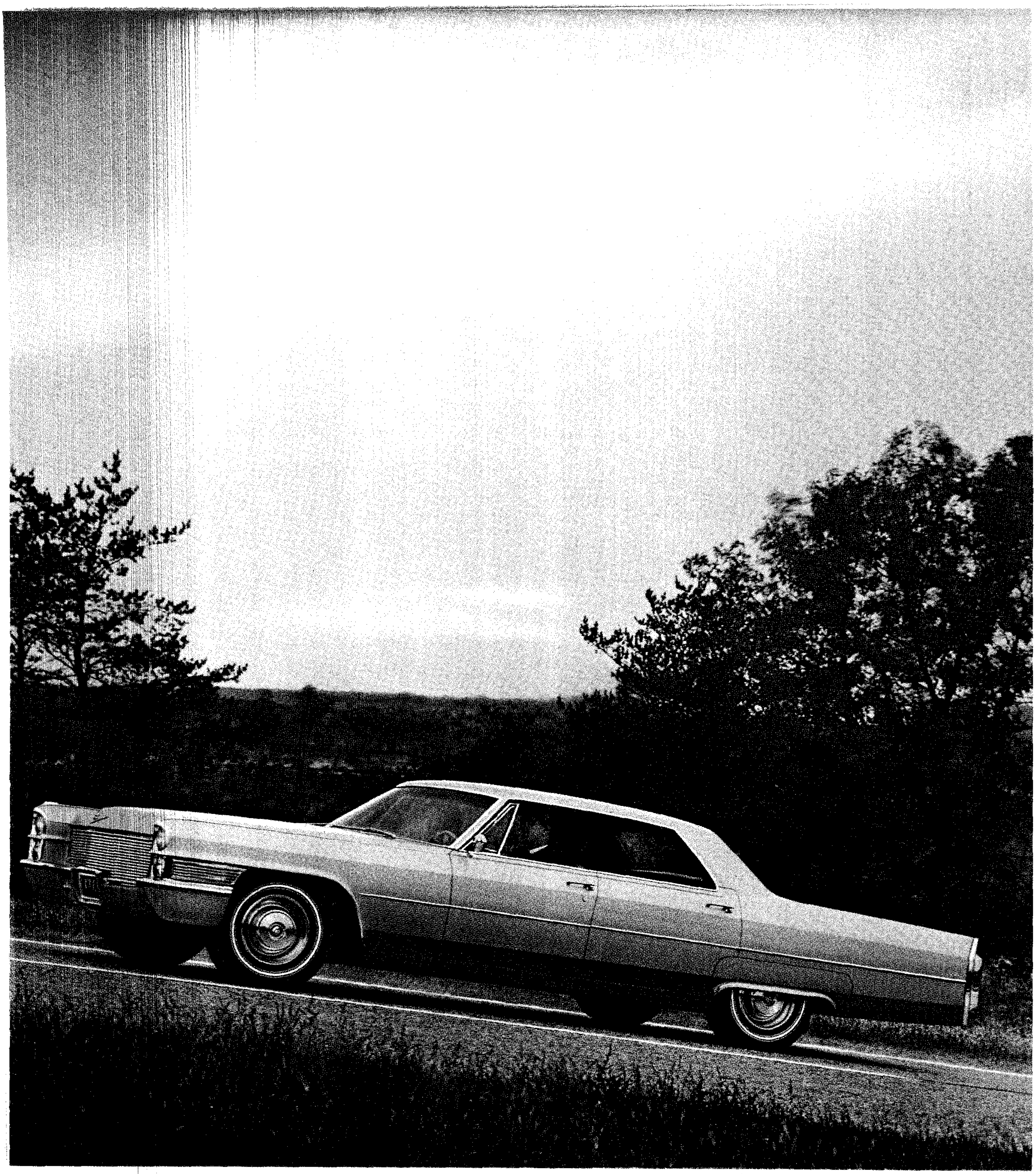
seemed to be finally getting around to repeating itself. Far from it. A new rally, as unaccountable as the decline, and far more vigorous, ensued. By Thanksgiving, Comsat had just reached 50 for the first time, and during December it went completely wild. For six consecutive days, it was the most actively traded stock on the Exchange, and on the sixth day it reached a peak of 71½. The Exchange management, fearing a modern South Sea Bubble, took various steps to discourage speculation in the stock, of which the most important was summarily forbidding all further trading in it on credit—a measure without precedent in the Exchange's history, as far as anyone could remember. Whether for that reason or for others, Comsat finally calmed down, finishing out 1964 at 53⅜, and spending early January hovering in the 50s. Meanwhile, nobody that I knew of was talking about the Ford parallel anymore.

WHY did rich, profitable Ford go down in 1956, and penniless, aspiring Comsat go up in 1964? For that matter, why were Comsat's castles in the air thought to be worth twenty dollars a throw in June and seventy in December? Seeking answers to these and related questions about Comsat, I consulted three oracles recently—one in Wall Street, one in Comsat's office in Washington, and one in a room with boarded-up windows in Springfield, Massachusetts. My Wall Street man was David K. Dodd, of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the renowned investment firm. Merrill Lynch had been head of the enormous syndicate—including practically every large brokerage house in the country—that had conducted the Comsat sale, and Dodd had been one of the Merrill Lynch men most concerned with marketing Comsat. In his opinion, he said, the Comsat issue had stirred up more excitement among investors than the Ford issue. Throughout the whole affair, he went on, Merrill Lynch had been haunted by fear that the Ford history of boom and bust was going to be repeated, and the first step in preventing this seemed to be to do everything possible to dampen the early enthusiasm—notably by making sure that all those discouraging things I had read in the prospectus got put there. "We considered that we had a responsibility to do a job of negative selling," Dodd said.

In addition to its negative selling, Merrill Lynch and its fellow-members of the syndicate had to help Comsat de-



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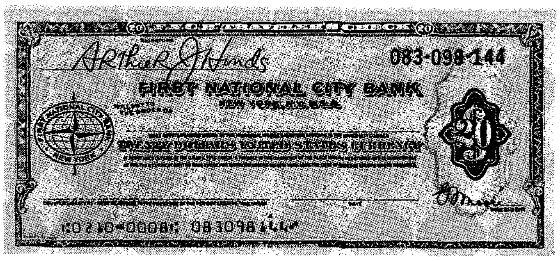

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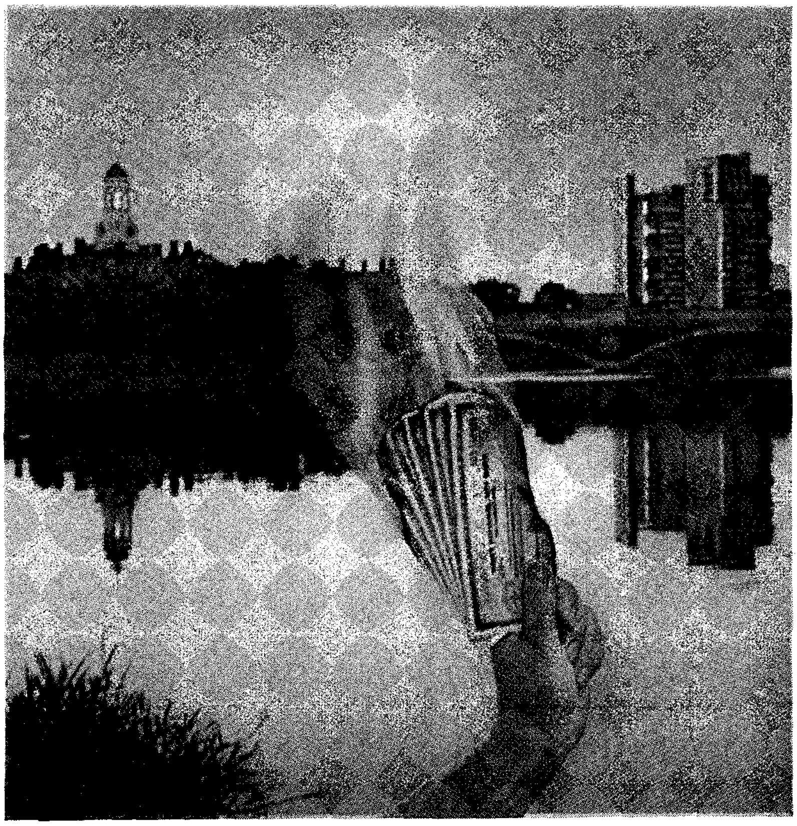

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Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation cide what price its stock should be sold at, and that posed an interesting problem. Ordinarily, Dodd pointed out, there are figures to serve as guidelines in the pricing of new stock, and of these probably the most important is net earnings (Ford, for example, had earned about eight dollars a share in 1955); one need only decide what multiple of earnings the stock ought to be sold at—the figure varies widely according to circumstances—and then multiply. But Comsat had no earnings and no prospect of them, so the inconvenient multiplicand in this case was zero. None of the other guidelines were present, either. The act authorizing Comsat decreed that the stock price was not to be above a hundred dollars, but also said that the stock was to have the widest possible distribution. All concerned quickly agreed that a price anywhere near a hundred dollars would be too steep for many potential investors. It was further agreed that five or ten dollars would be too low, because investors tend to associate stocks as cheap as that with rickety, insubstantial enterprises. As I understood the matter from Mr. Dodd, the collective wisdom of Merrill Lynch and its nationwide syndicate produced the proposition that if you want to market a stock of no specific or assignable value whatever, you should charge about twenty dollars a share for it. That evidently seemed like a reasonable conclusion to Comsat, because the company accepted the syndicate's recommendation. As to why Ford went down and Comsat up, Dodd said that nobody could answer for sure but that one reason seemed to be that the original buyers of Ford never intended to hold it permanently, while those of Comsat are putting it away in bank boxes, thereby reducing the supply available for trading and forcing the price up. Furthermore, he pointed out, the automobile industry as a whole had had a relatively poor year in 1956, right after the Ford stock was issued, while Comsat was free from that difficulty in 1964, since the communications-satellite industry wasn't having any kind of year at all.

THE industry, if it can be called that, is far from idle, though, as I found out when I talked by telephone with my Comsat man in Washington—Matthew Gordon, the firm's director of information. I asked him how Comsat the company, as distinguished from Comsat the stock, had been doing lately. For one thing, he replied, it had recently been through a move. Its original

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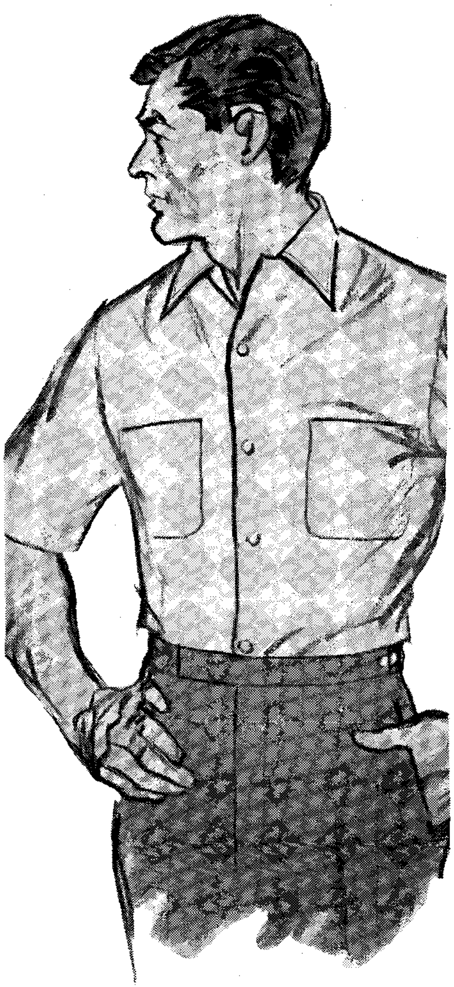

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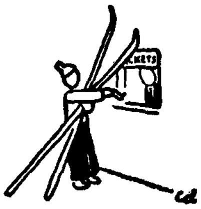
headquarters were at Tregaron, a twenty-two-acre estate in the Cleveland Park area of Washington that belongs to the heirs of the late Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. Most of Comsat's charter employees worked in the Georgian mansion that is Tregaron's main building, and the company's president, Dr. Joseph V. Charyk, held forth regally in what had formerly been the master bedroom—quarters a good deal less flyblown, it seemed to me, than the prospectus's phrase "leased premises" had managed to imply. In mid-October, Comsat's administrative and professional staff moved to more central, if less distinguished, offices that occupied three floors of a functional new office building at 1900 L Street, a couple of blocks from the Mayflower Hotel. A few months earlier, its engineering and technical headquarters had taken over a five-story building at 2100 L Street, which will eventually serve as a remote-control center for the launching of satellites. Since the prospectus was written, the company's employee roll had grown from seventy-nine to about a hundred and forty-five. Comsat's main administrative activities at the moment, I learned, consist of settling the many technical and financial problems raised by the establishment, in August, of an international communications-satellite consortium (the original fourteen members have since been joined by five others, including Vatican City, with more to come); of thrashing out the many legal questions, most of them without any precedent, that are involved in this job; and of negotiating contracts for the building of technical equipment. The company held its first annual meeting of stockholders on September 18th in the Sheraton Park Hotel, in Washington, when the communications-company stockholders and the individual stockholders separately elected incumbents for the six directorships to which each group is entitled under the Communications Satellite Act. Some fifteen hundred individual stockholders showed up, among them the familiar corporate gadflies Mrs. Wilma Soss and John Gilbert, who made Comsat feel at home among American companies by harassing its officers with hard questions. Somewhat later, President Johnson appointed, and got Senate approval of, the three directors *he* is entitled to, his men being Frederic Donner, chairman of the board of General Motors; George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.; and Clark Kerr, president of the University of California.



Operationally, Gordon said, Comsat's plans are proceeding well, and it has even taken part in one successful operation—the telecasting by satellite of the recent Olympic Games in Tokyo. The satellite used was Syncom III, which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had launched in August, and Comsat's role, in addition to arranging and coördinating the whole project, included improvising a temporary ground-station system—in particular, of arranging for the conversion of a naval base on the California coast into a satellite-relay system. Comsat did the job on a non-profit basis, its expenses being paid by various television companies, various European countries, and Japan. The pictures of the Olympics came over fine. More important, Comsat is working toward the launching this March of its own first satellite, which, it is hoped, will settle into an orbit that is synchronized with the earth's turning, thereby allowing it to remain over one spot—in this case, the North Atlantic, where it will provide two hundred and forty two-way telephone circuits between North America and Europe. These circuits are planned for commercial use—so Comsat may well have a certain amount of income in 1965, after all—but the launching will also be experimental, and one of the things Comsat hopes to learn from it is exactly how annoying that six-tenths-of-a-second time lag will be. According to Gordon, there should be very little trouble if the transatlantic talkers will only refrain from interrupting each other. Because this system will be Comsat's first effort, it has been nicknamed Early Bird; Gordon told me that in France, where the press is very much excited about it, it is called L'Oiseau Matinal. The fact remains, though, that nobody can say that the thing, by whatever name, will work, and the chances of its working are no better now than they were last June.

Before ringing off, I asked Mr. Gordon what the company had to say about the activity of its stock, and he replied, with what sounded like the barest trace of smugness, "The company keeps quiet on that subject."

ONE thing that has become clear from the course of Comsat gyrations in the market is that the stock has become a favorite plaything of in-and-out traders. One basis of its appeal to

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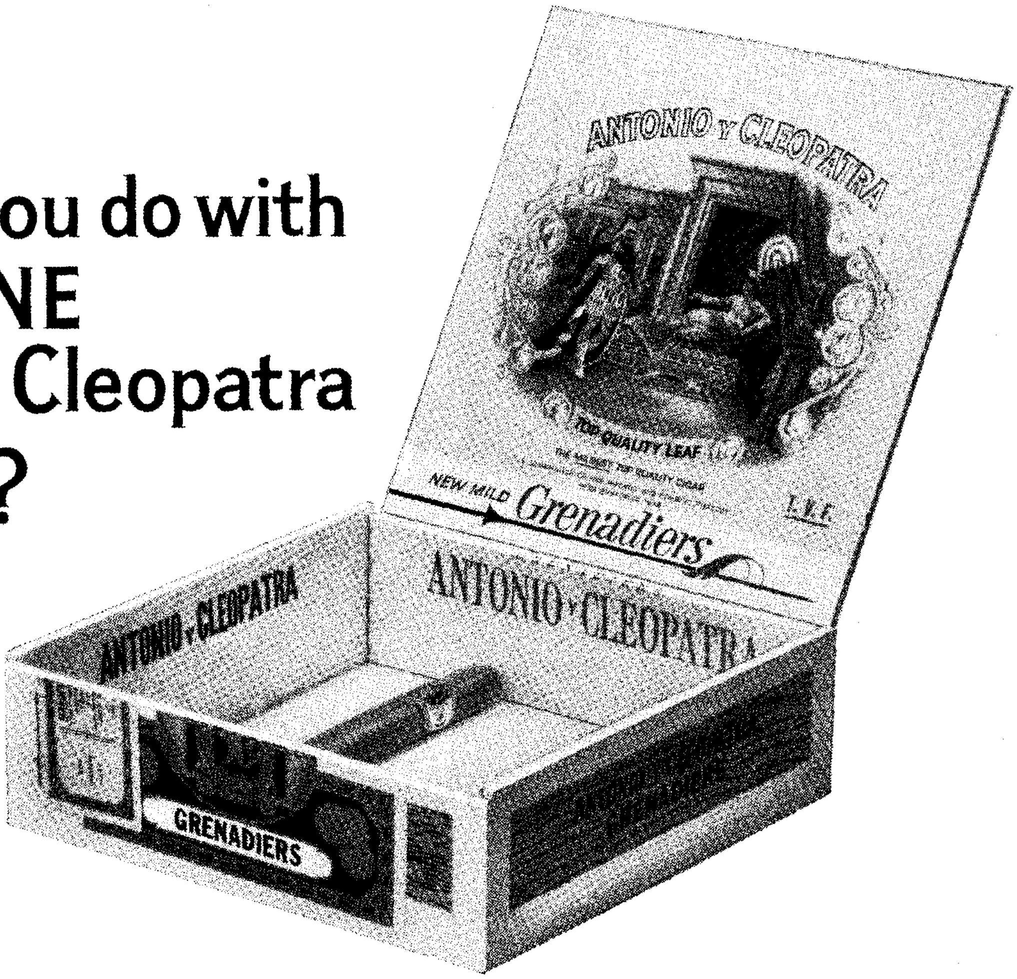
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them seems to be the fact that—apart from such evidence of progress as the formation of a consortium or the success of an Olympic telecast—there is really nothing much to know about the current condition of the company. Therefore, until something definite happens, the stock can be treated almost as an abstraction, like a counter in a game. Stocks of thriving companies like Ford make imperfect counters, because the companies may at any time announce, say, a sharp increase in income, or the prospect of such an increase, and announcements like this have the same sort of distracting effect on the game of speculation that the abrupt transformation of a bishop into a rook would have on a game of chess. The undistracted Comsat speculator is free to concentrate on the only clue he has to what the stock will do today and tomorrow; namely, what it did yesterday and the day before. He is merely trying to outguess the other players. When a lot of players guess the same way at the same time, of course, Comsat moves. Why, for example, did it drop three and an eighth points on September 9th? Or why did it rise three and five-eighths on November 16th? Or rise six and an eighth on December 14th and drop five and a half on December 17th? Or rise four and an eighth on January 12th? In none of these cases was there a readily visible reason, although brokers and financial writers, who always try to make Wall Street appear at least halfway sane, strove valiantly to provide explanations. (Some of the explanations may have had the opposite effect. The November 16th rise, for example, was accounted for on the ground that Comsat's president had just announced that the company expected to have a satellite system in operation by the end of 1967, which was precisely what the prospectus had said six months earlier. One broker attributed the January 12th runup to a newspaper item about the success of weather satellites, although Comsat has never expressed the slightest interest in weather satellites.) The most plausible explanation I have heard was given me by a Wall Street man I encountered in the course of my visit to Mr. Dodd. Comsat's current ups and downs, he said, are caused by human whim.

Among the stock market's leading abstractionists is John Magee, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who advises his clients by charting the day-to-day movements of various stocks on graph paper and then interpreting the portents contained in the resulting pictorial patterns—“flags,” “pennants,”

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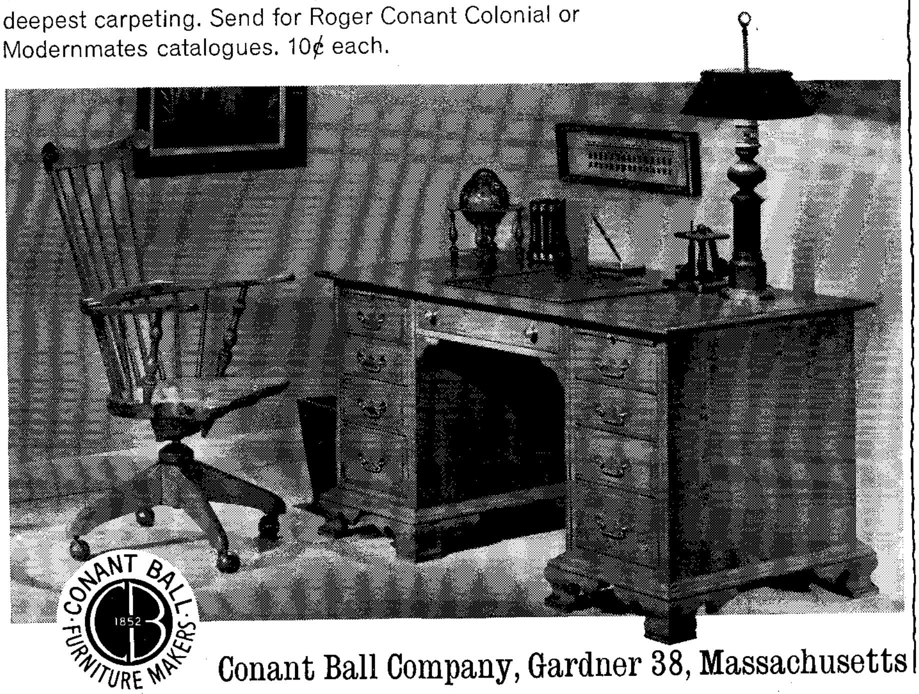

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"heads and shoulders," "cradles," and so on. Like other chartists, Magee feels that a stock's chart is a shadow portrait of it drawn by a sort of Invisible Hand, although by no means the same one that Adam Smith saw as the ruler of the free market place; again like other chartists, Magee trusts the shadow portrait implicitly and tries not to let himself be confused by what he calls fundamental information—sales, earnings, and the like. In fact, he keeps his office windows boarded up at all times so that no fundamental information can filter in from the Springfield streets. It occurred to me that to a chartist Comsat must be one of the least confusing stocks in existence, so the other afternoon I called up Magee to ask him what he thought of it. As a conversational preliminary, I made the mistake of asking him how the weather was up in western Massachusetts (he had no idea), and then I put my question. "No, I don't consider Comsat a perfect stock to chart," he replied. "It's true about the absence of fundamentals, but I think the Comsat chart pattern is distorted by the glamour inherent in the nature of the enterprise. It has too much sex appeal! I'm wary of it. However, I've been charting it, and its pattern during its first couple of months on the Stock Exchange comes out to an inverted head and shoulders, which is a promising sign."

Just why human whim should have traced an inverted head and shoulders on Mr. Magee's chart remains a mystery, even to him. If Comsat were planning to put a *man* in space, a non-chartist might be tempted to believe that the Invisible Hand was trying to describe the astronaut's return to earth. As things stand at the moment, however, the figure in the chart seems more likely to represent a cheerleader standing on his head in the elation of victory. —JOHN BROOKS

•

Last night the Weather Bureau reported flurries of snow at the Airport. Snow flurries also were seen in Homewood and in Vestavia where it was in the form of flakes.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.*

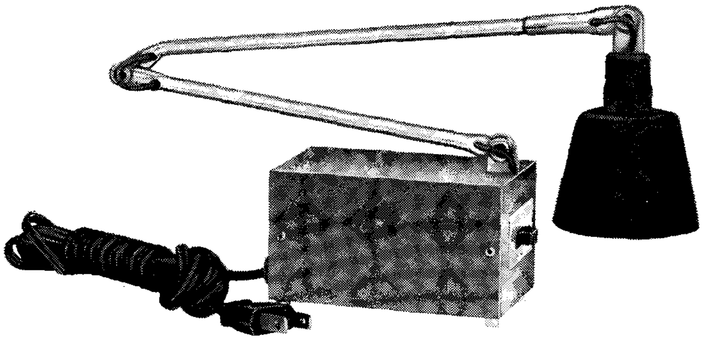
You should have seen the stuff at the Airport!

•

LIFE AMONG THE LIONS

[*From a bulletin distributed at a hotel in Palm Springs where the Lions were convened*]

Ladies Luncheon on Friday was attended by over 200. Marge Anderson gave the invocation in time to the Dixie Land music of the Pasadena Pep Band!



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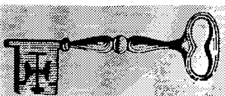
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK, NEW YORK,
DECEMBER 23, 1964

The Editors, *The New Yorker,*
SIRS:

I WAS delighted to read in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* that your Man in London had witnessed the first presentation in history of the Wheatley Medal. As you stated, this award is presented to the book that contains an index of outstanding quality. Indexes are too often overlooked, or looked over with a scholar's eye rather than with an eye for enjoyment. For years, I have been reading indexes with as much pleasure, when they are well written, as the books they are appended to. But my favorite index is that found in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." Its delights are wide-ranging. Here, taken from my copy of the thirteenth, and centennial, edition, is a poem:

Autumn dew, bright with
  evening—sadly descends the
  evenings. Long dark
  fruit fell like,
  in the misty morn,
  no richer gift has poured.
  Nodding o'er yellow plain,
  poets sing,
  shone like warmth.
  Some of us call it,
  that grew by reaping,
  trees. Sing from the
  winter and the spring.

This poem is part of the index under the heading of "Autumn," the only changes made by me being punctuation, capitalization, and the dropping of page numbers. The first three lines actually read:

Autumn dew, bright with, 471a
  evening, sadly descends the, 623a
  evenings, long dark, 569a

But one of the pleasures of reading Bartlett's index is the small exercise of the imagination such editing involves. That the index is set up to look like poetry is mere typographical coincidence. That the lines often sound like poetry is my own happy discovery:

Gorgeous as sun at midsummer,
  dyes mingled with its
  East.

Orange band of eve,
  bright like golden lamps,
  flower perfumes the bower,
  gold glows.

Not all the index is poetry, how-

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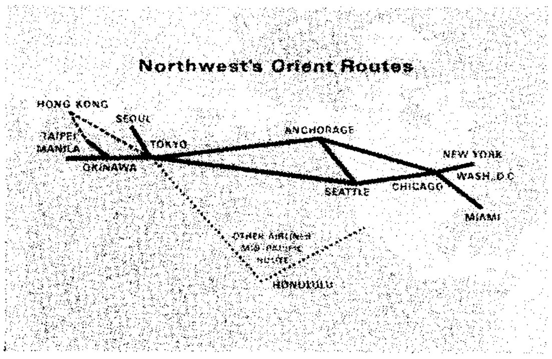
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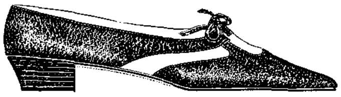

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ever. There is a good deal of wholesome advice:

> Ask and it shall be given,
> and learn
> and ye shall receive:
> for information,
> for reward,
> for what you wish you had not got.

And advice less than wholesome:

> Afford all that life can:
> good whiskey;
> more than people could—
> to go to Corinth;
> unnecessary luxuries.

There are even lines for those who are changing their brand of cigarettes:

> Baffled, betrayed and still,
> get up and begin again,
> talk not of genius—
> to fight, better.

Certain subjects seem to recur under various headings, although it well may be my eye, lighting on these topics, that gives them preponderance. Whatever the cause, drinking appears to be much mentioned:

> Babbitt, George F.,
> Babbled of green fields,
> Babbling drunkenness,
> gossip of the air.
>
> Raging beds of fire
> strong drink is.
>
> Quicker liquor is
> than their brains.

Laughter is a frequent subject, too. Oddly enough, the best description of this can be found under the heading "Awful":

> Awful, ain't it, Mabel,
> anything makes me laugh:
> cause magnificent and
> cheek; Louis of the
> darkness and silence reign;
> how goodness is;
> Jove young Phidias brought;
> passion insane and
> phantom of the hungry poor;
> rainbow once in heaven;
> ruins of others;
> warmth about my heart.

Throughout, a sense of humor emerges from the index. In a slur on poets:

> America, America,
> and defeat cannot rhyme.

In a reference to biological warfare:

> Ammunition; pass the
> Amoebas at the start.

In another, to politicians:

> trust no
> Agents of the people
> to Congress.

One day, out of curiosity, I decided to see what the index had done to familiar nursery rhymes. Great was my

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enjoyment of the unexpected changes in character and meaning, and, in one case, of a sage and tragic second line:

See-saw Margery Daw
Seeth not as man seeth,
Seething surge of love,
See-vility, a little.

Little Bo-Peep lost her sheep,
  Boy Blue,
  Boy Blue kissed them.

Sing a song of sixpence
  again with your dear voice.

This little pig went to market,
  no tomorrow hath.

I could go on indefinitely, rewriting old poetry, finding modern wisdom in ancient proverbs, but further work must be left to

Sleepless Eremite, nature's patient;
  nights, never so many.
  Soul that perished
  to give readers sleep.

Sincerely,
Maxine Hartman

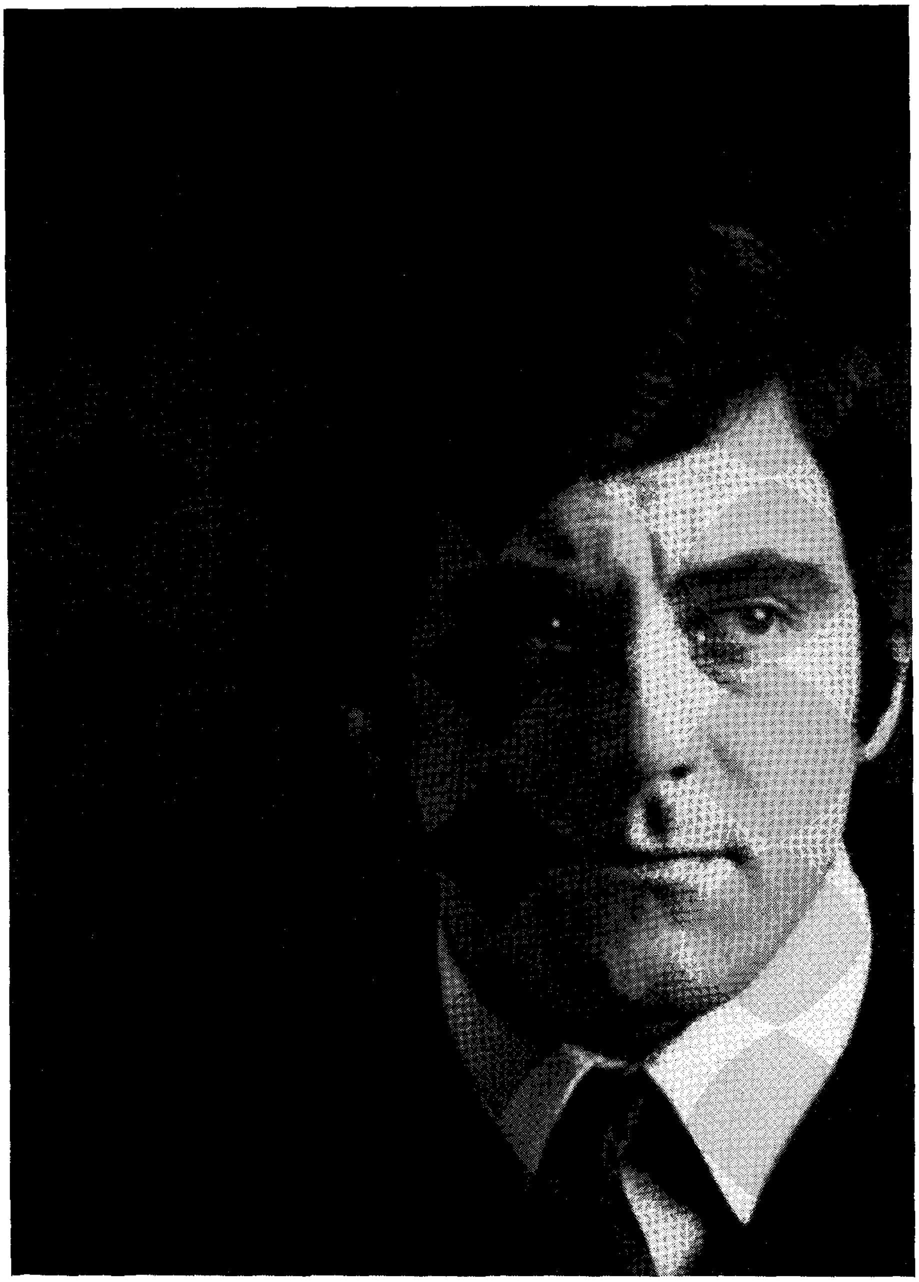
•

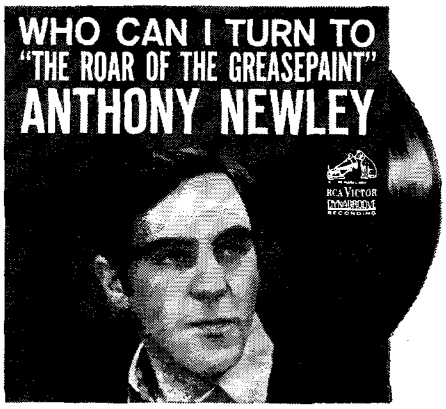
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the 1902 report of the Secretary of War, Elihu Root*]

The duties of such a body of officers [an administrative staff] can be illustrated by taking for example an invasion of Cuba, such as we were all thinking about a few years ago. It is easy for a President or a general acting under his direction to order that 50,000 or 100,000 men proceed to Cuba and capture Havana. To make an order which has any reasonable chance of being executed he must do a great deal more than that. He must determine how many men shall be sent and how they shall be divided among the different arms of the service, and how they shall be armed and equipped, and to do that he must get all the information possible about the defenses of the place to be captured and the strength and character and armament of the forces to be met. He must determine at what points and by what routes the place shall be approached, and at what points his troops shall land in Cuba; and for this purpose he must be informed about the various harbors of the island and the depth of their channels; what classes of vessels can enter them; what the facilities for landing are; how they are defended; the character of the roads leading from them to the place to be attacked; the character of the intervening country; how far it is healthful or unhealthful; what the climate is liable to be at the season of the proposed movement; the temper and sympathy of the inhabitants; the quantity and kind of supplies that can be obtained from the country; the extent to which transportation can be obtained, and a great variety of other things. . . .

It was the lack of such a body of men doing that kind of work which led to the confusion attending the Santiago expedition in the summer of 1898.





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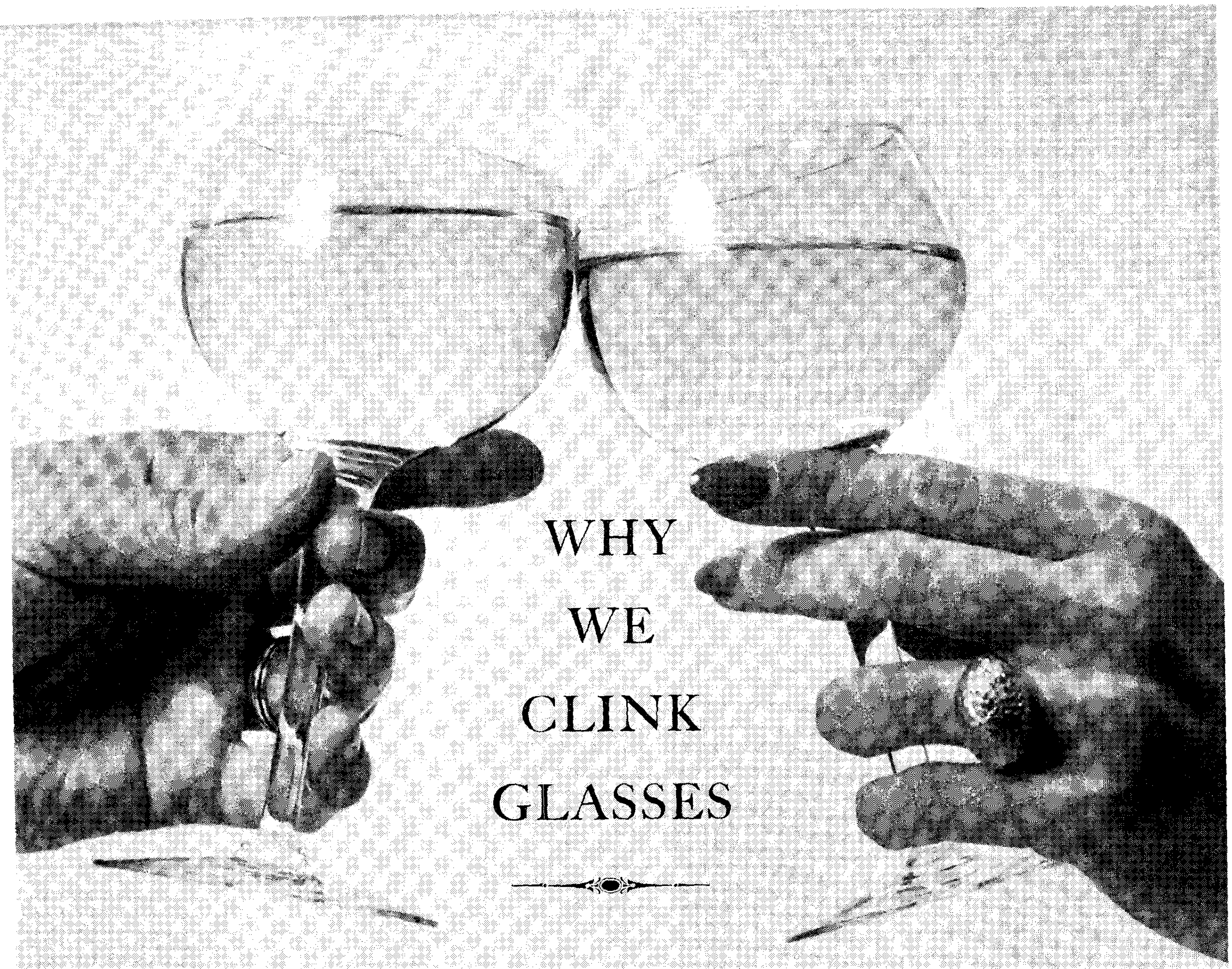
THE ART GALLERIES

Marcel Duchamp

THE large retrospective of works by Marcel Duchamp now at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery is certainly an event of prime importance, if only because it is, as far as I know, the first full-scale showing ever to be held in New York of a man who has become, in his own lifetime, almost a legendary figure (if a somewhat enigmatic one) in the field of modern art—enigmatic because of the myths that have grown up around him. The main myth, and the one that chiefly concerns us here, is the belief that he "gave up" art shortly after his *succès de scandale* in the Armory Show of 1913 with his ever-since famous "Nude Descending a Staircase." This, as the show demonstrates, is not true, for he did quite a lot of work after that—not the huge "action" paintings of the Abstract Expressionist school, or the "happenings" (as I've decided to call them) of the New Realists, or the elaborate concoctions of the pop men, but works that in many ways anticipated these developments, and in a quantity that most present-day artists would consider a sizable production. To my mind, the reason behind the myth is that Duchamp, a true sophisticate in the finest sense, and a model of urbanity, has always conveyed the impression that he has all the time in the world for dealing with everyone, and not a single care. Yet the very size of the showing—some hundred and twenty-five items, of which some thirty are scribblings, sketches, menu jottings, and other memorabilia, and the rest more or less major productions, all done between 1904 and 1963—in itself indicates that he hasn't wasted much time throughout his career.

Yet, as might be expected of any enterprise Duchamp is involved in, the exhibition is in several ways a puzzling affair. For if Duchamp did not give up art, he did give up painting, and this fact has been a hard one for me to swallow, since it is my deeply embedded belief that the true artist is desperately unhappy if he is not practicing his art. Worse, the show gives no clue to the processes by which he was converted—his background was fairly conventional—into first a participant in and then a leader of the whole Parisian Surrealist, avant-garde movement, if I may loosely call it such. (I do not think Duchamp was actually ever a card-carrying Surrealist, but he worked closely with André Breton, Max Ernst, and others who were.) I fear I must add to the confusion by saying that, after seeing this show, I came to a new opinion—that Duchamp was never truly a painter at all.

This compendious affair begins with a series of ink-and-wash or pen drawings, undated but probably done around 1905, and ends in 1963, with an ironic sketch called "Aimer Tes Héros." The fact that it falls so decisively into two completely different segments—one covering his conservative beginnings and the other, following immediately after, discovering him already deeply involved in Dadaist explorations—is disconcerting. The early drawings, I think, must be taken less as notations for future development in oils and more as direct observations of Paris street and café life. Note such pieces as "Cocher sur Siège," "Le Soldat Réserviste," and the spirited pen drawing of a top-hatted man straddling a stool ("Homme au Chapeau Haut-de-Forme"). Some, no doubt—in the typically French fashion that led the most serious artists, from Juan Gris and Georges Braque back to Toulouse-Lautrec and beyond, never to disdain doing posters, caricatures, and humorous drawings for magazines like *Le Rire*—were intended as magazine illustrations. (In this country, our artists tend to turn more to advertising.) All, especially if one considers his youth—Duchamp was still short of his twenties—are remarkably swift, lively, and confident in execution. At the same time, or soon after, we find him engaged in much more ambitious efforts, mostly oils, and these, though competent, seem at once more derivative and less assured. One might—with his youth in mind—ask, "Why not?" But for all that, something about the stylistic relations troubles me. What one sees is nineteenth-century French naturalism (Courbet and such) mixed with the dark ponderosity of the Munich school, the whole strained through a layer of Impressionism (I am thinking now of his "Maison en Forêt," "Portrait d'Yvonne Duchamp," both dated 1907, and the even more Impressionist "Clémence," a portrait study done in 1910), and though many of his works—including these three—are quite handsome, there is in them what



WHY WE CLINK GLASSES

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Now, as to why people clink glasses before they drink wine. We have recently learned that it was the Greeks who started it, which came as somewhat of a surprise since we had never thought of there even *being* glasses that long ago. Perhaps it was goblets?

In any event, they started the custom for an appealing, attractive, and symmetrical reason: so that the drinking of wine would satisfy *all* the senses.

The flavor of wine satisfies the taste, the bouquet of wine pleases the nose, the limpid color of wine entrances the eye, and the feel of wine on the tongue fulfills the touch. Only the ear is left unappeased.

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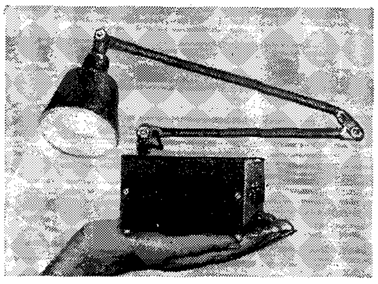
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I can describe only as a lack of conviction, which robs them of much authority; and though his work grows greatly in technical adroitness in the next few years, the feeling of basic uncertainty persists. Oddly, too, apart from a possibly Fauve-inspired tendency toward brighter color (see "Deux Nus" and "Femme Nue Assise"), the work remains surprisingly—considering his later development—conservative, and it is not until "Le Printemps, ou Jeune Homme et Jeune Fille dans le Printemps" and the charming, misty "À Propos de Jeune Sœur," both of 1911 and both featuring Cubist distortions, that one gets any hint that Duchamp is much interested in contemporary modernist experiments.

It is here that the break I have spoken of occurs. For only a couple of years later, all hell broke loose, first with the revolutionary and scandal-making "Nude Descending a Staircase" and next with the flood of experiments in a dozen other directions with which he occupied himself from then on. The fact that the collection offers no explanation for the change may be the artist's fault, for Duchamp is famous for discarding, losing, or giving away his creations. It could, on the other hand, be the fault of the selection. At any rate, the gap is troubling, for the turnabout must be one of the most abrupt in all art history.

So we come to another puzzle, and here I must again revise my opinion, to make it read not that Duchamp never *was* a painter but that he suddenly discovered, when he came into contact with the emergent Dadaists and other modernists, that he *didn't have to paint* to be an artist. I advance this brash solution with the utmost tentativeness, for it concerns a man whose works and—still more—whose influence I greatly admire, and who is one of the most powerful and original forces in modern art. But I stand by this final judgment, and I have an idea that Duchamp may even have felt a certain sense of liberation because of this putative discovery. He came from a painting family, and—as though he belonged to one of the painting families of the Renaissance—he may have accepted painting as his marked-out vocation. But enough of psychoanalyzing. The main fact is that, without any transition perceptible in the exhibition, there is a complete *bouleversement* in the quality, character, and most especially confidence and daring of the work, and it is worth pointing out that the direction of the change is all toward the literary, as against the pictorial. It is no accident,

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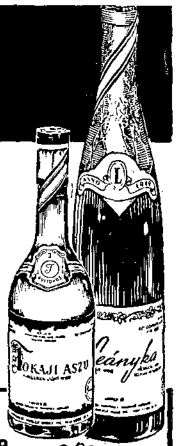

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I'd say, that one of the first acts of his new life was to paint a beard and a mustache on a photograph of the "Mona Lisa," to exhibit it under the rather arcane title "L.H.O.O.Q.," and to have it notarized, on the back, as an "original" Marcel Duchamp.

The rest, not to coin a phrase, is history, and history of a peculiarly engaging sort, for it appears that Duchamp also discovered, along with his fellow-Dadaists, that practicing art can be fun. There followed, anyway, a spate of inventions, and the second segment of the exhibit is as notable for its venturesomeness as the first is for the absence of it. In general, the inventions divide into two main categories—an attempt to divorce art from handiwork and sheer technique (Duchamp, I believe, maintains that anyone with diligence can learn to paint or draw with complete fidelity to the object; witness even the average commercial artist), and, second, a venture into punning and word play, pictorial and otherwise. In the first group are such pieces as the famous hatrack and bicycle wheel, presented as is, and the bottle of perfume whose label has been changed—or "assisted," as Duchamp called his tinkering with the original—to read "Belle Haleine." In the second group, a larger one, are such contrivances as the plaque reading "A Guest+A Host=A Ghost," a rather macabre notion, and (what must have delighted Duchamp, considering his respect for the poet Guillaume Apollinaire) the "corrected" advertisement for a popular enamel called Sapolin that reads "Apolinère Enameled"—a little girl showing how easy Sapolin is to apply by touching up a bedstead.

Though, as I have pointed out, Duchamp's output has been considerable, he has seemingly been content to retreat from professional to amateur status and, latterly, even to that of onlooker. But, like the champion skier, or "forerunner," in slalom races who sets the course down the run ahead of the others and then waits, an onlooker, at the finish to see how they make it, what a pacemaker he has been!

—Robert M. Coates

•

Gleason's character was formed in a poverty-run boyhood . . . and an affection-starved adolescence. . . . Out of that flesh grew benign tumors of driving energy and unsatisfied appetite that stuck to his psyche and swelled into a galloping disease that at once blights and regenerates him.—*TV Guide.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

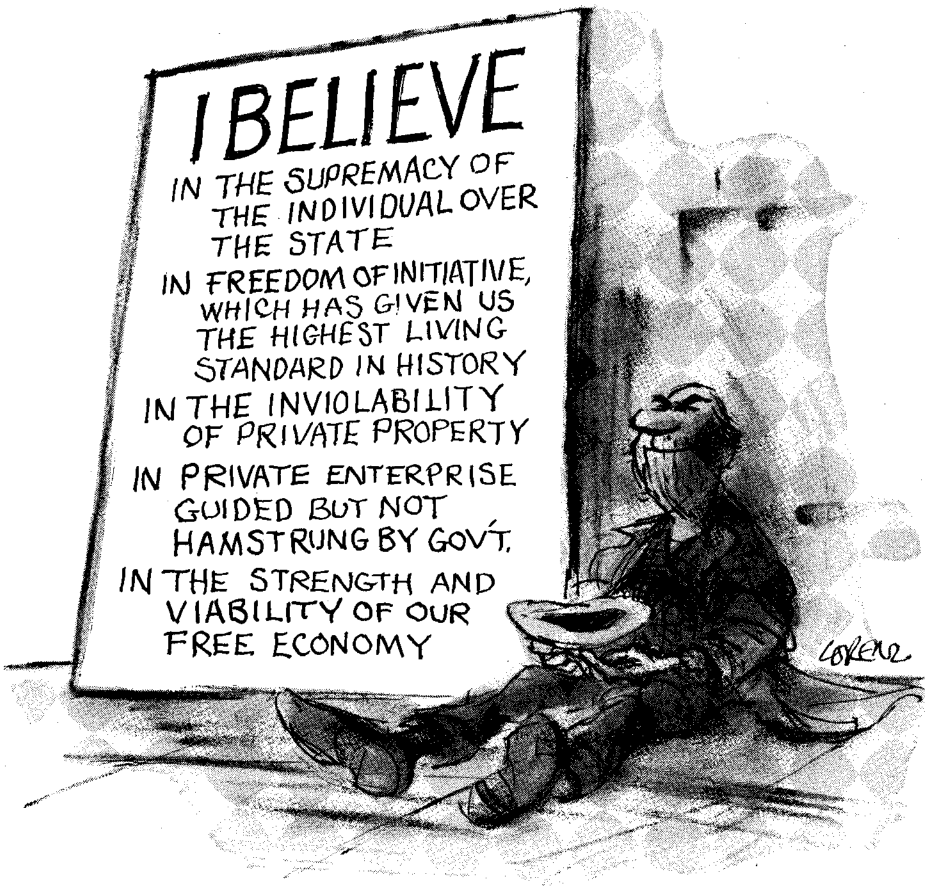
THE spirit of tatterdemalion still dominates the resort and cruise clothes around town, because the instant the hot sun strikes the skull you are supposed to fling yourself about in the most abandoned way. Not that this situation is extraordinary; it has been known for some time that American women, led on by the Italians, insist that their clothes be easy enough to permit a certain amount of sprawling even in fashionable salons. The straight shift and the all-concealing muu-muu are continuing rages, but there is now a curvier aspect to them; Pucci is getting less blocky, and even Lilly, too. The knits (the best of them, anyway) mold the body much more snugly than the sacks of yesteryear. In the conglomeration of items I have seen, a few other facts are apparent. One paranoid notion is that you must be in the skimpiest of bikinis or else be so well covered that Louisa May Alcott would approve. (Saks Fifth owns the primmest possible dress, by Josef, a newcomer to me. It has a round neck, and a row of round white buttons fastened on loops goes as far as the floor; $75. It's in fine-striped navy-and-white cotton, and a ruffle four inches deep appears at the end of the sleeves. A matching bikini, at $36, counteracts this sedateness, though.) Another fact is that, skirt lengths being what they are, a beach shift can easily pass as a cocktail dress, and a so-called beach robe (if it is something like a flowered cotton) can get by on hot formal evenings. So, as usual, you don't know what department to visit when you're shopping. A further fact is that the whole world has taken on the American shirtwaist dress, and that we, in turn, have taken happily to the timeless look of the mandarin and sari lines and other shapes that, beautifully made, can become heirloom pieces as easily as wedding gowns used to. Lord & Taylor, to pinpoint one institution, is a firm believer in collector's-item dresses, particularly the hand-embroidered beauties by Lydia de Roma.

Otherwise, it appears that everything must be flexible: toppers go over slacks or pleated Arnel skirts and act as cover-ups for bikinis—things like that. (What Decisions women have to make these days when they go upstairs to change—what to put together with what? Casualness can be the death of us all.) And something that interests me as much as anything in this small world (the fashion one, I mean) is that the buyers for the best shops have hurled themselves into the *big* world and ferreted out far more overseas designing talent than I ever thought existed. (All to themselves is how they keep their discoveries, though; secrecy is, they feel, the best policy.) I had always believed that Italy was a fairly small country, but it seems to have thousands of absolutely inspired artisans, and I had assumed that Switzerland was even smaller, but just look at *its* ingenuity!

Well, let us get along to bathing suits and their imitators. A firm called Silhouette (English, to my surprise) decided last year to make a black Helanca bikini completely unthinkable by joining its two meagre strips with black fish net—the rib bone connected to the hipbone. This year, Cole of California has been at work on the idea, and now we have a bikini whose bra and pants, though generally in black, actually show up in nude at Lord & Taylor; $24. An infinitely more subtle rendition of this idea of making bathing suits opaque only at hips and bosom and transparent everywhere in between is Sacony's deal, which is at Saks Fifth Avenue and nowhere else. Its snowy-white popcorn fabric (it *looks* like wool) is just a little bit transparent down its long torso. It's quite a deal, at that, for $28. And all over town are one-piece suits with cutouts in the most astonishing places—notably, long, oval apertures starting between the breasts and opening wider below. (They *are* caught in here and there, though.) Trico, at Lord & Taylor, is one who goes in for this. Be it noted that wherever you have a charge account, there are bikinis and bikinis and bikinis for the exposure of your alabaster pelt. Still (comforting thought!), the trim, stretchable one-piece suit (sometimes actually with a little skirt front) is prevalent, even in these days of ten million Bardot figures.

Come to think of it, since our buyers have signed up so much of all that talent in foreign lands to design for only one shop or another, sweeping generalizations (except the ones I have just made) are next to impossible, so we will now do a run-through of what the shops have adopted as their specialties:

LORD & TAYLOR has—on the fifth floor—some marvellous knits from Maljana of Italy, the knit neither clingy nor heavy but all-year-round stuff, with geometric patterns, usually in fine double lines, knitted *in* instead of appliquéd. (This is hard to do.) There's lots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of buttercup yellow with black, or of white with black, as in a shift with a black downward double line swerving inward at the waist to make it look curvy; the box jacket that accompanies it is part of the $100. Small yellow checks in zigzag diagonals are on another dress, this time sleeveless and unjacketed; $65. One more yellow knit has tiny black stripes across the waist, and these widen into black diamonds at the sides—very whittling for the figure; $75. The same idea is also here in white with black. From Bangkok, there are enchanting little hand-blocked cottons. One makes an Empire dress whose short-sleeved top has thin vertical gold stripes; its gathered skirt is covered with garlands. This, whose prevailing hue is purple, is $30, and real demure-Oriental in appearance. There are also shifts; one, in a big checkerboard pattern, has floral motifs in the centers of the squares. And there's a great all-purpose summer coat, at $50, to be worn with plain-colored cotton or linen dresses of almost any hue. It's of a fairly heavy hand-woven, hand-blocked cotton, and it is cut in a sort of mandarin style. The colors are a mélange of pinks, purples, and dull oranges. Teak buttons descend it all the way to the hem, and this makes it eligible as a coat dress. A simple shift can go along. (Which reminds me that Donald Brooks has created, for Bendel alone, another goes-over-everything coat, of heavy cotton, in an overall print of orange, Shocking, lavender, and dear knows what, plus touches of black; $125.) Meanwhile, back again at Lord & Taylor, Lydia de Roma is specializing in dresses with hand embroidery—nice and fat embroidery, too. One of my favorite Lydias is a shirtwaist job in crinkled white cotton crêpe with stiff green embroidered leaves and formal orange daisies going out at right angles from the shirtband; $60. Another is of white bird's-eye piqué—an Empire waist, an A-line skirt, and embroidered red and pink roses. The Lilly dresses, a wow in both Palm Beach and Southampton, are still an amazement to me. Here they are in new guise—say, in hand-blocked yellow-and-white cotton with a triple row of ruffles at the bottom of the A-line skirt, at $55, or in a turquoise print plus flashes of Shocking pink, this time with the flutter at the *neck*, in the form of overlapping deep petals, at $30. The Shocking cotton lining shows in the armholes and at the hem. Beautifully finished inside, too, but I still don't get all the hubbub about this sort of stuff. This is De-

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Other programs of special interest in February:

Concert in Pantomime
Red Skelton and Marcel Marceau perform entirely in pantomime and feature *Pinocchio*.
Tuesday, February 2 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Preview–Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Backstage view of new Anthony Newley musical and a look behind the scenes of a Kim Novak movie.
Thursday, February 4 (10-11 PM)

FDR
Documentary series devoted to Presidential years of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. With Charlton Heston and Arthur Kennedy.
Fridays, February 5, 12, 26 (9:30-10 PM)

Prophetic Voices of the Old Testament
Part One in a series of thirteen illustrated lectures by Dr. Hagen Staack of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania.
Sunday, February 7 (1:30-2 PM)

The Twentieth Century
The Sailing Oystermen; Heartbreak Country: Italy's South; Siege at Leningrad; The Farmer: Feast or Famine. Walter Cronkite narrates.
Sundays, February 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 PM)

White Paper: The Oswald Case
Chet Huntley narrates investigation of President Kennedy's assassination.
Tuesday, February 9 (10-11 PM)

The Way Out Men
Documents the story of scientists at work on projects that will affect one's future.
Saturday, February 13 (8:30-9:30 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Observes 100th anniversary of Finnish composer Jean Sibelius. Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Friday, February 19 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Who Has Seen the Wind?
Drama about the United Nations, starring Maria Schell, Theodore Bikel and Edward G. Robinson.
Friday, February 19 (9:30-11 PM)

Children's Theatre: Return to Oz
Features drama based on Oz tales.
Sunday, February 21 (5:30-6:30 PM)

Cinderella
Rodgers & Hammerstein musical in a new production, with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm and Lesley Warren.
Monday, February 22 (8:30-10 PM)

I, Leonardo DaVinci
DaVinci's life story and influence on the intellectual history of the Western world. With Fredric March.
Tuesday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

Lewis and Clark
Commemorating and recreating the historic expedition of 1804-06 that opened up the Northwest.
Tuesday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

The Restless Sea
Special science program on oceanography.
Friday, February 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Inger Stevens in Sweden
The actress personally conducts viewers on a tour of her native land.
Friday, February 26 (8-9 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Mondays: CBS Reports

Tuesdays: That Was the Week That Was/Telephone Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Scope

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Directions/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Alumni Fun/Science All-Stars/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/World War I/Profiles in Courage/Walt Disney

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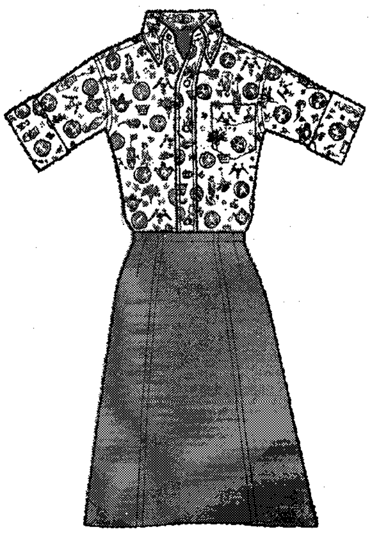

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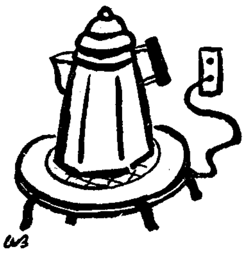
sign? L. & T. were early discoverers of Pucci (*him* I understand), and here he is again (Saks Fifth is another addict), with sheaths more willowy in line and a new collar—little points well to each side of a generally straight neckline. We can always assume that he will have wild prints; the latest are panel prints in an African design that looks like primitive plumage, and it is worked so cleverly that the plumes seem to spiral around your figure. He is using new (for him) fabrics—cotton crêpe, for short-sleeved casual dresses, at $75, or very thin wool jersey, year-round stuff, in allover block designs, for dresses with long sleeves, at $135, or a marvellous kitten-face cashmere jersey (part nylon and wool, but mainly cashmere) in that African design, at $150, or in more sedate small patterns for still other things. There is also the familiar silk matte jersey in black as well as in block patterns. I might add, though, that I'm getting a bit weary of Pucci block patterns; some of them now look, for me, too contrived.

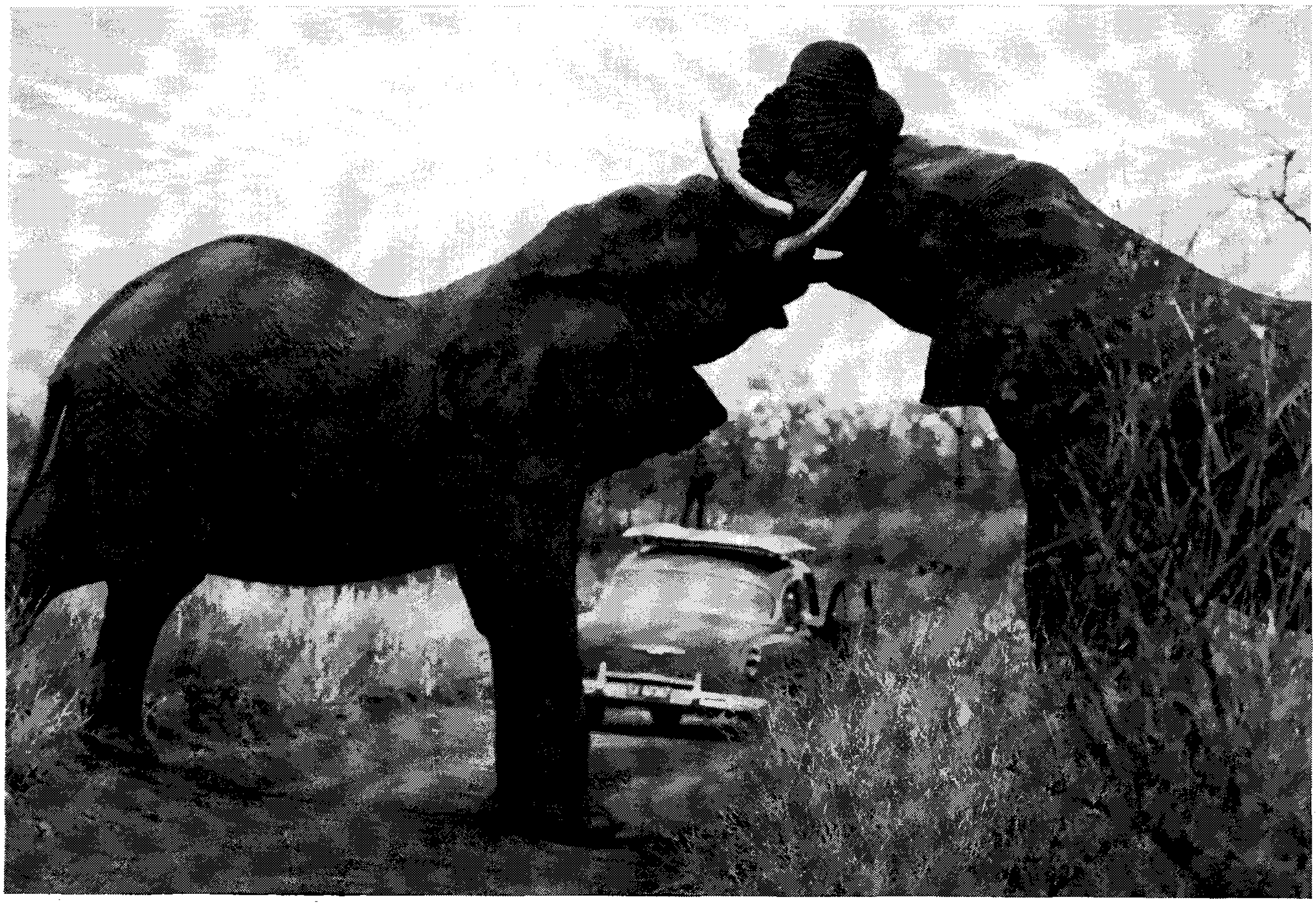
The buyer for the sports separates, on the same floor, must for years have been in cahoots with the dress buyer, for the sports division has plenty of Pucci pullovers (one in the magnificent thin cashmere I just raved about), Pucci slacks, and all the rest, including (now) Pucci's imperious burnoose in that African-plumage print. It also has Lydia de Roma's cotton separates, some of them in a morning-trousers gray stripe, including short shorts, big skirts, and dresses with an embroidered high-waisted top. The sports department likewise harbors the work of Trico, who makes tricot (there's a pun here somewhere) separates—really tapered pants, say, and a tunic, both of olive knit, with pink inside the deep inverted pleat on the front of the skirt and a pink standup collar that has an olive edge. But the big, and inexpensive, hurly-burly around here is the bandannas, more like Naples than rodeo, but cotton bandannas, nevertheless—green and yellow, black and white; I almost said all that jazz. They make bikinis, shoes, gob hats, floppy hats, handbags (including a padded square for sitting that can be gathered up on rings into a real hobo knapsack deal), and all the rest. The bikini is $15, but prices go way down to $1.50 in the assortment.



ALTMAN's Resort Shop is now all by itself, on the sixth floor, and one of its chortles is the work Gregg Draddy has done on something he calls Sassies. These come in many variations and cost around $25 for cotton and $40 for silk. In essence, they are tunic tops of a length he calls Knee Ticklers. (All right—*again*, what department do you go to, with skirts as short as they are?) The tunics have anywhere from one to four slashes at the base, to display the Jamaica shorts that accompany them, sometimes matching and sometimes contrasting. One is shown in a rayon-and-cotton mixture, the tunic yellow and the small cowl neck matching the pastel-printed shorts. Another is all of white Arnel sharkskin. I love the look. Then, David Crystal has done shaped shifts called Dozies (he's been listening to too many TV commercials) in brilliant border-print cottons so worked that they seem seamless. They ascend from a terribly busy hem to a more subdued print top or even a plain one; $25.

DONALD BROOKS aficionados can find special items at Bendel from his final collection for Townley. There are H-shaped sleeveless linen dresses with round necks and wide H-bar detail across the waist in front. They have a panel below this waistband, and deep pleats occur at each side, front and back. These dresses are $110, and among the colors are marigold, lavender, and coral. The group also includes linens with a flash of contrasting color inside the deep inverted pleat down the front of the skirt, like coral with lavender or yellow with deep pink. These, too, are sleeveless and $110. All this is on the fourth floor.

In Cachet, a Bendel operation full of resort clothes, on the third floor, there are flaring beach shifts, notably the ones by Robert Sloan in a beige linen that looks a bit like soft burlap; $25. Rudi Gernreich does a perfect all-purpose dress in linen, with a mandarin collar and an inverted pleat stitched down to just under the high bustline before it flares outward. This comes in gold, mauve-pink, or an odd green; $100. Bendel also treasures bathing suits produced by Roxanne from designs by Bill Blass, including an ersatz-silk knit in a floral design, all yellows and oranges, that has a tiny bottom, a tiny bra, and a side-wrapped sarong. It's $22 for the suit and $16 for the skirt, if that is what the thing can be called. This department has bunches of French bikinis in plaid or otherwise-patterned cottons, and some of dotted Swiss in



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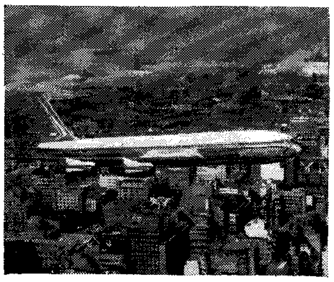

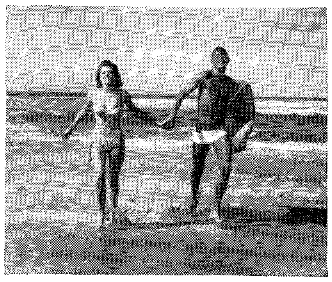

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brown and white. Their infinitesimal panties are slit up the sides to the hips. Then, in a rockabye vein, comes Catalina's white two-piece suit of knit that resembles a baby's blanket and is trimmed with pink crocheted scalloped edges and tassels wherever there is an edge to decorate. This is $18; the cover-up camisole that can go along is $10. A more conventional bathing suit (in contour, that is) is Harbor Road's one-piece in a stretch sort of faille in royal and white—polka-dotted top, vertically striped midriff, and plain-blue briefest of briefs. Furthermore, Bendel's own "little" Italian designer contributes resort dresses of fine-weave lightweight wool with a slightly pebbly surface and appliqué baroque scrolls; the color scheme can be two hues of red. With full, below-elbow sleeves, they are $115; they are $75 sleeveless. And hostesses with culotte fixations should love a full, circular one here from Chloe in cream wool lace, street length (whatever *that* is by now); it's $125.

SOMEWHERE on Bloomingdale's third floor (well, in the Town and Country Shop or in Sutton Place), a woman should be able to find whatever her heart is seeking. Such as Rudi Gernreich's dress in beige linen with lacy, embroidered up-and-down panels beside the shirtwaist closing, or Nan Herzingler's dress of white ribbed rayon with a low-slung Norfolk belt and a sharp turnover collar (this is $55), or Ūlla's perfect $40 shift dress of Moygashel linen, the oval neck threaded through brass rings like the ones on café curtains. Curtain rings are also involved in Ūlla's bare-midriff dresses of the same linen. Then there is a great all-purpose travelling-uniform dress, this one from Wilroy, in printed Arnel jersey. Stick it in your handbag or coat pocket when you journey, and just give it one good shake to iron it. It is in white polka dots on a choice of background colors. In essence, it's a long pullover and a matching skirt in pleats an inch and a quarter wide; $30 for a set. Other dresses of this dependable type may come in a black-and-white plaid or in a beige giraffey print on white, or in black with massed small-to-large white polka dots. In each case, the top ends well below the hips.

I WAS talking about Ūlla's curtain rings a minute ago, but *look* at what Ohrbach's mechanics are doing with industrial zippers: bright, brassy, arrogant ones that have big brass rings—three-quarters of an inch across—at

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"JEAN KERR's **Poor Richard** is a thoroughly delightful comedy." —RICHARD WATTS Jr., N. Y. Post
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the top, for yanking. There are white twill pants with a zipper going from the hipbone to the outside of the anklebone, and zippered shifts with navy denim tops and patchwork skirts, and zippered denim shifts with red bandanna linings. Other denim dresses use such zippers to fasten up a deep inverted pleat on the front of a skirt when you don't feel like having an A line there, and there are madras culottes that can be zipped up into skirt formation. And the zippers make slanting pocket closings in front of the hips of stretch denim pants. Prices range from $4.99 (the denim pants) to $11.90 (the denim dresses with the zip-up pleat). Nowhere can you find better contemporary style at such prices. Violently printed Pucci-type nylon jersey overblouses are $3.99, to prove the point. There are long, narrow beach robes, some of yellow terry with a cowl neck, at $11.99, as well as a monk's robe of green, rose, or white terry with a cowl neck and big sleeves elasticized at the wrists, for $14.99, a price that includes the requisite rope belt, and (this could be worn to a fairly dressy patio party) a long dress of polished printed cotton from Hawaii with multicolored triangles as décor, for $10.99. The reversible knee-length shifts here should have many functions. Their wide belts are placed very low, but above the high slits at the side; to name one variant, a shift of cotton in navy and white with a red-and-white polka-dot lining. Jamaica shorts, likewise reversible, go along with them; $10 all told. Among the other reversibles are Nehru tunics and slacks to match in polished cottons with stripes of brocade flowers. Tops are $7.99, slacks are $10.99. There are lots of those "poor-girl" sweaters, showing the maximum of bare midriff, but they *do* have long sleeves. Vertically ribbed wool knit is the ingredient; $9. Next we come to sweatshirts of Swiss cotton-and-rayon velours (Ohrbach's buyers range as widely as anybody's), with long sleeves and easy cowl necks. Swiss cotton velours makes smashing long pullovers printed in squares that are ten inches across. They appear in such arrangements as orange and Kelly and white, or dark green, Shocking, and white (plain backs, though), and they can be tossed over cotton velours bathing suits or stretch twill trousers. Almost all of them are in the Resort Shop, on the second floor. As are quantities of Mod cotton dresses, several with That Ruffle at the bottom; some have short-waisted tops of blue denim, with plaid madras below and a denim head scarf, and some have little white

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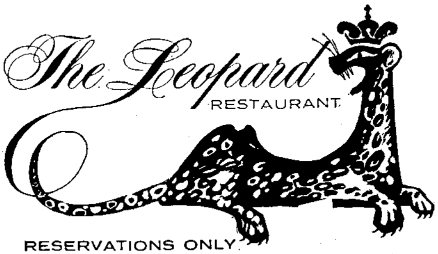

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Mod collars. These run from $6.99 to $10.99.

UP at Saks Fifth Avenue (and up in price as well), the bathing-suit department teems with Tina Leser bikinis in a Dacron-and-cotton mosaic print (mauve, grass green, bright blue, and white), at $25, to say nothing of some new pants ideas of hers, very circular in the leg but then caught in with ankle sashes to give them an air of harem pants. Tori Richard, from Hawaii, is present with a nylon resembling a heavily ribbed cotton, which makes a sleeveless beach shift, at $28, and also a one-piece princesse "Flower Drum" bathing suit with spaghetti string straps. Big pink flowers on a black ground is the idea. Elisabeth Stewart, one of the most feminine of beach designers, stars with an ensemble in white Swiss cotton, all stitched and horizontally pleated. The bathing suit has a one-inch charcoal band around the hips and two up-and-down pleated ruffles below, and the pullover top has five charcoal buttons; $60 for the outfit, including a hat. She does highly female shifts of the same pleated cotton, with a slip beneath; $50. The fondness for knits among people who tend to take off suddenly on flights or cruises is unabated, and people who stay home love them, too. Saks Fifth is, with reason, proud of its hand-knits—loads in stock, and many, many swatches for special order in special sizes or special color combinations. There are tweedy hand-crocheted ribbon things, one of them combining black, taupe, and white; $265 for a straight skirt and jacket with solid-color trim. And there is stuff in hand-*knit* ribbon combining, let's say, fuchsia and black; $275. Even kookier offerings: curvy dresses by Peter Picard of a hand-loomed wool that looks just like hand-purling, with actually hand-crocheted frilly edges—in bright yellow with orange trim on the V neck, front and back, and at the base, or in pink with white and Shocking trim at neck and hem. These are $70 and $80, respectively.

THE bathing suits at Bonwit Teller are often Swiss, and of Helanca. The one-piecers have elasticized waistlines and drawstring necks, in a number of schemes, among them Dalmatian spots on white. This one is $28. And there are plenty of black-and-white striped or checked bikinis, too, at $25 and $30. Bonwit harbors a quantity of chiffonlike nylon sheers that I simply do not believe would look right in the great sandy outdoors, though

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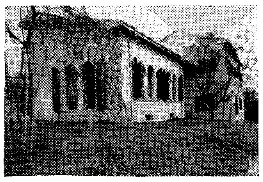

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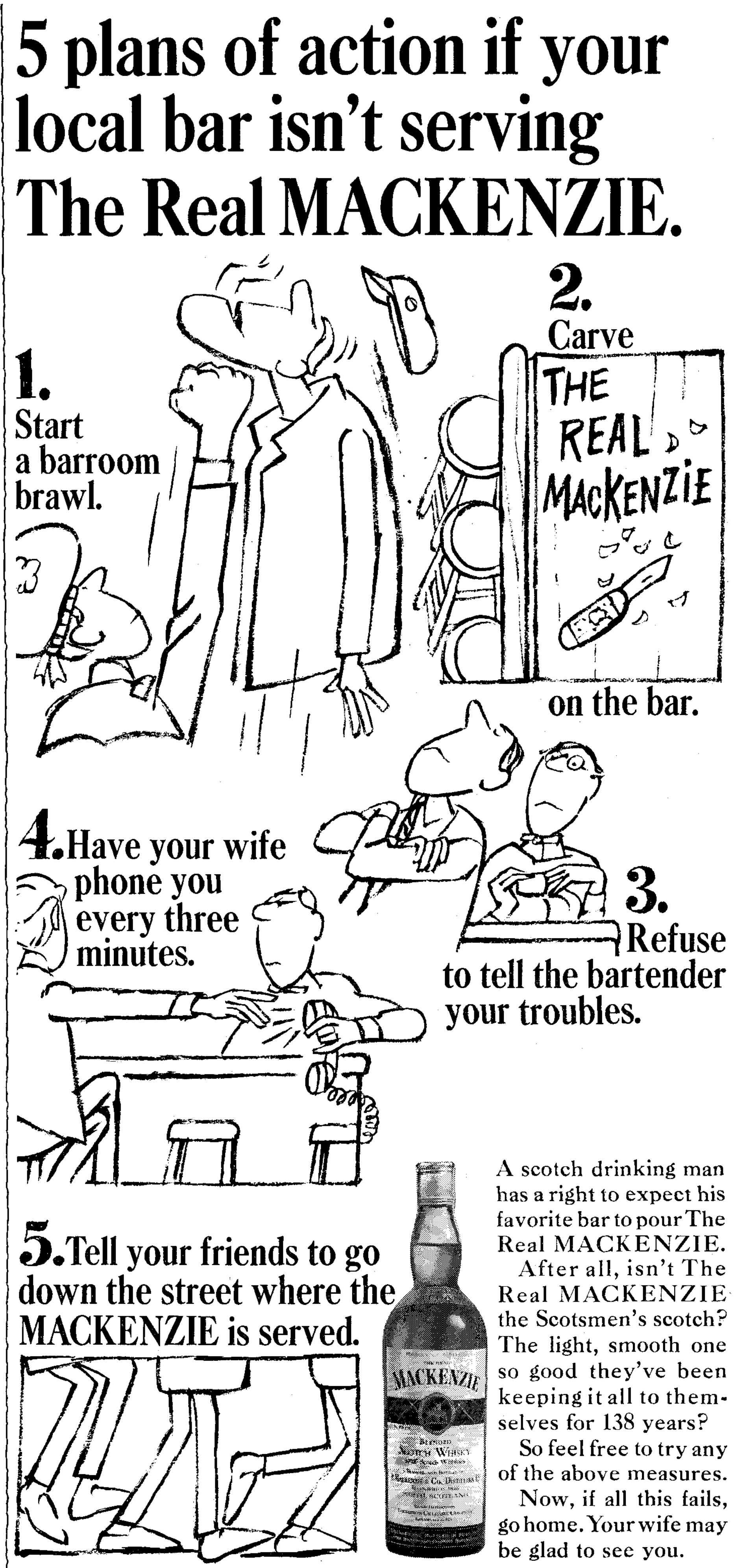
Tina Leser's blue or yellow nylon (it looks like organza), cut a bit like a short-sleeved hospital nightgown, has a dizzy sort of charm as what is laughingly termed a thigh-length cover-up. Leser also makes some delights (opaque, in this case) in the form of long zipper-front toppers and one-piece suits with overskirts that are slashed to show the turquoise bloomers. Embroidered cotton, the rest of it white with turquoise trim, is the wherewithal. The toppers are $20, the suits are $26. Lovers of culotte dresses should admire what Bonwit's own Wragge has done to a sleeveless dress (he calls it the Strider) with a bateau neck and a culotte bottom that ends just above the knees. It's of white Arnel sharkskin. For sports dresses, a new hero here (as elsewhere) is our Canadian neighbor Josef. His shift—staggered royal and white checks on ottoman cotton—is buttoned down the side; $28. Another Josef, a white rayon-and-cotton deal, has a rolled cowl collar with a navy edge, and clever seams make the thing glide down the body and flare into an A line; $55. A third Josef, of magenta rayon with pink piping, and also with an A skirt, has minute brass buttons down the front. Italy is the native heath of all sorts of charming dresses—in silk with an allover floral design, or in silk stitched to give them a quilted look, or in thin cottons, also printed—that are all tiny vertical pleats up to a little pointed collar. These last are $45, but prices go thence to around $85. Italy is also the source of crinkly cotton crêpes of the type I have already acknowledged in my discussion of Lydia de Roma. These are all prints, with slim sash belts that have bead clusters at the ends. And Bonwit also makes use of a "little" hand-knitter (a Frenchwoman operating out of Portugal), who is responsible for wool-and-raffia hand-crocheted dresses, at $185, and for Chanel-type wool suits, to each of which are added a shell and trim in a darker hue, at $215.

SO it isn't entirely a Mod, Mod, Mod, Mod World, after all, though buyers, who love to slap labels on everything, have taken to calling every dress with a ruffle at the hem a Mod dress. And you needn't take off quite yet for warm weather (though reservations are a good idea); there'll be more coming from me. —LOIS LONG

•

A British firm has built the world's smallest radio tube. It does not work. —*Detroit News.*

Stop quibbling!



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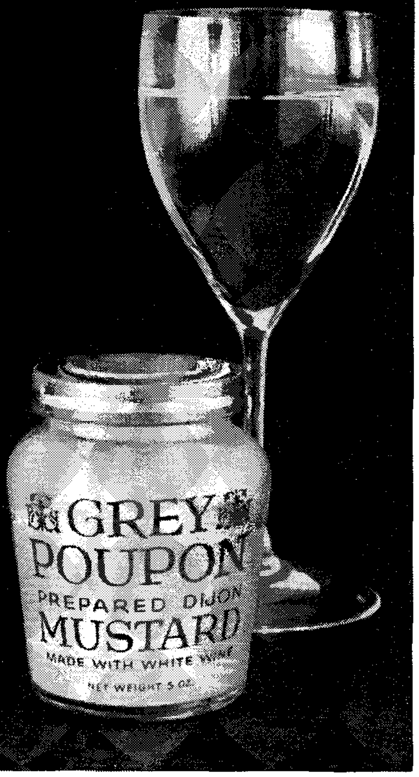

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 20

PARLIAMENT got back to Westminster yesterday, after the Christmas break, with its thoughts, like those of the whole country, turned toward the former Right Honourable Member for Woodford. All the news that had been occupying the headlines and people's minds was pushed into second place after last Friday evening, when the homegoing crowds pouring toward the Underground or the bus stops paused to buy their papers and often stayed rooted for a moment, staring blankly at the thick black type on the front page. Though the visible proof that their greatest living citizen was now ninety years old and painfully frail had been borne in forcefully upon all by the birthday photographs in November, the news seemed to be a queer, bleak shock to everybody when it came, as though a stout and loved landmark had unbelievably tottered. Through a weekend of wild, dark weather, when tremendous seas were pounding the coast and big gales dragged up trees and sent roof tiles whirling in southern England, people kept restlessly switching their radios on to catch the latest bulletins, though without much hope, or even, it seemed, wish, this time, for a recovery of sorts, since the figure looking out of the window on his birthday had so plainly been surveying a wider view. Until yesterday, when an appeal from Lady Churchill caused the well-meaning torture by public affection to stop, the Churchill home in Hyde Park Gate was blocked by a crowd of all kinds of people, together with the world's journalists, photographers, and television crews, who had jammed themselves into the narrow street with their vans, arc lights, coils of cable, and other gear in the unnerving modern equivalent of the throng of friends and dependents who in other days pressed into the antechamber of the dying great. Every day, grasping their umbrellas and shuffling their chilly feet, crowds of varying sizes have stood there, waiting patiently, it seemed, for some sort of mysterious message that might seep out to them through the dark-red brick of No. 28 and perhaps cheer the discouraging phrases of the medical bulletins. They were composed of the shabby and the prosperous; shoppers clasping packages from the sales in the big Kensington High Street stores nearby; couples in tweeds who looked as though they had come up from the country for the day, which they had, to be a few thicknesses of brick away from history; a surprising number of young people; and many uncomprehending children suddenly hoisted up on the railings by their fathers, so that they could see, and perhaps remember, the double black front doors, which occasionally opened to receive a caller, or flowers expensively glistening in cellophane or small and humble in a twist of paper. Some of them chatting with their neighbors referred firmly to "Mr. Churchill," perhaps preferring to forget the disguises that old age forced upon him in recent years and going back affectionately to the unforgettable past, as millions of Britons not present in Hyde Park Gate have been doing these last few days.

YESTERDAY, when the corner newspaper posters made a black chain around London with the solitary, laconic signal "WORSE," the House of Commons started work in an understandably muted mood. It had been expected to make an immediate all-out attack on the Government over the rumors, which had apparently leaked into the press, of its intention of shelving the British Aircraft Corporation's controversial, long-delayed (and with each delay mountingly more expensive) supersonic aircraft the TSR 2, and perhaps costly defense orders for vertical-takeoff aircraft, too, partly on the ground that, in the present state of the national economy, defense expenditures were soaring frighteningly. In the ensuing heated row, it was said that the Government was contemplating placing its defense-aircraft orders with firms here to manufacture American-designed planes under license, which would mean (as some newspapers instantly declared in their editorials) the future complete technical domination by the United States and the movement across the Atlantic of all the bright research brains. What bitterly angered and alarmed aircraft workers was their awkwardly clear memories of the Government's election promise that only Labour could be counted on to keep the TSR 2 going, and them in employment, for years to come. Last week, accordingly, Londoners saw a march of what was said to be about ten thousand workers from the B.A.C. and other threatened firms

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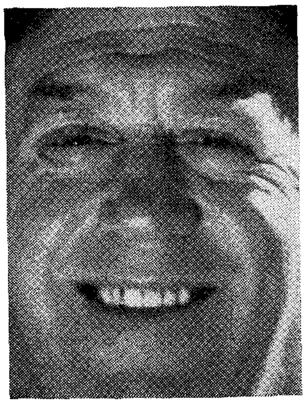

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(but looked a good deal smaller than that) as they slogged, rather quietly for indignant men, through the streets on a sparkling cold morning to the classic spot for every mass airing of grievances—Speakers' Corner, in Hyde Park—under homemade banners advising Mr. Wilson, "WE PUT YOU IN, DON'T PUT US OUT" and "BUY BRITISH, NOT AMERICAN." Yesterday in the Commons, the former Conservative Minister of Aviation, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, briefly castigated the Government in an exchange during which hard things were said about the American aircraft men, who were trying, some Members claimed, to cash in on this country's uncertainties and difficulties. The attack was somewhat inhibited; later it will doubtless be renewed with vigor. But at the moment, in this sad waiting pause, there seems not much heart for anything. One of the events cancelled because of Sir Winston, incidentally, was a gathering that would have pleased his incomparable sense of history—Parliament's celebration, which should have taken place today, of the seven-hundredth anniversary of Simon de Montfort's calling of the first Parliament.

THE National Gallery has just put on public view, though with surprisingly little fanfare, the new national possession "Les Grandes Baigneuses," by Cézanne, the purchase price of which—nearly half a million pounds—raised a rumpus of criticism here. This enormous sum was put together by the Exchequer's giving a special grant of a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, and advancing another hundred thousand pounds—half of the relatively meagre 1965-66 allowance to the National Gallery for picture-buying. The biggest share was given by a munificent private donor, Mr. Max Rayne. At present, this large and splendid picture is being housed by itself, like a distinguished stranger, in the small, carpeted room to the left of the entrance hall, where the board of the National Gallery holds its meetings. It has been covered with mica, so that it cannot be damaged by vandals, as the lovely Leonardo cartoon was, and has been surrounded by every security precaution, in recollection of the disappearance of the Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which has never been recovered. Visitors come in reverentially, sit down (if they are lucky) in chairs ranged along the opposite wall, and silently regard their half-million buy as it hangs glowing against softly

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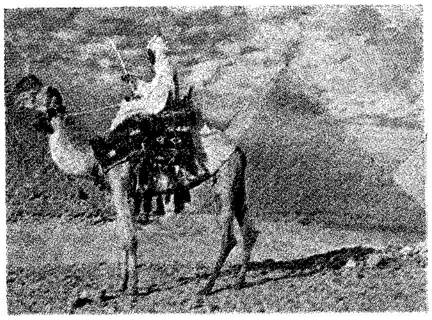

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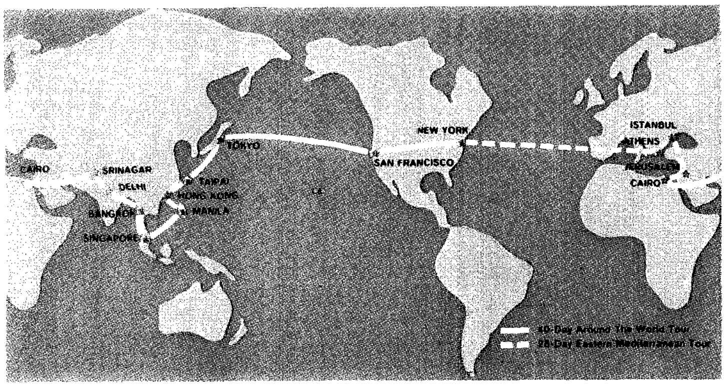

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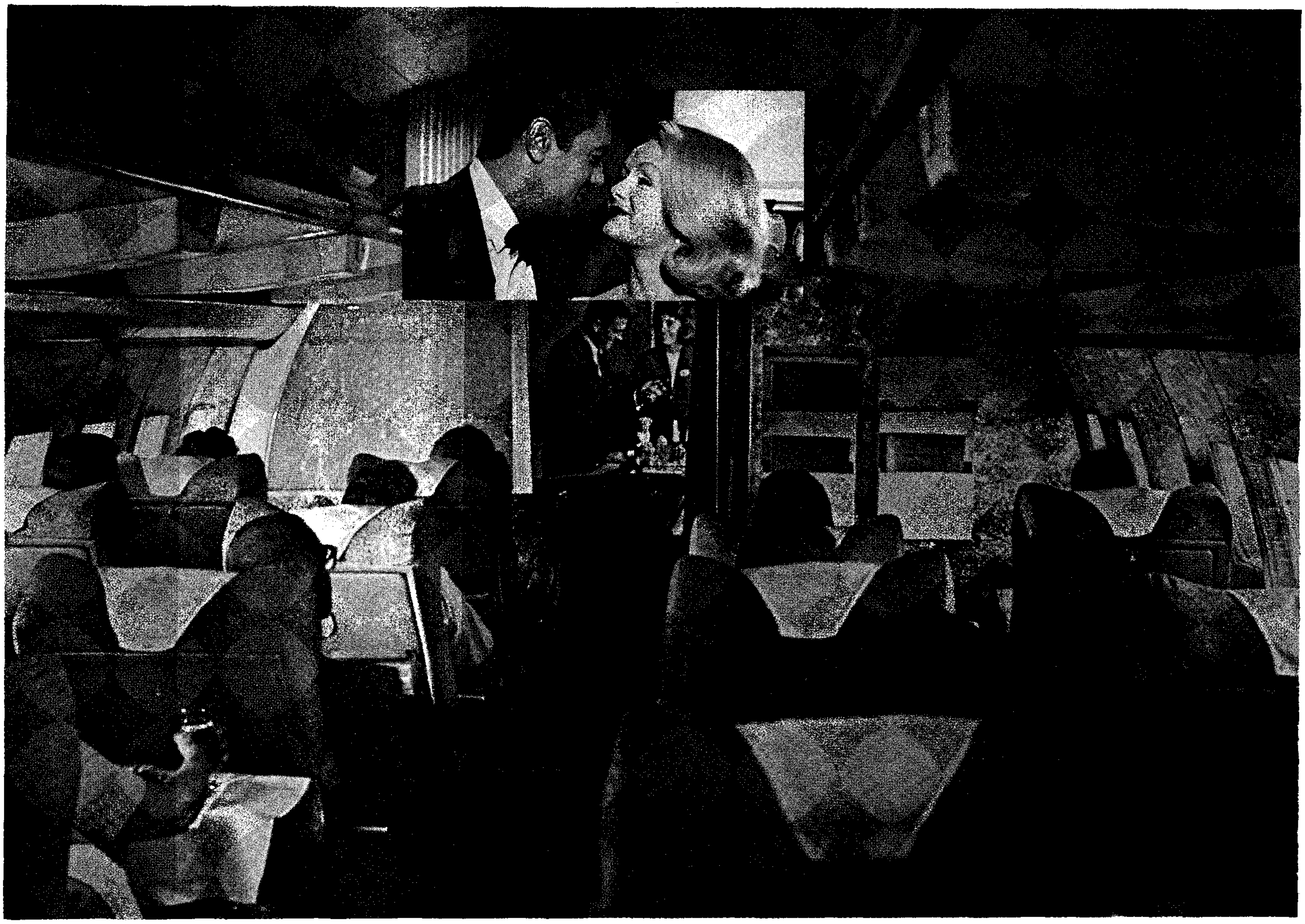

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lit curtains. For those who have seen only a black-and-white reproduction of the painting, it must be a marvellous, dazzling surprise. The naked figures of the women lying in their glade are compressed into a group that has the monumental solidity of abstract sculpture, and yet they float as light as the blue and green and violet air in which the whole canvas seems to be bathed. To judge by the comments the other day, most of the visitors seemed to feel that it was money well spent—a great masterpiece that would surely have delighted the author of "Painting as a Pastime," who admired Cézanne so greatly, who studied him constantly with his humble painter's eye, and who wrote gaily, "When I get to heaven, I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject." In London these last sad days, even a visit to a national art collection can be mixed up with such thoughts.

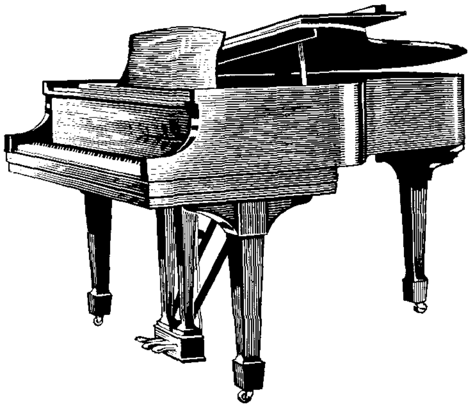
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A WIFE TALKS TO HERSELF

A few days ago
my father sent me a box
of wintergreen to replant
so I won't forget him.
I wonder if he saw
the rims of the short notched
leaves get brown
or missed much of the deep odor
before he mailed them,
and thought they might look scorched
by the hot passage
from his yard in South Carolina
to this room of mine.
Today, among other things,
I bought soil
and packed it against the roots
of his gift. If that fails,
I'll write him that
there is still nothing more
I can say than this to the message
he gave me through
these wild masks: it is natural
to be shy with one's daughter,
but when I see those curled,
lost faces trying to live,
I feel my back stiffen
and remember that once,
passing a stranger
whose thin coat brushed the ground,
I couldn't find
my way home
or recognize myself
in the tiny person
looking at me out of his eyes.

—STEPHEN BERG



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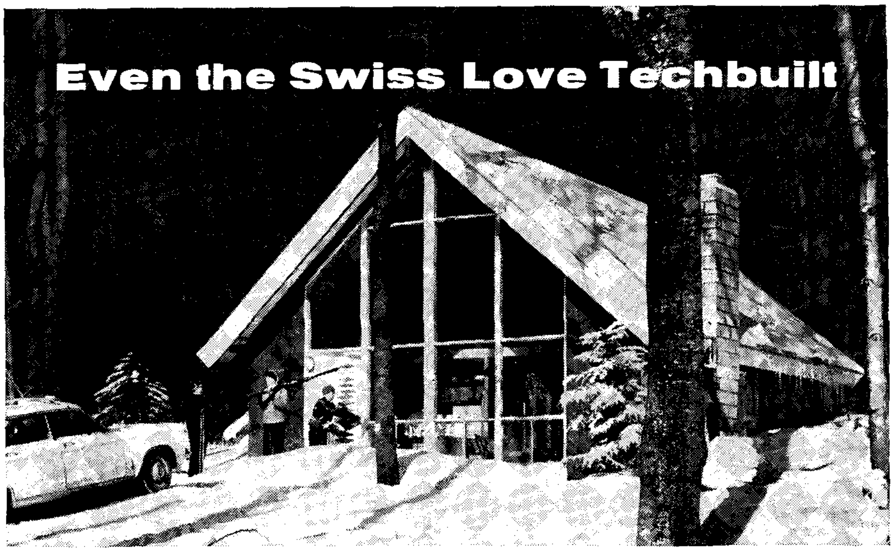

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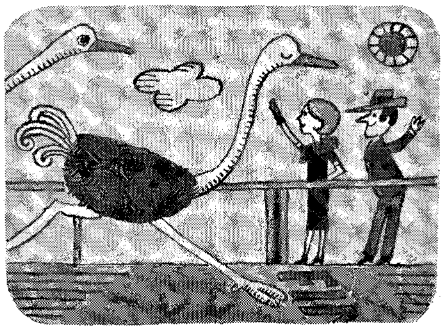

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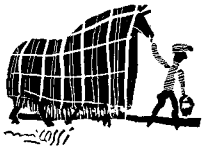
THE RACE TRACK

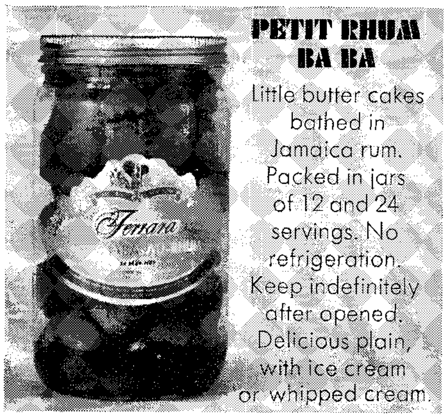
Disappointment



THE result of the Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah last weekend was a blow to the hope that Chateaugay was *in top form again.* The way he beat Knightly Manner and the other sharp and well-seasoned runners the previous Saturday had suggested that he was. In the Royal Palm, however, he finished fifth, behind Sunstruck, Rainy Lake, Morry E., and Knightly Manner. Though he had trained well and was on his toes in the saddling paddock, he didn't appear to buckle down to racing as quickly as he usually does. Also, keen-eyed observers thought he stumbled slightly coming out of the starting gate. No doubt he missed his regular rider, Baeza, who had been set down for failing to keep a straight course in a race earlier in the week. Broussard, who rode Chateaugay, didn't do it very well, taking the long way home and losing lots of ground. The jockey was quoted as saying after the race, "My horse ran all right." But that's what they all say.

You can tab Sunstruck as an up-and-coming sprinter. Indeed, there's no shadow of a fluke about his victory. Probably his efforts in the Royal Poinciana Handicap on opening day, in which he finished fifth, wound him up, for he came out of the starting gate lickety-split and had his opposition dizzy chasing him before they reached the stretch, and from there he just rolled along to win by five lengths. Next to Chateaugay, the surprise and disappointment of the race was Dark King, winner of five straight. He finished seventh.

EARLIER in the week, Bill Winfrey, who had been so successful last season with the Wheatley Stable and the horses of Ogden Phipps, had his first stakes winner of the year when Open Hearing, owned by Mr. Phipps, brought off a 30–1 chance (actually, she paid $62.20) in the second division of the Jasmine, for three-year-old fillies. As is always done when there are too many entries, the field was divided by lot and the race run off in two sections. The first was won by the favorite, Wild Note; in the second, Open Hearing, the long shot of the bunch, breezed in by nearly four lengths. As a rule, when a stakes race is split, the winner of the second division doesn't



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get the kudos the winner of the first does. This second-division winner was an exception.

BY the way, the Santa Monica Handicap, at Santa Anita a fortnight ago, also had to be split. Face the Facts took the first division and Chop House the second. The two winners met in the Santa Maria Handicap last Saturday, and neither was in the money. The race was won by Batteur, a stablemate of Face the Facts, with Affectionately second and Curious Clover third. In the San Marcos Handicap, later in the afternoon, Desert Chief III, a racer from New Zealand, beat Polizonte, Cadiz, and eight others over the turf course. The Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first race of the season with a purse in six figures, will be run at Santa Anita this weekend. My choice, if anyone cares, is Hill Rise. He will naturally be the favorite, on his performance in the San Fernando Stakes, but any price on a winner is a good one.

AS you probably know, the age of a race horse is reckoned from the first of January of the year in which it is foaled, and, as you probably also know, most of the two-year-olds running at the winter meetings are not actually two years old—which is one reason young horses are not as sound and consistent as they might be. The Santa Anita management, I'm pleased to report, has taken a step in the right direction. No two-year-old foaled after April 1st may start in a race at the meeting. This rule has been made to give colts and fillies really too immature for competition more time to develop. It's a pity more tracks haven't a rule like that. . . . Just for the record, a colt named Dreary Refrain, by Mr. Music, won the first race for two-year-olds in 1965, at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans on New Year's Day. I wonder if he'll ever be heard from again.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

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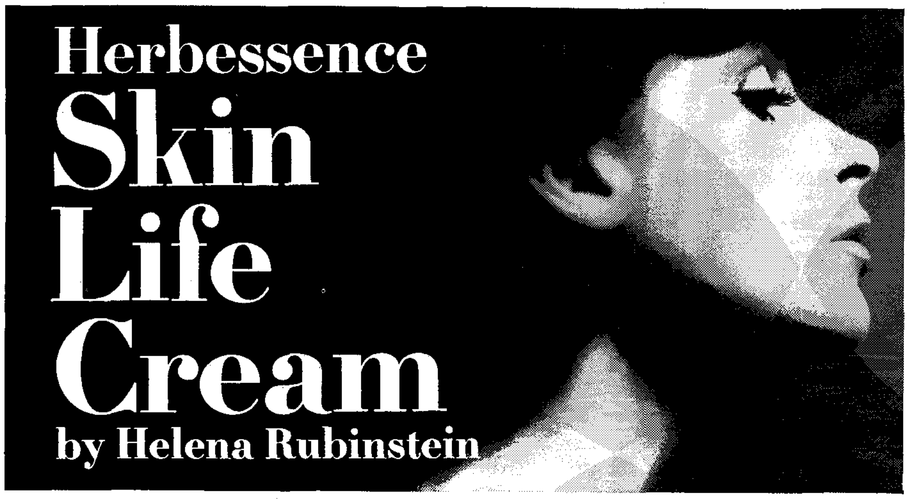

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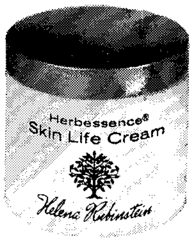

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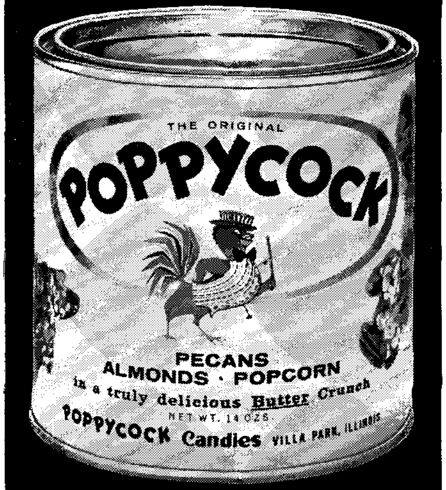
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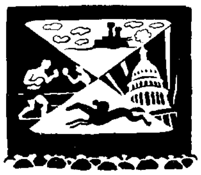
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Happy Days

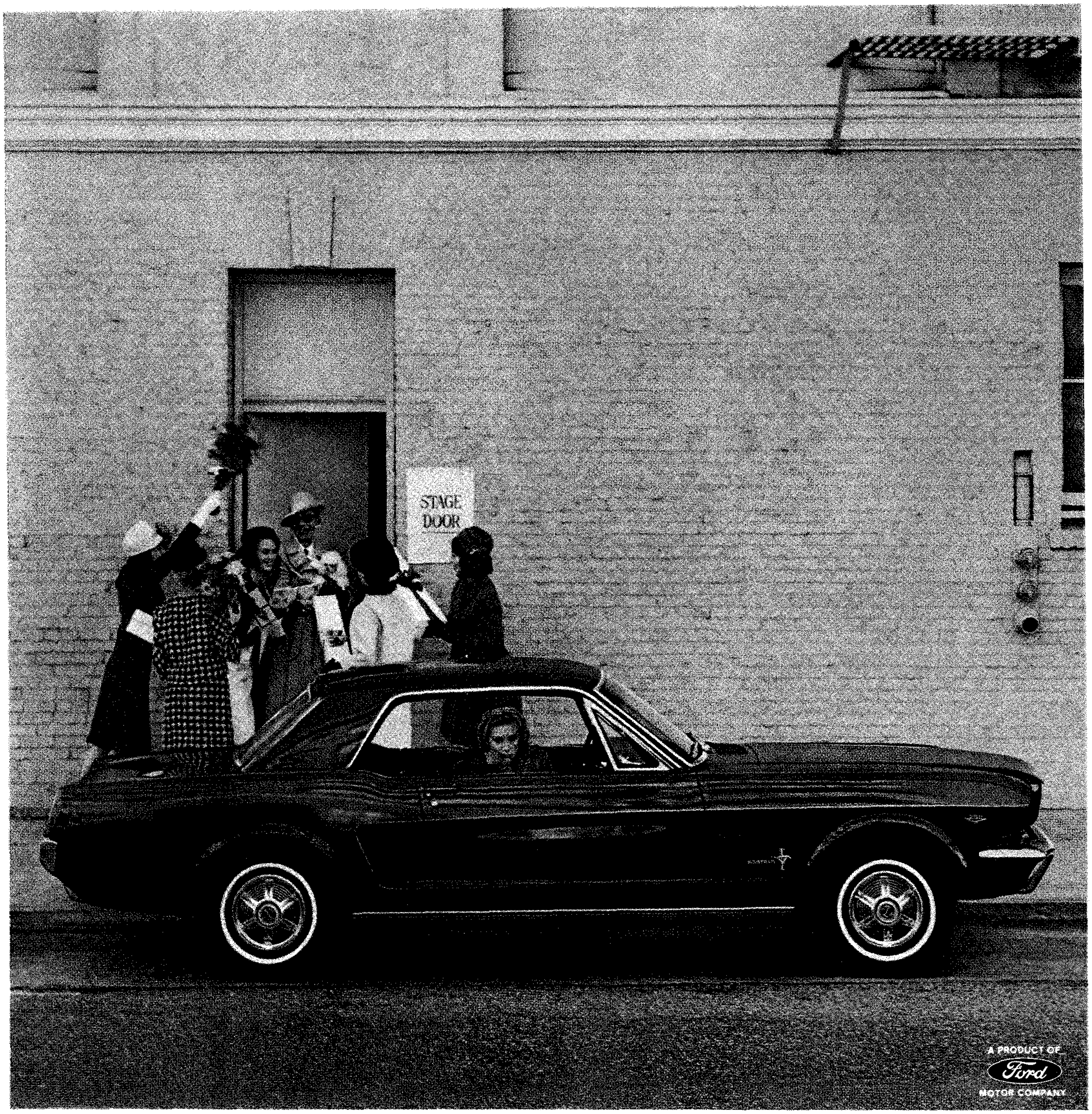
DR. GEORGE AXELROD, who left Vienna under a cloud some years before he was born, has devoted much of his subsequent professional career in Hollywood and New York to a study of the unendurableness of the married state; after weighing the plight of several thousand distraught husbands of every age and condition of servitude, he has developed a theory of adult male happiness that not only contradicts his old colleague Dr. Freud, in whose judgment monogamy is the most mature form of sexual activity, but even contradicts St. Paul. Where the last argues that it's better to marry than to burn, Dr. Axelrod argues that it's better to burn than to marry, and in the latest scholarly précis of his findings, which he calls, with somewhat unprofessional relish, "How to Murder Your Wife," and which he claims to offer as a public service, he invites us to contrast the obvious misery of matrimony with the no less obvious bliss of bachelorhood. The movie is both extremely funny and—what is rare in a comedy, and especially in a comedy full of chases, pratfalls, goofballs, and spilled soup—very pleasant to look at, and I suspect that we have Axelrod to thank for this, he having acted as the producer of the picture as well as the author of its screenplay. The chief set employed is a Manhattan town house of literally stunning opulence and chic, designed by Richard Sylbert. The other backgrounds, also local, have given their natures away to Harry Stradling's camera as they rarely do to our habitual glance; in Technicolor, Allen's Bar, on Third Avenue, becomes as beautiful and mysterious as the Angkor Wat, and a flight of stone steps on East Seventy-eighth Street seems to challenge Versailles.



The owner of the town house is the hero of our instructive case history; he is played with cunningly calculated abandon by Jack Lemmon, released in the nick of time from the sophomoric salacities of "Irma la Douce" and "Under the Yum Yum Tree." As a rich and charming lady-killer determined never to be trapped by any of his victims, and aided in this resolve by a manservant of incomparable misogynous finesse, Lemmon makes the mistake of getting drunk at a bachelor dinner at his club and wakes up next morning wed. The creature who has thus betrayed him is a great beauty amiably bent upon discharging her marital obligations, but these and other favorable attributes are beside the point; she is his wife, and therefore his enemy. His attempts to dispose of her make up a plot that is filled with deliberately outrageous turns and twists and that reaches a climax in a courtroom scene of unparalleled legal obfuscation, with the judge being coached by the defendant, the defendant pleading guilty to a crime he hasn't committed, and the jury reaching a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty" without a moment's consultation. Axelrod obviously worked hard at his writing, for the picture is often witty as well as funny, and I am prepared to forgive it its occasional excesses—the dreary scene in which the wife storms into the steam room of her husband's club, predictably scandalizing dozens of unclad males, or the still drearier one in which a middle-aged housewife is prompted by drugs to execute a maudlin, carnal dance. (If only one had the right to cut ten minutes out of *any* picture!) The director, Richard Quine, has had among his charges two of the most accomplished muggers on earth—Terry-Thomas, as the manservant, and Eddie Mayehoff, as the hero's pompous lawyer—and he has wisely let them do their unbridled simultaneous best and worst. Also on hand and deserving of praise are Virna Lisi, as the aggressive wife; Claire Trevor, as an older and tougher specimen of the type; and Sidney Blackmer and Max Showalter, as a couple of good-natured drunks.

THE main reason for going to see a French comedy-melodrama called "Banana Peel" is the evident good time its superlative cast had in making it. The actors' pleasure in acting and, so it appears, in each other's company becomes a pleasure to us as well—one entirely separate from whatever interest we may take in the fast and furious exigencies of a too ingenious plot. The stars are Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo; Gert Frobe and Claude Brasseur are marvellous in smaller roles. I hope the director of the picture, Marcel Ophuls, had as much fun as his actors did. As for the backers of the picture, their fun is just beginning; they will laugh, as the old French saying has it, all the way to *la banque*.

—BRENDAN GILL



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BOOKS

All Is Darkness

"CHAOS AND NIGHT" (Macmillan; translated by Terence Kilmartin) renews Henry de Montherlant's career as a novelist after an interval of twenty-four years. His style has become more conversational and less literary than it was in his earlier works, but the flinty, unsentimental character of what he has to say about human weakness and frailty remains unchanged. Superficially, his new book is a tragicomedy, guying just those qualities of solemn self-regard in the Spanish that make them a most appealing people to foreign reactionaries and that make them the most stubbornly self-defeating of European peoples. More profoundly, it is an indictment in which there is an element of confession—of the kind offered by the intellectual rebel against society whose barricades are all inside his own head. Montherlant's hero, Celestino Marcilla, comes from Madrid, but he has been a refugee in France for twenty years because he is an anarchist who fought in the Spanish Civil War. To say that he has been living in France in this period is in a way an exaggeration, for he has mentally carried on an entirely Spanish existence and has gone on fighting the war against Franco in a long waking dream. In his own mind, he is a resolute and unbending figure, declining any kind of compromise and fearlessly upholding his humanitarian principles. He can take quite seriously the words of a friend who warns him that "if the Americans . . . were to take over here, they would arrest you. If the Communists came, they would take you out and shoot you. If the priests were in power, they would roast you." In fact, he lives the demure life of a small *rentier*, modestly and without working, on a small private income, and pretends to be a writer. He spends most of his time circulating between his apartment and his favorite café—he calls it the *posada*—and taking care, despite his principles, not to say or do anything that will bring him to the attention of the police or expose him to the risk of deportation. "The taxi rank opposite the square d'Anvers was taxiless. A little travelling roundabout, all on its own, was revolving there, empty and silent as death. When a taxi arrived, Celestino stood aside for a woman who had arrived after him, because one must always give way to women. Then a Negro arrived, and when the next taxi drew up he stood aside once more, because his political convictions demanded that one should give way to Negroes. Then came a vicious-looking individual with enormous shoulders, and this time Celestino walked away, because he did not feel strong enough." Montherlant is being obvious in this presentation of his hero's state of mind, but no more so than the pitiless looking glass that returns to us those heroic gestures with which we satisfy ourselves that we are not like all the other mediocrities who make up the numberless flock.

Up to a point, "Chaos and Night" is a comedy of a man's attempt to escape his own ordinariness that bears a considerable resemblance to H. G. Wells' "Mr. Polly." But for Montherlant's romancer there is no triumphant reconciliation with the realities of ordinariness such as Mr. Polly was able to make at the Potwell Inn. Celestino Marcilla is, after all, Spanish, and he must, since his honor demands it, allow his lies to kill him rather than admit to their untruth. He is summoned back to Spain, upon his sister's death, to take part in the settlement of her estate. He sets out from Paris in the role of a marked enemy of the regime, and he reaches the frontier sure that he will be arrested as soon as he crosses it. Because he has daydreamed an enemy who watches his every move, he feels that his arrival must be expected. But, once in Spain, he discovers that he is playing a broad farce, representing the character who is on the run yet who has nothing to escape but the world's indifference to his existence. All that threatens him is the knowledge of his own unimportance. After a few days, he becomes desperate to get back to Paris, where his dreams will be safe. Only one thing detains him—a desire to see a bullfight once again before he leaves. Those for whom the words "corrida," "moment of truth," and "the brave bulls" are warnings that a writer is about to spring every cliché of anti-intellectual brutalist-sentimentalism will encounter a surprise in Montherlant's bull ring. The seedy vulgarity, the basic fraudulence, and the pretensions of the great bogus drama have never been more incisively or brilliantly exposed, and Montherlant is at his sour and cross-grained best while he brings the bullfight as it really is into a searing relationship with the fantastic lies that are told about it. His description of the bewildered behavior of the bull when it enters the ring and finds itself hemmed in by men determined to tease it and torment it is a miracle of accuracy, and his acid exposure of the touted symbolism of the event is bracing in its candor: "Men came to see, in safety and respectability, what they would have liked to do to other men." But in

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his moment of enlightenment, Celestino is unlucky enough to recognize the parallel between the humbug of the bull ring and his own fantasies about himself, and the indigestibility of his own bad faith destroys him before he can get back across the frontier. When the Spanish police, who have at last looked up his record, come to give all his fears reality by arresting him, they find him dead in his bed, mysteriously bearing on his body the counterparts of the four wounds that were inflicted on the least dignified and the most meanly butchered of the animals that he had seen done to death earlier in the day. While it is a tribute to Montherlant's superb control that he can make this seem the inevitable and logical conclusion to his novel, there is something eerie about his device of thus combining a theme that has often cropped up in his plays—that of the man who contrives to be his own executioner—with a caustic retraction of the theory of the bullfight that was a basic ingredient of his "Pasiphaë," in which the bull represented the vital principle. The feeling that this is an unusually direct communication from author to reader pervades the book and gives it an added dimension.

"THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is an all too Spanish novel by Camilo José Cela, superbly translated but grotesquely introduced by the critic Anthony Kerrigan. After stating that Céline, Malaparte, and Camilo José Cela were "the three finest writers on the side of the damned—circumstantially on the side of the damned—during the years of the Axis *bouleversement*," he goes on to observe that "Céline was the nihilist of the Right, but what remains of him in twentieth-century literature (a good deal) is in the hands not of the anti-Semites and such trash but of permanent avant-gardists in Paris, New York, and Norfolk, Connecticut." Then, having faced up to the fact of Cela's service in Franco's rebel army during the Civil War, Mr. Kerrigan comes to his work in general: "His principal contribution to poetry, though the book is written in prose, is a work with the hybrid title 'Mrs. Caldwell Habla con su Hijo.' In this book, the author sings the infinitude of hallucinations and fancies in the mind of an incestuous mother conversing wistfully with her dead son, drowned at sea in an ocean of memories and symbols. Certainly the book is one of the more remarkable poetic documents of modern Spain. Mrs. Caldwell indulges her

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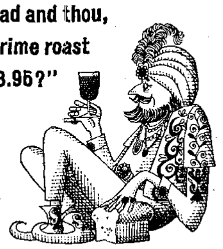

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shy will-to-eroticism with the virile wilfulness of a quivering stag whose antlers are suddenly imbued with the ardor of an Iberian bull." And Mr. Kerrigan goes on from there to say that "Cela's Pascual Duarte is the most murderous pícaro in all of the picaresque in Spain."

All this may be true, but Pascual Duarte is also a numskull, and since Cela elects to tell his story in jumbled and colorless words, devoid alike of wit, insights, and visual images, he is also a formidable bore. His father dies after having been bitten by a mad dog on the day Pascual's brother Mario is born. Mario is unlucky; when he has only partly recovered from having his ears bitten off by a hog, he makes the mistake of biting one of his mother's gentlemen callers in the leg. The gentleman knocks him senseless and he is never quite the same again. Not that he lasts long; his wounds have barely healed before he falls head first into a vat of oil and drowns. The boy's funeral is, in Pascual's words, "a poor, dreary affair," redeemed only by his own successful rape of a young woman. And so on, with the earnest humorlessness that made the social realism of the more belated followers of Zola so ludicrous in the early nineteen-hundreds and that reached a peak of absurdity in Masefield's long narrative poem "The Everlasting Mercy." Cela's novel "The Hive" was fair enough in the lowlife genre, but "The Family of Pascual Duarte" is the work of a pasticheur who has read Pío Baroja without understanding. The book will confirm the prejudices of all those who think of Spain as a second-rate Morocco and who know nothing of the richness and excitement of the literature of revolt produced by the Spanish "generation of '98" and its successors.

"THE BARBARY LIGHT" (Lippincott) is a novel that reinforces my belief that P. H. Newby is the most interesting and intellectually distinguished English writer to have come into view since the end of the Second World War. One of his attributes is an absolute literary integrity; although he has a scholarly knowledge of modern writing and of the fiction of the past that influences its modern forms, his own work, from his unforgettably brilliant start with "A Journey to the Interior," has been wholly and unaccommodatingly his own, without the least hint of compromise with the fashionable. Among his most remarkable achievements is "The Retreat," a novel about the atmosphere of 1940 that describes with a truly marvellous

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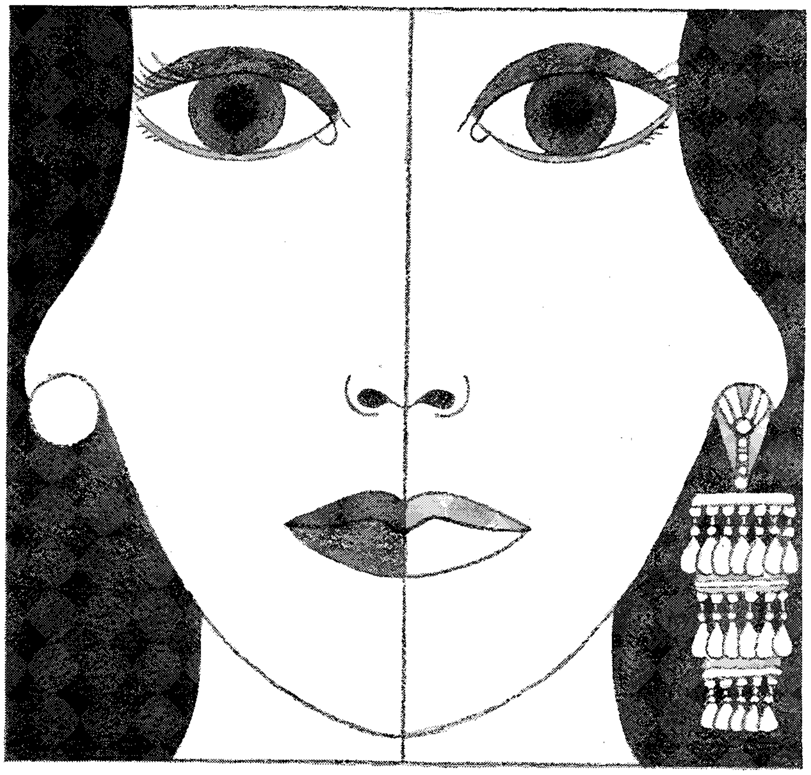
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precision and fidelity the real nature of the impact of external political and historical events on a man's personal life. Again, in "The Barbary Light," he is working out another aspect of his favorite theme—the interaction between the external realities of the lives of his characters and their dreams of what they are or should be. The situation on which the novel turns is humdrum and ordinary. A man—he is an English chartered accountant—is in that crisis of inner desperation that so often affects men in their forties: time is running out on his dream of freedom of action. In an effort to preserve his daydream of himself as a man who is ready for anything, he makes a reckless and foolish attempt at a breakout. In a sense, it is also Montherlant's plot, but it is told, and most effectively, in the entirely *non*-literary terms of the world of experience of the average English commuter. There are continual surprises in the depths of the insights that Newby is able to offer in the form of what appear at first sight to be provincialisms, and it is not going too far to say that he has, by his patient and untroubled use of his own carefully chosen line, proved himself a contemporary E. M. Forster, if a classless and unprivileged Forster is imaginable, for there is in the work of both men the quality of acute intelligence and delicate sensibility under rational and dispassionate control. Newby is much less urbane, and comes from a background where the cultural upholstery is less evident, but a wider emotional experience seems to be reflected in his writing. Newby's accent, particularly in the matter of the major passions by which men live, is always that of the participant and not of the spectator *ab extra*.

THE collection of three longish short stories by George Steiner published under the general title of "Anno Domini" (Atheneum) is a curiosity. The stories have a common theme, dealing with the delayed disintegration of a man who has suffered some especially grievous psychological wound during the war of 1939-45. A crippled German returns after the war to the farm on the Channel coast where he was billeted during the Allied landings in Normandy. He is inspired to present himself as a suitor for the hand of a daughter of the house, even though he was responsible for hanging the farmer's eldest son in the front garden shortly after D Day. The marriage takes place, and the family obligingly tromp the groom to death in the course of the reception, bringing upon

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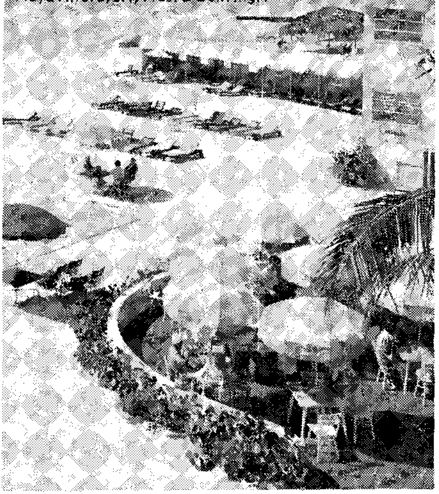

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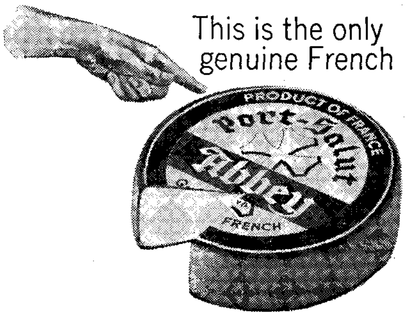

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him the doom he has been unconsciously seeking. The neo-Gothic idiom in which this rigmarole is couched is rather like the one that Stella Gibbons parodied so successfully in "Cold Comfort Farm": "A low wail broke from Blaise's clenched throat: 'I don't care what he says. I'll flay the hide off the stinking swine.' He crouched near the fireplace like a numbed adder, venomous but unmoving." While Mr. Steiner's accounts of immediate activity tend to be absurd, his descriptions of recollected horrors have the leaden ring of forged coinage. His crippled German claims, for instance, to have left the Normandy coast after D Day, to have subsequently been wounded in the fighting in Alsace, which could have taken place only in December of 1944 or in January of 1945, to have left hospital in Bonn as Allied troops were approaching the town, and then to have proceeded to Hamburg, to find the place reeling from the aftereffects of the bombing and the firestorm of midsummer 1943. While he was there, he was, according to Mr. Steiner, enlisted on an ad-hoc basis in a Gestapo euthanasia squad engaged in putting out of their misery a number of victims of phosphorus burns who had been standing in a canal for three days, up to their necks in water:

> Most of the faces were unrecognizable. Hair and eyebrows had been seared away. On the black water I saw a row of living skulls. The Gestapo officer had drawn his pistol and I heard him firing. One of the faces was staring at me. It was a girl, and on her scorched forehead the flames had left a tuft of hair, red like mine. Her lips were baked and swollen but she was trying to form words. I crept over to her and took off my mask. The heat and reek of phosphorus made me gag. But I was able to lean out over the canal and she drifted towards me, her eyes never leaving mine. Her tongue was a charred stump but I understood what she was saying: "Quickly. Please. Quickly." I slipped my arm behind her head and put my lips to hers. She leaned back and closed her eyes. Then I shot her. I can't be sure. The faces were too far gone. Yet I am sure it was my sister.

Those who have felt the bruising shock of mass air bombardments and have experienced the emotional exhaustion that follows them—an exhaustion that lasts while the unrecognizable dead are being carried away—do not enrich what is already sufficiently horrible with necrophilic kisses and the like when they talk of it. Mr. Steiner writes of fighting between armored formations in a rather similar strain, in the third of the stories, where the horror of "brewing up," of being trapped in a tank that catches fire, is

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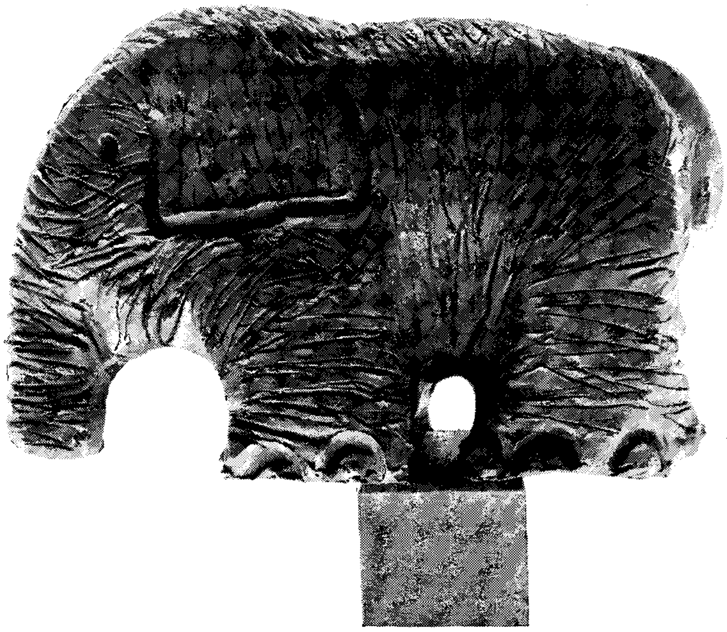

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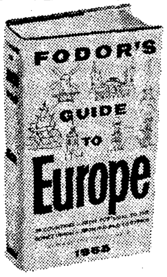

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oddly mixed with some obsessive material about what children go through in English boarding schools. Yet when one turns to the biography provided by his publishers in search of a clue to which of the Second World War battlefields and which of England's educational establishments left such deep scars upon him, one discovers that Mr. Steiner went to school in France and was only ten when the war with which his stories deal began. This perhaps explains why the night-blue-eyed, sexually ambidextrous Polish hero Jan—of his third story—is so wholly unlike any of the figures from the Poland of reality who are to be found in Oscar Pinkus's magnificent and appalling epic of misery, "The House of Ashes" (World). This describes to perfection the actual atmosphere of the war, when horror lay on men's minds and spirits like a tangible burden because the unthinkable had become the commonplace of the daily round, as commonplace as the clock still measuring out its thirty-six hundred seconds every hour. It may be philistine to apply the test of experience to fiction, but the fact remains that because Mr. Steiner writes without knowledge of the true nature of the material he uses in his stories they seem hollow, and more than a little obscene, while Mr. Pinkus, who lived through what he has written, creates something that is illuminating and hauntingly beautiful even when it is most horrible. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE: VOLUME I, MARTHA QUEST; VOLUME II, A PROPER MARRIAGE, by Doris Lessing (Simon & Schuster). These two novels, which were both published years ago in England, are the first and second of a series of five under this collective title. The scene is a British colony in Central Africa, and the story begins in 1935, on the remote farm where Martha Quest lives with her mother and father, both of them despicable in her eyes. In 1935, Martha is fifteen and a very angry schoolgirl whose chief characteristics are already perfectly clear. She is *enormously* intelligent, aggressive, observant, and restless, and she is quite lacking in humor and has no sense of obligation to anyone except herself. The resentment that will make her unhappy, and that will bring unhappiness to all around her, is already running wild in her nature, which is apparently incapable

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of common affection. As the first novel progresses, we see Martha growing a little older and moving to the capital of the colony, where she gets a job, runs around with a "crowd," and finally marries a bland young man, Douglas. In "A Proper Marriage," Martha and her husband travel dismally along the dull road that leads to their separation. Douglas gets their baby—a girl who has always been something of a nuisance to her young mother, who is only twenty-two as the second novel comes to a close. Mrs. Lessing is a magnificently talented woman. It is impossible not to admire her skill, her range, her insight, and her total command of her material, and it is equally impossible to become at all involved with any of the people she writes about.

Many Thousand Gone, by Ronald L. Fair (Harcourt, Brace & World). The fervor and economy of Mr. Fair's style provide a firm foundation and a strong eerie atmosphere for his tale of a Negro community, isolated after the Civil War, that has been forced to remain in slavery by the white owners of the vast estate on which they all live. The state is Mississippi, and the name of the imaginary estate, or camp, or compound, is Jacobs County. The time is the present.

Nina Upstairs, by Beverley Gasner (Knopf). An extremely diverting New York City novel about a young advertising writer named Nina, who is pretty and bright and funny and very anxious to be in love. She breaks off her engagement to a stuffy young man of promise and embarks almost at once on an affair with an Older Man, whose fascinating remoteness turns out to stem from the fact that he is married. Mrs. Gasner is a good writer whose only real fault is that she is a little too nervous and offhand at times, perhaps because she is afraid of being a bore. She need have no such fear.

GENERAL

Ruskin Today, edited by Kenneth Clark (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Sir Kenneth has worked at this anthology for more than twenty years, and it is visibly a labor of love. He represents the amazing variety of Ruskin's thoughts and interests with hundreds of short passages, averaging about a page in length, and he prefaces the sections with introductions that are models of brilliance and insight. This superb book

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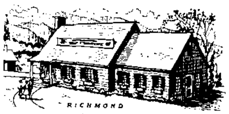

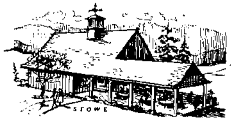

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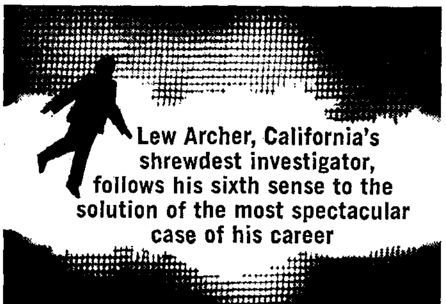

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easily establishes Sir Kenneth's case for Ruskin's great and continuing importance, despite all his absurdities. Illustrated.

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, by Robert Donovan (World). The speed with which Mr. Donovan has put together this short, thorough evaluation (he began it as a newspaper series for the Los Angeles *Times*, whose Washington bureau he heads) is as impressive as its orderly, readable assemblage of pre- and post-election data. Mr. Donovan is certain that the Republican Party is here to stay—that it will not disappear, as the Whig Party did before the Civil War—because it is rooted in the nation and has a useful part to play; in fact, he would not be surprised to see a Republican resurgence as early as 1968. However, when he details the scope of the Party's recent losses and describes its feuds, ancient and modern, along with everyone's varying notions about the nature and quality of fresh Republican leadership, his optimism seems pure divination. On the other hand, nobody wants to bet against an experienced newspaperman's hunch.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by A. L. Rowse (Harper & Row). A short biography of the first of the great Elizabethan dramatic poets which is almost entirely lacking in intuition. This is not to say that it is unsatisfactory—only that the author (who is, of course, a distinguished historian of the Elizabethan era) is extremely careful. There is no kind of portrait here, although Dr. Rowse suggests from time to time that the arrogance and ambition and cruelty that mark so many of Marlowe's characters are autobiographical touches. There is, instead, a fully documented history of the events of Marlowe's life—his background, his education, his career, his violent death—and an appreciative examination of "Tamburlaine," "The Jew of Malta," "Dr. Faustus," and the rest. Illustrated with portraits and engravings.

•

The time may have come, however, for a closer look at college athletics, for there are powerful forces working both to increase the participation of all college men in athletics and to curtail such participation. Seemingly, the colleges cannot move in both directions at once.—*Columbia College Today.*

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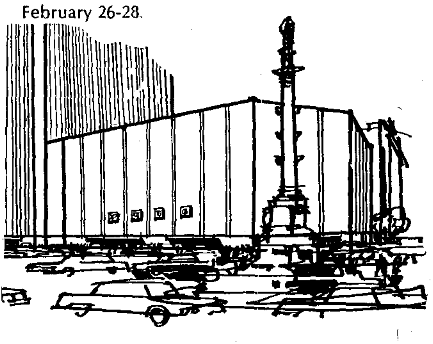

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